THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. III. APRIL, 1893. NO. 5.

THE MARQUESAS ARCHIPELAGO.

BY HIS MAJESTY KING KALAKAUA.

KING KALAKAUA, late Monarch of the Island Kingdom of Hawaii, though a native and descendant of Kamehameha the Great, was a man of culture and refinement, and one whose sober thoughts turned naturally toward intellectual pursuits. In the field of belles-lettres King Kalakaua, despite his dusky skin and Polynesian blood, though perhaps not an adept, was by no means a novice. So much, at least I think is amply supported from the subjoined fragments from his pen. A great deal of red tape was necessarily unraveled before these brief writings could be secured. First, her Majesty, Queen Liliuokalana must give her written consent, and when this was secured, a special meeting of the executors of the late King was called to consider the matter. But as Colonel Macfarlane, chamberlain of the late monarch, stood sponsor for the request, it was in due time granted, or at least partially so. The partly completed manuscript of the late King's book was of course refused. The natives hold this as sacred, and whether of intrinsic value or not, it will probably never be

published. I was able to secure only the two following sketches, but was assured as they were handed to me that I was indeed a favored mortal. The first of these is doubtless unfinished and but the beginning of an exhaustive treatise on the Marquesas Group of Islands in the South Pacific. It is given below verbatim. WILL M. CLEMENS.

The Marquesas Archipelago is composed of two tolerably distinct groups, lying in a northwest and southeast direction, between the parallels of seven degrees fifty minutes, and ten degrees thirty-one minutes, south latitude. They are all of volcanic origin and reach a great altitude. The following is an account of their discovery :

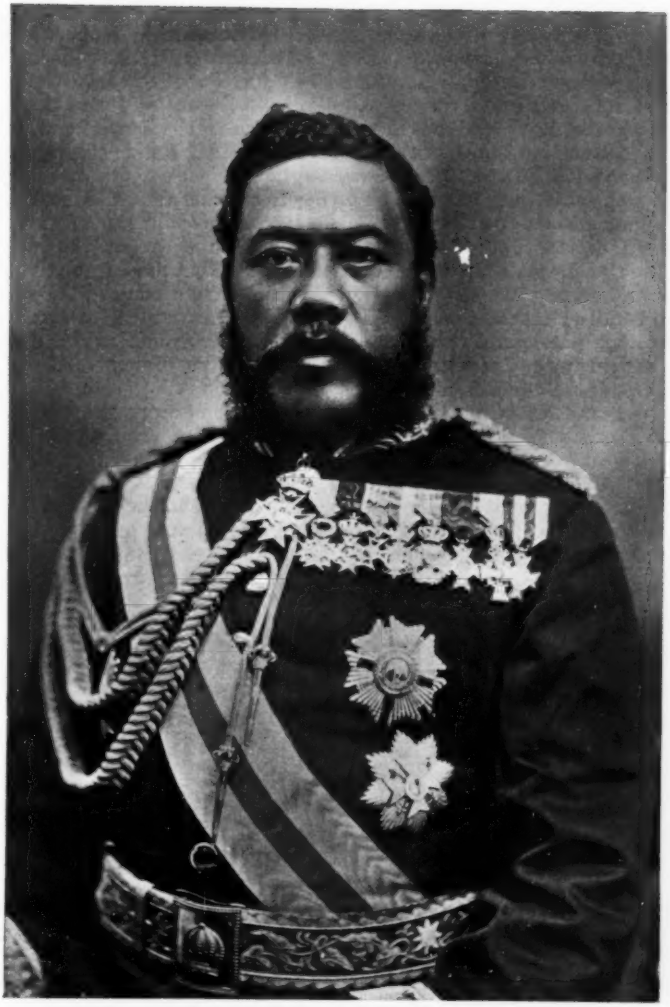
In 1594, King Philip II of Spain sent a letter to the viceroy of Peru, the Marquis de Canetta, recommending the encouragement of enterprises for new discoveries and settlements as the best means to disembarrass the land from its many idle gentry. In the following year an armament of four vessels, with 378 men, was fitted out for the purpose of forming a settlement on the island of San Christobal, one of the Solomon group. Alvaro de Mendana, who had discovered these islands twenty-eight years before, was then in Peru. He was appointed to the command of the expedition, with the title of Adelantadi (nearly synonymous with Excellency). They left Payta in Peru, June 16th, 1595, and on July 21st, only five days later, discovered an island which Mendana took to be one of the Solomon group. He was greatly rejoiced at having, as he supposed, made so quick a passage to the Solomon Islands, and in the enthusiasm he named the island, La Mendelena. In reality, Mendana had discovered a hitherto unknown archipelago in the South Seas, which was afterward known by the name it now bears—the Marquesas Group.

Mendana at first found the natives peaceable and cordial in their hospitality to the white man. It was not long, however, before he and his followers had earned the hatred and contempt of the islanders by acts of licentiousness and brutality which reflect no credit on the character of Medana.

Not many days after their landing the explorers learned that they were not in the Solomon Islands, and on July 28th, at Porte Madre de Dios, the Adelantado took formal possession of the islands in the name of the King of Spain, naming them Las Marquesas de Mendoca, out of respect to the Marquis de Canetta. Mendana's discoveries were limited to four islands: Santa Christina, or Lohnata; La Dominica, or Hiva-oa; San Pedro, or Moho-tani; and Santa Madalena, or Fati-noa. The remaining islands of the group were not discovered until some years later.

Hood's Island or Feton Hongon, which is 1,150 feet high, was discovered by Captain Cook in 1771. These islands, although of volcanic formation, have no active volcanoes, and while there are numerous extinct volcanoes among the group, earthquakes are but seldom felt. The greater part of the mountains forming the axis of the islands are in the interior, though from their ramifications they extend to different points of the coast, forming ravines or valleys more or less fertile wherein the different tribes composing the population are established. The possession of these valleys is one of the causes of the incessant wars carried on by the natives.

The aborigines of the Marquesas have often been described by voyagers, but I will venture upon a slight description of them as they were in former times. Despite their long association with the Spanish, they are very little improved in any respect. The tribes do not seem to have any set form of government, and as the Spanish laws are not enforced as they should be, the natives are ruled much the same as when first taken possession of, each tribe living separately and independently. The only distinction is that of Ariki, meaning chief. They do not appear to have any religion or worship, although



Kalakaua

some of their traditions and customs have evidently some hidden meaning. The law of Tabu is well known and respected and enters largely into their customs. From their lack of general laws or government the only appeal from an injury is to arms, hence the great number of wars and troubles which agitate the community. At different periods various missionaries have engaged to establish themselves there, but they have all failed, not a single true conversion having taken place to the present day.

And this deplorable result is in part owing to the fact that the local government does not enforce the laws established by Spain for the islands. The Spaniards, in their licentiousness and brutality, have themselves set a bad example for the simple islanders. Many deserters from passing merchantmen are also found among the natives, living in the same manner, giving vicious advice, and aiding in their wars and disputes. The natives, although very warlike, are but passionate cowards. Nearly all the islanders are now provided with firearms. Cannibalism, of late years, has almost died out. In former times, after a combat in which prisoners were taken, a fire was kindled and every preparation made for a ghastly fête. Sometimes the victims were roasted alive, and sometimes killed before cooked by a blow on the head. The law of Tabu prohibits women from participating in these horrible festivities. The great distinguishing feature of these islanders now is their unbounded licentiousness. By some tribes the women are elevated to the highest standard of purity and reverence. But these tribes are greatly in the minority, and, as a rule, the native Marquesas women appear to have not the slightest idea of chastity or delicacy. On the occasion of their peculiar marriage ceremonies, fathers, mothers, husbands and children equally unite in the assiduous and undisguised display of their personal charms.

As a rule, the smiling valleys of the Marquesas are formed like amphitheaters, opening upon the sea, and covered with a luxuriant vegetation. They have a tranquil, picturesque and inviting aspect, while the hills in the rear, seen in the perspective, are lightly timbered with the casmarina and other trees indigenous to the soil.

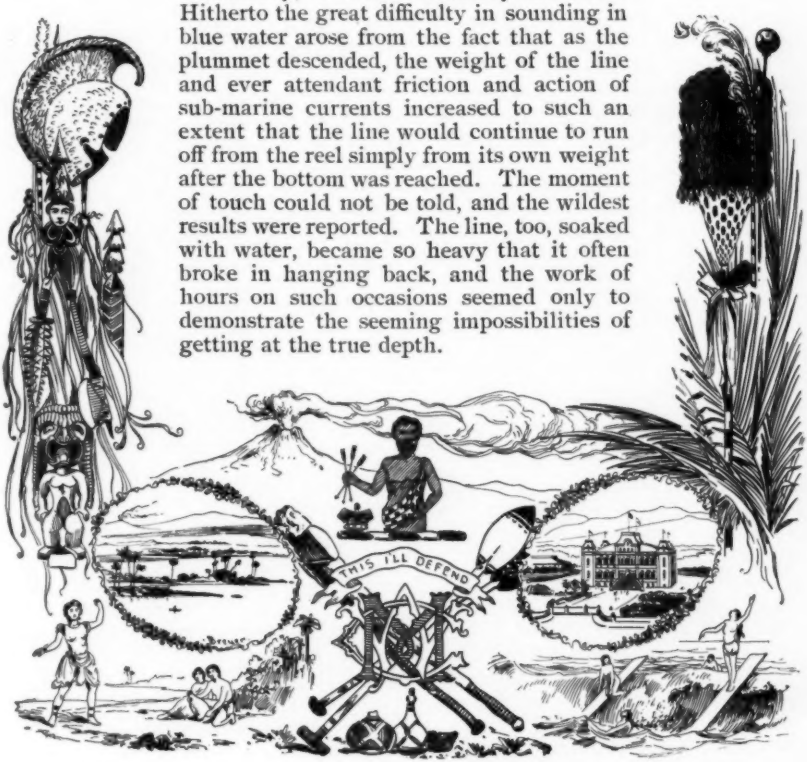
DEEP-SEA SOUNDING.

[This second fragment is evidently but the commencement of an essay on the subject of Deep-Sea Sounding. It is likewise given without the slightest alteration.—W. M. C.]

Perhaps no problem has ever presented itself to the seamen and scientific world which so long awaited a satisfactory solution, as that of deep-sea sounding, and nothing approaching the true depth of the ocean was known until within a period embraced by the average lifetime of man. All previous efforts had been uncertain and unsatisfactory. The impartial student, whether American or European, will award the United States Navy Service and Coast Survey merited prominence in diligent and persistent effort, inventive appliance, and intelligent adaptation of ideas and methods, from whatever source, toward the satisfactory solution of this problem.

It was the good fortune of Sir William Thompson of Glasgow University to conceive the best and simplest means of measuring the ocean's depths, and we must accord due credit to his genius. It is as easy now for the inquiring seaman or scientist to bring back an answer from the depth of miles, as it was formerly from the depth of a few fathoms. The great accuracy is attained in

the dynamometer's action, the stopping of the revolution, the detachment of the sinker, and the bringing up of the bottom soil. In fact, were soundings taken in the air to the earth's surface, from a balloon, the result could be more satisfactory, or more accurately measured. Hitherto the great difficulty in sounding in blue water arose from the fact that as the plummet descended, the weight of the line and ever attendant friction and action of sub-marine currents increased to such an extent that the line would continue to run off from the reel simply from its own weight after the bottom was reached. The moment of touch could not be told, and the wildest results were reported. The line, too, soaked with water, became so heavy that it often broke in hanging back, and the work of hours on such occasions seemed only to demonstrate the seeming impossibilities of getting at the true depth.



THE ANCIENT HAWAIIANS.

BY E. ELLSWORTH CAREY.

ETHNOLOGISTS tell us that the progenitors of the Hawaiian people at one time lived in contact with ancient Jewish or Chaldean civilization. About the first century of the present era they overran part of the East India Islands, and in time—being driven out by the Malays—they invaded the islands of the South Pacific, whence one branch drifted, about A. D. 550, to the Hawaiian group, which was believed until then to have been uninhabited.

The first migration spread over the whole group. They built temples, sustained a priesthood, and preserved,

by oral transmission, their traditions and chronological tables without interruption until about A. D. 1000. At this period another immigration set in from the south under a powerful chief, who established a new dynasty, and whose descendants ruled independently on the different islands until 1795, when Kamehameha, a chief of Hawaii, subdued the other rulers and brought the whole group under one government. This government, with some constitutional changes, has continued until the present time.

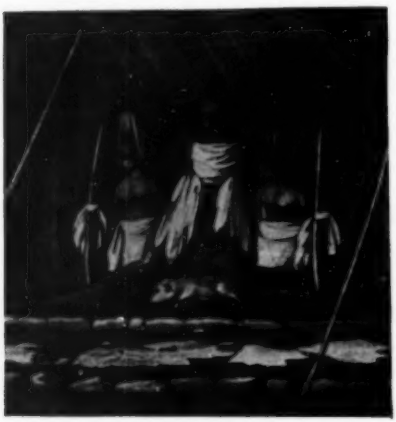
STONE IDOL.

In view of the recent revolution, an account of the religion, customs and form of government existing among the Hawaiians previous to this event will be of especial interest.

The account of the creation contained in the myths of the ancient Hawaiians is very similar to the Hebrew narrative of that event.

They believed in a trinity composed of Kane, (pronounced Kah-nay)* the director and organizer; Ku, the builder, and Lono, the executor. They had, too, their fallen angel, Kanaloa, who corresponds to Lucifer. Akea, the first Hawaiian King, is represented in their creed as having founded after this life an island kingdom in the realm of death, or Po. Other important divinities were Olopue, the messenger who conducted the spirits of distinguished chiefs to Paradise, and Pele, the ruling goddess of volcanoes. Besides these Dii Magni, the Hawaiians had a host of minor deities, all of whom received a greater or less degree of reverence.

The Godhead had existed from all eternity—the individuals composing the trinity being omnipotent and all pervading. Before the creation, chaos or night prevailed throughout the universe. Out of chaos light was first brought into existence, and then the world was made. The trinity also created three heavens, a dwelling-place for each member.



OFFERINGS TO THE GODS.

Then followed the creation of angels and man. The Hawaiian Adam was made from red earth, his head being fashioned out of white clay mixed with the spittle of the god Kane, who breathed into the nostrils of the image, quickening it with life. As in the Mosaic account, the next act was the creation of woman from a rib taken from the man while asleep. The Hawaiian Adam and Eve lived in a beautiful garden, through which ran three streams of life-giving water, and wherein grew the "tabued breadfruit tree." There are also legends which contain an allusion to a creation

*In the Hawaiian language, *a* is pronounced as in *father; e* has the long sound of *a*.

anterior to that of the first man, and preserve the names of the pre-Adamite pair who were destroyed.

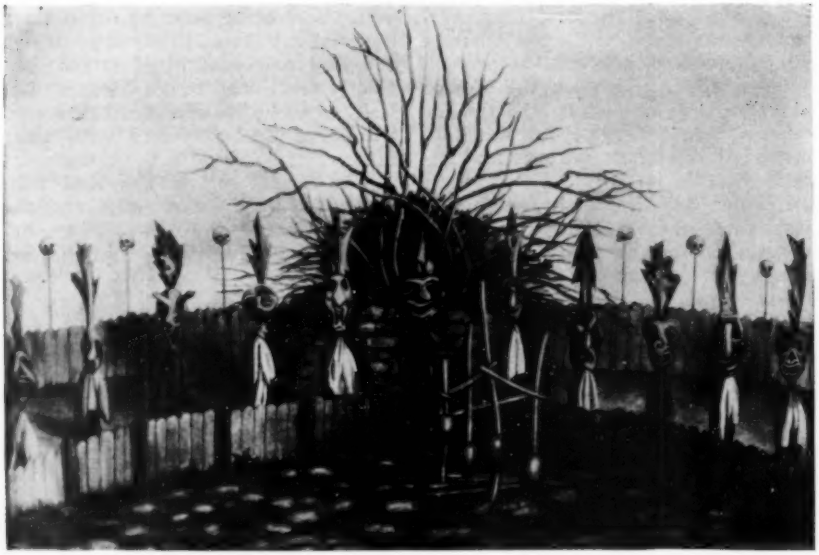
The similarity between the Mosaic and Hawaiian legends is still further noticeable in the respective accounts of the fall of the first parents and following events.

Kanaloa was a leader in the angelic host that had been called into being to serve the triune Godhead. With ambitious designs he descended into Paradise and ordered the first pair to worship him, which they refused to do. Thereupon he determined to create a new race that would acknowledge him as its deity, and, having succeeded in making an image like the first man, he breathed into its nostrils, but failed to vivify it. Determined to thwart the will of the gods, he crept into Paradise in the form of a lizard (snakes are unknown in the Hawaiian Islands) and by cunning, caused the inmates to transgress some law. Thereupon they were expelled from the garden, a large white bird being sent to drive them out. What the offense was which the first pair committed is not distinctly mentioned in the legends, but there is an intimation that the sacred fruit tree was connected with their fall.

The second son of the first man was killed by the first born, and the legends record the names of the descendants of the third son for thirteen generations, at the end of which genealogical descent the world was destroyed by water. Nuu, the Hawaiian Noah, built an immense canoe, being directed to do so by the gods; in it he preserved his family and a pair of each species of animals. As the waters subsided the canoe rested on a mountain, and Nuu disembarked and offered a sacrifice to the moon, thinking it was a deity. Thereupon Kane descended by means of a rainbow, and after rebuking Nuu for his carelessness, left the bow as an everlasting sign of reconciliation.

MODERN GRASS HOUSE.

Ten more generations bring the



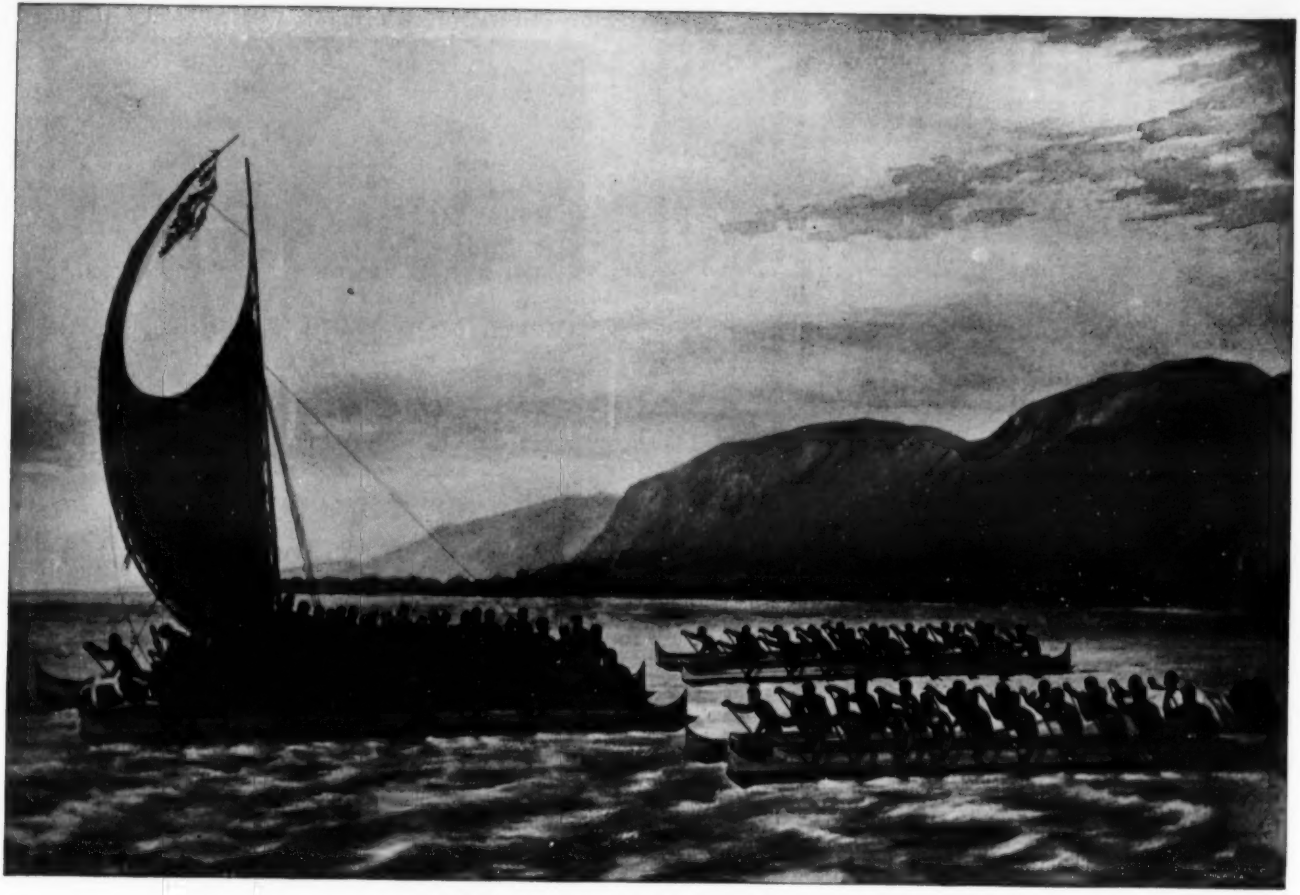
MEETING PLACE OF ANCIENT HAWAIIAN SECRET SOCIETY.

Hawaiian record down to Ku Pule. This personage went into a southern country, his wife being a slave. He instituted the rite of circumcision, and his grandson had twelve children. These twelve descendants were the founders of twelve families, or tribes, and from one of these branches the Hawaiians trace their ancestry. From this point, the Hawaiian legends have no similarity with Scriptural accounts, but continue to give the generations in unbroken line down to the present era.

The ancient Hawaiian community was divided into four classes, namely: the royal or archical; the priesthood; the common people and the slaves. Next in rank and authority to the ruling king stood the priesthood, the head of which possessed powers and privileges almost equal to those of royalty. Hereditary, confined to certain families, it formed a secret society which had its traditions, secrets, symbols and mysterious ceremonies, some of which indicate that phallic worship was not unknown. There were ten degrees of religious instruction, and the priests were divided into sorcerers, prophets, seers, diviners, etc., to whom the king appealed for information respecting the past or future. They claimed to foretell events by means very similar to those used by the old Roman priesthood, and no undertaking of importance was begun unless the auguries were propitious. The prophets and seers were versed to some extent in the magic and mysticism of the Chaldeans and Indian philosophers.

In addition to their religious duties, the priesthood was the repository of the chronological tables, historical songs, traditions and legends. The leading events of each reign were thus preserved and handed down with marvelous exactness, considering that there was no written language.

Stone temples—sometimes of hewn material—were built and dedicated to the deities of the woods, the sea and the air. The largest were constructed inside an inclosure surrounded by a high wall of hewn stone that had



DOUBLE WAR CANOES OF KAMEHAMEHA I.

SMALL HAWAIIAN TEMPLE, 1793.

been worked without the aid of iron or steel implements. At intervals on the top of the walls, images and idols were placed, while within the inclosure a great number of such objects of adoration, fashioned out of stone, were erected. Inside the wall was the House of Sacrifice, a small structure within which a heap of stones was raised in a regular form to receive the sacrifices and offerings. Another small space enclosed by strips of wood, formed a kind of oratory into which the prophet retired when oracular information was sought. The prophets, who were priests of great sanctity, were supposed to speak from inspiration, and there is reason to believe that certain occult operations such as clairvoyance, mind-reading and thought transference, were not unknown in the secret circles of this ancient priestcraft.

Offerings were placed on the altar, and human sacrifices were very common. The first prisoners taken in battle were always sacrificed, being killed outside the temple; their bodies were piled on the altar and left there to decay. On ceremonious occasions when victims were required, when prison pens were empty and criminals were not on supply, draughts would be made from the common people. Women, however, were exempt when these sacrificial raids were ordered. During seasons of protracted famine, drought or pestilence, the altars were heaped with human remains, and numbers would voluntarily offer themselves as sacrifices.

A *tabu* or *kapu*, was a command, law, or order; and the word, which was used in a variety of ways, means, "Obey or die." Everything belonging to the priests or pertaining to the temples was sacred, or tabu, and nothing so designated could be interfered with. A chief or priest of high degree had tabu rights, just as a lord or earl in olden times had privileges not common to those of inferior rank. There were religious tabus and perpetual tabus inherent in certain high families. It was a violation of the tabu for any one who did not possess

tabu rights to cross the shadow of a king, to stand in his presence, or to approach him except upon the knees. The meat of the turtle, squid, and certain birds could not be eaten by the common people.

Upon women fell with heavy and galling effect the operations of this politico-religious institution. Down to the year 1819 no woman in the Hawaiian group could enter the eating apartment of a man, look at a temple, eat bananas or cocoanuts, or the flesh of swine and certain fish, or eat anything whatever in the presence of men. In every family there was a separate eating apartment for the females, and the tabu compelling women to eat apart, applied to the whole sex from the queen to the handmaid. Death was the penalty for a violation of any tabu; in the case of young children who disregarded the law an eye was sometimes torn out.

The above tabus were perpetual and binding at all times. The king could impose the tabu wherever he liked—on such places for instance as fishing-ponds and bathing-grounds. This was done by simply erecting a tabu staff—a stick crowned with bark cloth, somewhat like a drum-major's baton. These tabu wands were seen at the dwellings of tabu chiefs, temples, the king's residence and his favorite walks, groves or springs.

CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT, KONA HAWAII.

General tabus were declared by high authority, and were made known throughout the district by heralds. They were of two classes, strict and common. When a strict tabu was announced there was silence in the land, and no sounds were heard except the noise of the waves, the sighing of the wind and the songs of birds. All human effort ceased; domestic animals — even chickens — were muzzled; no fire was lighted, and every one, the priests excepted, remained indoors. These tabus were announced whenever the favor of the deities was especially besought.

A common tabu was rather of the nature of a festival, the males being only required to attend the ceremonies in the temples, while the time it lasted was observed as a holiday. Special tabus were sometimes in force for a week or ten days. The tabu was the cornerstone of Hawaiian religion and power. Upon the strict observance of it, the existence of the priesthood and the safety of the ruling powers depended; consequently, any violation of a tabu was prompt-

ly punished with death. The doctrine, too, of punishment by the gods for such disobedience was firmly ingrafted into the Hawaiian's mind, and such was his character that, even if an infractor escaped human detection, the stings of conscience would probably cause his death. But escape was almost impossible; for the priesthood maintained a system of espionage over the common people, which was efficient in bringing to punishment the few offenders who had the misfortune or temerity to disobey the tabu.

Probably the most remarkable of the ancient institutions of these islanders was the establishment of "temples of refuge" corresponding so peculiarly with the "cities of refuge" of the ancient Jews. Three and possibly four of these retreats formerly existed in Hawaii. They were inclosed by thick stone walls of considerable extent, and no one, not even the king, could enter the sacred inclosure in pursuit of a fugitive.

In 1823, the Rev. William Ellis, a few years after the destruction of the ancient temples, made a tour of the island of Hawaii, and from him we learn that criminals of all kinds, even murderers, could avail themselves of the protection afforded by these temples of refuge. To these sanctuaries fugitives from the battle-field also fled, and, if they could gain the sacred precincts, found security from their pursuers. All through the islands the sanctity of a temple of refuge was inviolable. They were very spacious and capable of holding a multitude of people; in fact it was the custom in time of war to leave within the protecting walls the women and children and the aged of the neighboring districts, while the warriors went to battle. Mr. Ellis measured one that formerly existed on the southern shore of Hawaii, and found it to be 715 feet long and 404 feet wide, the walls being twelve feet high and fifteen feet thick.

Upon the minds of such a priest-ridden people as the Hawaiians were, while under their ancient form of religion, it was but natural that superstition should gain a rooted hold. The most curious and effective belief to which they were made subject was that a man can be prayed to death—a belief that survives among the natives to the present day. For the success of the tragical death-prayer it was necessary to obtain some hair or a piece of finger nail of the intended victim. A priest was then employed to use incantation and prayer for his destruction. The efficacy of prayer was terribly illustrated in these cases, and the results prove how deeply superstitious fear was implanted in the Hawaiian's heart. Always informed of the doom that the priest was invoking upon him, the victim generally pined away and died.

There is a story current that an Englishman in the service of Kamehameha I, having incurred the displeasure of a priest, the latter proceeded to "remove" him by the death-prayer process. The Anglo-Saxon, however, set up an opposition altar in derision, and jokingly proclaimed that he intended to pray the priest to death. Alarmed at the threat and overwhelmed at the failure of his own incantations, the sorcerer died, proving by his death his faith in his religion.

Other superstitions, similar to those observable in most countries, prevail. A peculiar one, which still exists, is that the appearance in large numbers of red fish in the harbor of Honolulu predicts the death of some member of the royal family.

Only two volcanoes are now active on Hawaii—Kilauea and Mauna Loa; but in ancient days there were two other seething caldrons of liquid fire. These four volcanoes were a continual source of danger and alarm to the inhabitants of the island, who lived as they do now, in small communities along the coast.

Among all primitive peoples, the phenomena of nature were explained as being manifestations of the deity, or supernatural beings. Under the

circumstances of periodical destruction and devastation by volcanic outburst, it is not strange that so imaginative a people as the Hawaiians should attribute eruptions to the operations of a particular deity. Down in the lurid caverns of the volcanoes the goddess Pele holds her courts. Her realm is a realm of fire. She keeps aglow the everlasting lakes of molten rock, and rekindles with her breath the flames of her forges. Potent to work harm, she is, nevertheless, beautiful in face and form, not disdaining to mingle with the islanders in the guise of a lovely woman and engage in flirtations with handsome chiefs. But she is fickle and unreasonable; and when her anger is aroused, she gives expression to it by sending down streams of lava and pouring forth showers of hot stones upon those who have offended her. Naturally she received a large share of religious respect and a profusion of propitiatory offerings, which were not only placed on her altars but were also thrown into the volcanic craters. As late as 1882, when the village of Hilo was threatened with destruction by a slowly but steadily approaching stream of lava, a public recognition of the power of Pele occurred. Ruth, the surviving sister of Kamehamehas IV and V, declared that she would save the fish ponds of Hilo — "Pele will not refuse to listen to the prayer of a Kamehameha." Accordingly, she chartered a steamer and went to Hilo where she caused a rude altar to be erected, before which she made her supplications to Pele, while offerings were placed in front of the advancing lava. Ruth had timed her intervention very fortunately; for shortly after her supplication the lava ceased to move, and it stands to-day a glistening solidified wall around Hilo. But on the native mind this coincidence has had a marked effect, and a tendency to a renewal of faith in the discarded gods has been the result.

THE FEATHER ROBE OF KAMEHAMEHA I.

The chiefs and priests claimed to be of different blood from that of the common classes, and their fine physique and shapely limbs seemed to sustain the claim. The higher classes were also more intelligent, and possessed in a small degree some knowledge of modern arts and sciences.

It was the invariable custom of the ruling families to intermarry, and in order to preserve the royal blood uncontaminated, even the Ptolemaic rule was stretched, and princes not only married their own sisters and nieces, but even daughters. There is no record, however, of any deterioration either of mind or body, resulting from these incestuous connections. The highest privileges attached to the

male offspring of a chief and his sister and when he went abroad his standing was made known by a herald, and all who were not of high rank were compelled to prostrate themselves as he passed by. A chief born of a prince and his niece was of a sacred order; and a female of this rank was too sacred to endure the rays of the sun.

The lower classes had no rights that the chiefs were bound to respect, and the common people existed only by sufferance of the king. Everything belonged to him—life, property, wife and children. He could require the life of any of his subjects, at any time, without recourse, and without appeal. The temples of refuge were the only checks that existed to the king's power, which was absolute outside of those walls. But this power was seldom wantonly or tyranically used. Many victims, it is true, were slaughtered to supply sacrifices for the altars, but that was a religious duty and excited no resentment in the minds of the people.

ANCIENT HAWAIIAN IDOL.

In the archical families the women ranked with the men and received the same honors, provided they were of equally high birth. The rank of a child depended as much upon the mother's descent as upon that of the father. Polygamy and polyandry were common, and in the latter case when there was doubt as to the paternity of a child, the decision of the mother was final. If a king desired his children to enjoy equal rank with himself, he was required to take a wife who was his peer.

A court of heraldry existed, and a chief who desired to have his rank officially announced, could appear before this body and prove his claim to chiefly honors. The decision of this council decided his rank beyond appeal.

Besides the language of the common people, there was a court language understood only by those of royal blood. This courtly tongue was changed from time to time, as it became partly understood by the lower orders. The priesthood also had a distinct language, and another dialect was used in repeating historical songs. Important political marriages were announced by heralds, throughout the district, but chiefs usually took additional wives without any particular ceremony. The different wives of a family lived in perfect harmony, and jealousies were few. Occasionally, however, the polyandric tendency interfered with the smooth current of domestic arrangements. Divorce proceedings were very simple. A female of rank could divorce herself from her husband or any of her husbands, by simply

HAWAIIAN TEMPLE, 1793.

leaving his abode. A chief could do likewise.

Morality and female modesty were unknown quantities in old Hawaiian society, and acts which in civilized communities are stigmatized as horrible crimes, were ordinary practices. Infanticide was common, and human life was held in little regard. The people delighted in blood, and so fiercely were their wrestling matches conducted that they frequently terminated in the death of one of the contestants. Strong, hardy, possessed of wonderful agility, the men could climb precipices apparently inaccessible, and dash down declivities on their long, narrow sleds at a speed that seemed to the unaccustomed eye to threaten with certain death. Dancing was a great source of amusement, and as swimmers, the Hawaiians, male and female, could probably be surpassed by no other race. Surf-riding was and is a sport greatly indulged in, and the native of to-day is almost his ancestor's equal in poising himself on a board and riding through the heaviest surf on the top of a foam-capped roller.

Their food consisted principally of fish, *poi*, and fruits. Poi is manufactured from *taro*, a bulbous plant resembling a large turnip, which is cooked and then pounded into a dough ; this mixed with water formed poi, which has the appearance of flour paste. It is a preparation that has been the staff of life of the Hawaiians, who appear to have been advanced in agriculture, since they understood terrace-farming and irrigation. Remains of carefully-built terraces still exist, each properly graded so that the platforms should receive respectively their necessary supply of water.

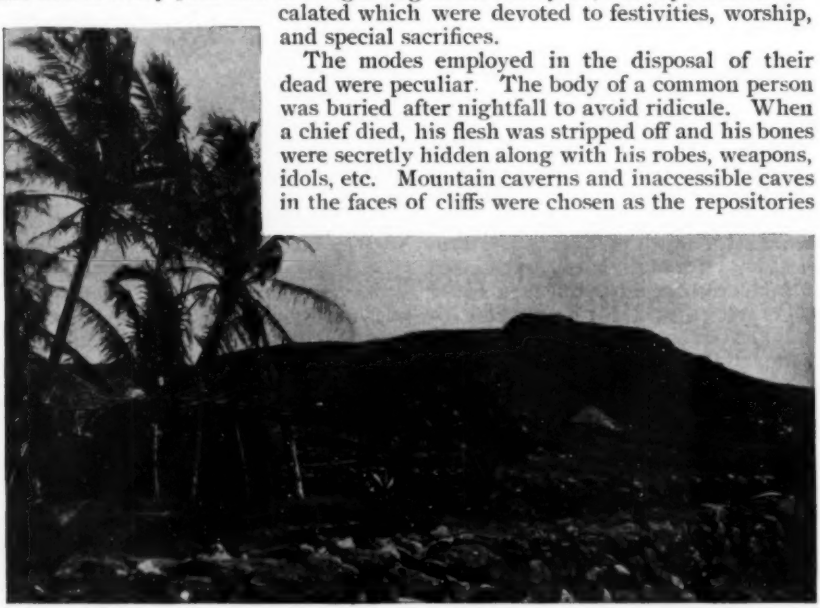
Previous to the visit of Capt. Cook, the islanders possessed only weapons of wood and implements of stone ; but they soon learned the value of iron, and the metal was eagerly bought in barter, and stolen when opportunity offered. The feat of unfastening the anchor-chain and stealing the anchor of a vessel during a storm has been

CAPTAIN COOK'S VESSELS ON KEALAKAKUA BAY.

accomplished by these wonderful swimmers. With regard to their own vessels, the indigenous trees of the islands were not suitable for the construction of their large double canoes, or catamarans. For the timber required for those sea-going Argos, the Hawaiians were dependent upon huge drift trees brought to the islands by the currents, and it sometimes happened that, after half a catamaran had been built, years would elapse before the ocean would supply material for the other half.

Their knowledge of astronomy was considerable for a people who kept no written records. All the principal fixed stars were known; the planets, north star, southern cross, the equator, and the tropics were designated by names. The year consisted of twelve months of thirty days each, and between the end of every year and the beginning of the new year, six days were intercalated which were devoted to festivities, worship, and special sacrifices.

The modes employed in the disposal of their dead were peculiar. The body of a common person was buried after nightfall to avoid ridicule. When a chief died, his flesh was stripped off and his bones were secretly hidden along with his robes, weapons, idols, etc. Mountain caverns and inaccessible caves in the faces of cliffs were chosen as the repositories



REMAINS OF ANCIENT TEMPLE.

of royal bones. Mourning was an institution established on peculiar customs; it was not confined to lamentations for the dead. On the return of a friend or relative after a prolonged absence, he was not greeted with acclamations of joy, but was welcomed with wailing and lamentations. Different mourning chants were intoned on different occasions, and sometimes at the present day the heartrending "Molokai Wail" can be heard when a leper is being removed to the leper settlement of that name. Mourning for a dead relative or friend lasted several days, which were spent in alternate wailing and feasting. Sometimes those to whom the departed one was nearest and dearest knocked out several of their teeth, tore their flesh, and shaved portions of the head and chin. On the death of a king, or prominent chief, the wildest display of grief was indulged in for weeks. A Saturnalia of recklessness and license was held. All laws were openly violated and every conceivable crime was committed. The authorities had no control, and were obliged to accept the excuse that grief had temporarily unseated the popular reason, and the people were not responsible for their acts. In all their excesses, however, cannibalism was never practiced in any form among the Hawaiians.

Yellow was the royal color, and red that of the priesthood. The king wore a yellow mantle and headdress, the outer surface of which was composed of small yellow feathers obtained from a little sea-bird. As only one such feather was found under each wing, it required the capture of thousands of birds to obtain a sufficiency of plumage for a single mantle, and consequently those robes were very costly.

Fighting was the delight and principal occupation of the old-time Hawaiians—not battling for conquest or territory especially, but waging war simply for the sake of killing and being killed. They did not fear death, and often an army would suffer total destruction rather than retreat. The battle array was drawn out with considerable skill. Opposing armies had each their center, and right and left wings; and no little strategy was displayed in moving these forces and conducting the contest. Before engagement the soothsayers were consulted, sacrifices were offered to the gods, and particular idols were borne to the battle-field. Just before the conflict the commanding chief exhorted his warriors to "Be calm; be voiceless; be valiant! Drink, my sons," said he, "of the bitter water. Onward to death—for no reason shall we retreat."

Massage was well understood. The women were expert operators, and very skillful in alleviating pain. The bruised and weary warrior from the battle-field, after being manipulated for a few hours, would arise strong and invigorated. Persons operated upon themselves when the services of another could not be obtained, a curved stick being used to rub those portions of the back which could not be reached with the hands. The process of rubbing was called *lomi-lomi*, and the stick mentioned, the lomi-lomi stick.

Until about the time when Capt. Cook visited the Hawaiian group, each island was under the rule of its own king; though sometimes two kings would divide an island between them. The rulers of an island were often related by blood or marriage, but there was no common bond of government, and, notwithstanding kinship, the kings often waged deadly war with each other. When Cook visited the islands, there was living in Hawaii a young chief, who, on a larger field of action, might have figured as another Cæsar. While other chiefs were murdering sailors and stealing boats, he protected foreigners, cultivated their friendship and solicited their trade. He learned the use of firearms; took counsel with his white visitors, whom he recognized as belonging to a superior race, and drew Europeans into his service whenever

it was possible. Of kingly birth, politic, and of commanding presence, he attracted other chiefs to his standard and pushed his conquests from island to island until the whole population, which was not less than 400,000, acknowledged him as king. His last battle was characteristic of Hawaiian warfare. Behind Honolulu, a valley extends for six miles inland, gradually growing narrower until it abruptly ends in a precipice a thousand feet deep. The conqueror's last battle, 1795, began in the lower part of this cul-de-sac, into which he slowly forced his foes before him, until the last remnant was driven over the fearful brink. He was Kamehameha I., the first ruler of the Hawaiian kingdom.

We now come to the last scene in the drama of ancient Hawaii. It was an event in the history of the people unprecedented and unparalleled—the voluntary abolition of an ancient religion. This occurred in October, 1819. During the latter part of the reign of Kamehameha I., the islands were visited by numerous foreign sailors who contemptuously disregarded the tabu and suffered no harm thereby. Their impunity did not fail to impress the Hawaiians and shake the faith of the more intelligent in the efficacy of the tabu and the power of their gods. Strange to say, the high priest, Hewahewa (pronounced Hay'-wah-hay'-wah), was the first to consent to the proposed change, supported by Queen Kaahumanu (pronounced Kah-ah-hu-mah'-nu), one of the widows of Kamehameha I. His successor, Kamehameha II., was finally persuaded to test the virtue of the tabu by openly violating it in its fundamental law. At a feast, he seated himself among the women and thus publicly defied the gods of his fathers. The common people looked on in horror, expecting to see the king struck with death, and when they realized that the daring act entailed no punishment their eyes were opened, and a cry of joy went through the land, proclaiming that the galling bonds of centuries had been broken. The old religion with its horrible tabu and oppressive priesthood was abolished, and the temples and idols were destroyed. Six months later missionaries arrived from the United States, and gradually the whites have gained in power until the present year, when the kingdom was overthrown, the Queen deposed, and an appeal made to the United States for annexation.

WALT.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

IT takes one wild poet to hit off another, and we begin with Whitman by applying to him Joaquin's words anent Walker, the warrior, "He was a brick!" Brick and bard are hardly synonymous terms, but what matter? There are other needed folk besides poets, and it may be that we are just now in a predicament whence we should cry, "My kingdom for a brick!" Such, most assuredly, was Walt's notion forty years ago, and, with slouch hat, and hand on hip, he stepped in.

> Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am,
> Stands amused, complacent, compassionating, idle, waiting,
> Looking with side-curved head curious what will come next,
> Both in and out of the game and watching and wondering at it.

Bravo, Walt! We surmised that the book-grub, the dude, the prude, the whole finikin family, would catch it; and they have. Walt is well worth heeding if for no other reason than for his insistence on the forgotten fact that we are not born with our clothes on, and that nature no more than he himself has a predilection for "neuters and geldings." If his language, in dealing with these truths, waxes so emphatic as to strip off the last layer of delicacy, to wipe clean out the last trace of moderation, let us remember that the brick does nothing by halves, and keep up our end. No nibbling at "Leaves of Grass;" we must fall to, ox fashion, whipping up whole mouthfuls. We must take things as they come,—"koboos," "hind shoulders," "mystic deliria," "allons," "space and time," "tough pimples" of alligators, "Ma femme," "libertad," "life and death," 'Kneph," "teff-wheat," "fierce-throated beauties" of locomotives, "trottoirs," "tympan of the ears,"—all the infinity of sprigs in Walt's "bouquets of incomparable feuillage." It is tough fodder, but we can grind with a will, since 'tis death to neuter and gelding. We shall get rid of "sich," at least, and those of us that survive will have the satisfaction henceforth of being able to stand up to the rack with good bovine appetite, able to take whatever Pan or Pandemonium may provide. There are two sides to the question of civilization, as to all questions, and it is only fair that the wild side should now and then have its innings. Enough, therefore, if we find two lines in "So Long" made good:

> Camerado, this is no book,
> Who touches this touches a man.

Though this is not the whole truth about "Leaves of Grass," certain it is that first of all we find a robust, unabashed, hearty, enthusiastic, magnetic fellow-creature—a being, indeed, that no man with pulse and stomach can afford to pass by. He "of Manhattan the son," is a figure, a live figure, if not in literature, out of it—somewhere, illustrating the proposition that it is a magnificent thing to be a first-class "human critter." "Well, *he* looks like a man," said Lincoln; and so say we, all of us, as we plunge along behind him through the lusty Grass-leaves.

The finikin class find it a fact in their favor that the highest encomium on our "Kosmos" has come from the superintendent of a lunatic asylum. The finikinese are precipitous, they begin at the wrong end; they are thinking rather of the bard than of

the brick, and they are not quite the witnesses for a brick, anyhow. Let art and chaos have it out, while we hold to the fact that a big brick of a human critter is altogether too substantial a thing to be whisked out of sight by a smart saying. Mind your reckoning, "dulce affetuosos," and see that you try not to be in two places at once. We bide not just now

Where Orpheus and where Homer are;

we are simply with Walt, on the morning side of Manhattan or "ya-honking" with the wild ganders, heaven knows exactly where. Away with your Dante and Shakespeare and Milton; stick we to Walt, while he "lets down the bars to a good lesson" in health, strength, out-and-outness, trust and happiness, in many a good old solid doctrine. While we shall be overjoyed to receive a new Solomon or a new Shakespeare, soon as he can possibly come, make we the most of what we have; and it is doubtful if we have anything better for the nonce than this strapping, yawping boy, pet of the good old Mother of us all.

To behold the day-break!
The little light fades the immense and diaphanous shadows,
The air tastes good to my palate.
* * * * *
Smile, O voluptuous, cool-breathed earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset! earth of the mountains, misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous power of the full moon, just tinged with blue!

Call them dithyrambics if you choose; I choose to call them credentials of the square-backed, thundering son of the ground, stamped with the sign manual of the Mother.

Neither is the stickler for poetry to be wholly disappointed. If the hand be that of the Sons of Anak, the heart is that of the poet. Walt is keen on the poet's trail; he knows where the fat pastures are. The raw material of song—he is always up to the chin in that if a little skittish when it comes to the Pierian flood; and the raw material of song is not a glut in the market. Nor are faith and joy any too plenty. If we find these essential and permanent things, is it not enough? Keally, it should be, and we ought to be glad of a chance to hearten up, and after our Paumanokian "camerado," washing our palate with the clean air as we go, halting now and then to let the bay mare and what not shame the silliness out of us. In sober truth we are a sophisticated lot, and none too tight in the knees; in very truth we need the "flaunt of the sunshine" and some brick of a "human critter" to "blow grit" in us. For this purpose Walt,

Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical,

has his place. It is not the niche of him that chiselled the Venus de Milo, or of him that bequeathed us the griefs of Antigone, but it is a niche, and one not the easiest to fill. The "bravuras of birds" and the "bustle of growing wheat,"—these are no mean things of themselves; and when we add to a renewal of our acquaintance with these and their associates a freshened interest in the natural man and, withal, "good heart as a radical possession and habit," we establish a mission few are either prepared or inclined to undertake. Walt does undertake it, and to my notion fulfills it after a fashion. He is the physician for certain disorders—if we can take his doses. His detractors will answer, no doubt, that the "if" upsets all; that only the iron-nerved and strong-stomached can swallow his heroic potions, and that for these physic is superfluous. Granted; still, the halest are not without their ailings, and Walt may have a busy practice though confined to the weak spots in those that forget that, after all, Achilles had a heel.

The chapter in "November Boughs" entitled "A Backward Glance O'er Travelled Roads" reveals Whitman as a middle-aged man, possessed of a "feeling or ambition" worthy, indeed, of a hero, viz.:

To articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form and uncompromisingly my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual and æsthetic personality in the midst of and tallying the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days and of current America, and to exploit that personality, identified with place and date, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book.

Again he says:

From another point of view "Leaves of Grass" is avowedly the song of sex and amativeness, and even animality—though meanings that do not usually go along with those words are behind all and will duly emerge—and all are sought to be lifted into a different light and atmosphere.

* * * * *

I say the profoundest service that poems or any other writings can do for their reader is not merely to satisfy the intellect or supply something polished and interesting, nor even to depict great passions or persons or events, but to fill him with vigorous and clean manliness, religiousness, and give him good heart as a radical possession and habit.

Obviously enough, when our mariner of Mannahatta set out mighty waters were launched upon; and if they were not conquered from shore to shore we have only to record once more the limitation of human effort, the balking of laudable ambition, and to be thankful for the success far as it goes. Any personality is no small theme, and Walt's was no small personality. To tally the "momentous spirit and facts" of American life for two-score years—this alone is an undertaking likely to keep one active. But the articulation is to be something more; it is to be poetry,—art. The extent to which, in the writer's judgment, this Titan's task was performed has been indicated. Others go farther, averring that, beyond his personality and nature and the natural man, Walt embodies, as he essays to, "current America" and "democracy" in general, together with many another bit of extensiveness—all this "in the poetic form." As for the real America and the true democracy, not to pursue these particular specialties farther, is not the "tough" somewhat too triumphant; are not the "vivas" a little too loud for the "fancy man and rowdy"; are not the "snag-toothed hostler" and the scavenger somewhat too emphatic? Undoubtedly, the expanse of territory, the prosperity of material interests and the free-and-easy government of our new republic helped on to extremes both in sentiment and diction which would not have been reached elsewhere, still it seems plain to some of us that Walt's writings are so far from voicing these as not to sound clearly even the note of modern times. To-day, "Americanos," with other civilized folk the world over, live in a time, which, for instance, sinks the individual. Imagine our "imperturbe," for whom space is a band-box, and the past nations of the earth mere preludes to his prodigious appearance—imagine him of all men in the rôle of sponsor for such a period! The heart of Walt's strength lies largely in his resistance to his time, in his onslaught of the semi-savage upon the "civilizee." It is less "current" America than the red-man's America—minus the taciturnity. In both spirit and method he belongs back in the simpler, stronger, gladder days. Much at home as he makes himself in the thundering bustle, amid the astonishing conquests peculiar to the period, after all, the secret of his power is to be traced to his kinship with the unsophisticated, able-bodied, believing, joyous early man. This early man, tricked out in modern fashion, he has "exploited"; he has said over, too, in his own way, the good old things about nature; but "current America," the ideal "democracy" as well, it were safer to say, still awaits her articulator.

I have said that the articulation, whatever it be, is in Walt's own way. Is Walt's way the poet's way? Certain critics, certain poets, so affirm. Here some of us must call a halt, and, if such be the poetic form of democracy, cry, Feudalism forever! The superintendent of lunatics, before mentioned, says: "I am myself fully sat-

isfied that Walt Whitman is one of the greatest men, if not the very greatest man, that the world has so far produced."

Mr. W. M. Rossetti adds:

"I sincerely believe him to be of the order of great poets. * * * His voice will one day be potential or magisterial wherever the English language is spoken."

There is nothing faint-hearted about these announcements; and, impossible as one might think it, the honors for courage rest easy between them. While the point raised by Rossetti is, in one sense, secondary, in another it is of prime importance, affecting, as it does, not only Walt, but the art of poetry at large. It is strange enough that, while the great laws of nature, once formulated, are settled forever, equally sovereign laws of art must be set up over and over, lest the multitude, ay, the critics and poets, be led astray. Whitman did not revolt against art, says one that should know, since he was not born in some such regulative realm and reign as that of Queen Anne; being born in America in the nineteenth century, he is "remote from authority." On these terms ours is a free land, indeed. Not all America can rise to this height of democracy.

Some among us find that, at the North Pole, or at the South Pole, or at any station between, two presences have authority over the poet. Calendars and geographies do not affect these; they are indifferent alike to Queen Annes and President Harrisons. The critic forgets this in his treatment of Browning, and he forgets it again in the case of Browning's brother revolter. Poetic truth and poetic beauty—these are present forever, and absolute in authority; and to these Walt does not submit, against these he does revolt. "Of the order of *great* poets"! What is Mr. Rossetti saying? All the great poets together do not number more than a dozen, and Walt is to make the dozen a baker's. What must we have in a great poet? We must have high imagination, great thoughts, great constructive power, perfect form, supernal music and beauty; these, at least, must go into the count. If we are not sure that these are to be found in Tennyson are we to swear that one cannot fail to find them in the thirteenth member of the sovereign circle hailing from "fish-shape Paumanok"? Had Mr. Rossetti exclaimed, "Jabber of Caliban, belch of chaos!" he would have done Walt no more injustice than he has done the art of poesy in the expression, "of the order of *great* poets." With "Leaves of Grass" in one hand and the elementary principles of any poetry, great or small, in the other, one finds the division, "Songs of Myself," what the author styles it,—"yawp;" finds the division, "Children of Adam," eroticism cropped of its first, third and fourth syllables; finds the rest of the volume, in the main, a series of instantaneous photographs, paralleled only by Muybridge's horses in motion.

"Of the order of great art"! The writer is among the modest "Americanos" who do not claim for his country, as yet, a great poet. He thinks, however, that we can make a showing of a few genuine poets; and out of respect to these and to the art they illustrate, he must say that Walt has a seat no further front among them than Buffalo Bill enjoys among the "Four Hundred." Walt may have been a greater man than any of our poets; he may have done a more useful work than theirs—these are other questions, not to be considered here—but the work was done in his own way, which is not the poet's way. I am moved, indeed, on the point of art, to go farther still; to say that in "Leaves of Grass" we have, instead of the inauguration of a new literature, a revival of the raw period before literature was. It is the progress of

> the irregular crab
> Which, though 't go backward, thinks that it goes right,
> Because it goes its own way.

Walt went at his work in his own way, with his trousers in his boots and his shirt-sleeves rolled up; the way, after all, proved commendably effective, successful. Here we should stop; not go on to say that, because he can with one Sullivanic punch floor a dozen mincing "elves," because he calls without ceasing on all with any blood in their veins to stand up, to enjoy themselves, to "loaf," and again to "whack away,"—because he does this and much more of the sort, that he "articulates" *anything* in "poetic form." We should not be done up in the "elves," nor should we be afraid of a brush with the world, of a frisk with the flesh and the devil, but we should insist upon it that there are neither camerados nor cameras in song; that in song last of all can "yawp" be "potential or magisterial"; that we step beyond the boundary line of art the moment we begin to "loaf" or to "whack away." As we look at the noble head in Harper's of April, 1892, we see a king in the realm of physique, an emperor in the realm of comradeship; in short, a giant of his rude, hearty kind; all this, however, and much more with it does not necessitate a poet. The man, the child of nature, the patriot, the author of "Leaves of Grass," red as the blood ran in his veins, "lot" of him that there was, "and all so luscious," was not animated by the ichor that inspires the imperial line of the sons of song. Walt simply held to the apron strings of the wise old Mother when, at the outset, he strode away from the circle of all poets, great and small. It was his initial proposition to break down the barrier between poetry and prose; this in order that he might journey most advantageously in "Texas" and elsewhere in "these States."

Great poetry! Walt's writings are, rather, rude and mutilated reverberations of it, or, better still, bawlings of the half-savage in the twilight primeval. Poetry must be, at least, something better than prose; and "Leaves of Grass," in point of form—that is, for one-half of poesy—falls behind the country-newspaper prose of "current America."

The critics—who, by the bye, make us feel every inch of the way that they know that they are not letting well enough alone—would have us see that Walt's articulation is characterized by freedom and ease; whereas, it is only too plain an illustration of hoppling with the stiffest shackles of mannerism. One hearer detects the note of Solomon's Songs, another the accent of Ossian; now it is Hugo, then Carlyle, again it is Emerson. Out of this amalgam does Walt evolve "poetic form." When Walt commands admiration for what he really was, why this wrenching of elementary laws—for certain of which he stood so stoutly—to say nothing of the uncrowning, the dethroning, of the kings of "holy imagination," in order to set him up for what he was not? It is easy to account for Emerson's commendation; he found Walt "fortifying, encouraging." The same be said of Symonds, who was urged to work, and to love his fellows. It is equally easy to see why Thoreau should say good things of him, and Burroughs extravagant things; these are out-of-doors men, and Walt had a quick eye for and a wondrous sympathy with, nature. Much of this can be accounted for and accepted; but, that any man of culture, outdoor or in, can find him a poet is disheartening enough to the hopes of art. If I have not totally failed in my study of the poets for a quarter of a century, one piece, "My Captain," which is at the farthest remove from the bulk of Walt's writings, and the nearest to acknowledged models, is the only composition in "Leaves of Grass" that may be properly termed a poem.

The pieces, "Out of the Cradle, etc.," and "Lincoln's Burial Hymn," are ranked among the first of Whitman's writings witnessing his poetic gifts. One critic, whose word goes a long way, finds the Burial Hymn

"exquisitely idyllic"; he finds it in the "melodious manner," and gives it a place—I cannot say how near—on a line with Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." Not without hesitation may one question a deliberate conclusion of Stedman's; indeed, I am almost ready to acknowledge myself in the wrong before I begin. However, as in this instance it is unavoidable, let us read the opening four divisions:

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning Spring.

Ever-returning Spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the West,
And thought of him I love.

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul!

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing, with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard,
With delicate color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

A part is not the whole; but if there be few signs of more than the raw material in the first seventeen lines, there can be neither the exquisiteness nor melody the poets have taught us to look for in the composition entire. Let us read them yet once more:

The last time the lilacs blossomed in my dooryard, it was a season of mourning. One night, gazing on the early star as it went down in the West, I stood, thinking of a friend lately passed away; and now again the three are with me,—the lilacs, the star, and the grief. They are with me now, and they will always be with me at this season of the year, coming together in the spring-time.

This is prose; not peerless prose, but, we will say, respectable prose; and tried by any test or standard, from Musæus down to the present Mr. Lewis Morris, what is there of poetry in the magisterial dithyrambs not in the prose version? What beauty, what music, what atmosphere, what captivating cadence, what anything that other poets exhibit, is present to give the grass-leaves the advantage? Nor can I find more to differentiate the second division from the diarial apostrophes, the capital O's and exclamation points, to be found in profusion at any of our seminaries for young ladies. In the third division we have instances of a good eye and fine sympathy for natural things,—the "heart-shaped leaves of rich green" and the "pointed blossom rising delicate"; but do occasional words and phrases, though of the choicest, insure an exquisite and melodious idyll? Have we but to say over the names of the stars, of the trees and flowers, to win the laurels of a Theocritus or a Tennyson? If nature is to be the poet, she can do her own writing. If man is to be the poet, he must do his own writing; *and* the writing must be more knightly than the pricking of a sway-backed prose hack over a poetic road. All biases of patriotism (by the way, is not too much made of this?) and veneration for gray hairs,—all the prejudice of sentiment, aside; nothing in our minds but the wish to discover the link coupling this composition with any exquisite or melodious poem, yes, with any *poem* of any period or place—with this in mind, and only this, I think it plain that we are in a world, not void, but without form; and without form there is no poetry. I think it evident that the sack of raw material is simply slit and allowed to leak; that the process is simply a spilling, gravitation being the only law of order at work. I find a list of exquisitely idyllic *things*, but the setting! I find occasional felicities of word and phrase, which only

emphasize the fact that they are aliens, strangers in a strange land. It is unnecessary to go through this composition line by line, but, for example, if the line,

> Ever-returning Spring, trinity sure to me you bring,

is song, idyllic or other, we have but to over-accent and twist every-day speech, to spoil our common talk, and Olympus is won.

Another critic finds Walt the "clear forerunner of the great American poet." While this is less startling than Rossetti's dictum, a glance will show how far, in point of poetic form, we are behind even a wild poet of days by-gone:

> As roll a thousand waves to the rock,
> So Swaran's host came on;
> As meets a rock a thousand waves,
> So Inisfail met Swaran.

Or again:

> My love is a son of the hill;
> He pursues the flying deer.
> His grey dogs are panting round him,
> His bow-string sounds in the wind.
> Dost thou rest by the fount of the rock,
> Or by the noise of the mountain-stream?
> The rushes are nodding to the wind,
> The mist flies over the hill.

Vivas for Vinvela! We hope to match her music some day. We hope to catch up with her and Agandecca leaving the "hall of her secret sigh," "loveliness around her as a light," and "her steps like the music of songs." We take courage, but surely, fair beings, the way is long to you from our current American

> Girls, mothers, housekeepers, in all their performances.

Of the critics quoted three are resident on the thither shore of the Atlantic. How much longer will the immediate inheritors of the greatest literature the world has known continue to fly in the face of the genius that gave it them whenever the subject matter considered is an American product? How much longer will the critics brought up on Shakespeare and Milton find the nearest American approach to these in writers at the very farthest remove from them, yes, immeasurably distant from their lesser successors? How is it that our British cousins find such beauty, such grace and charm as we have, first in our abnormal growths; why is it that they fix highest and surest on the roll of fame, just because it happens to appear in America, the sort of stuff that has never failed, in a single instance recorded in literary history, to prove vulgar and ephemeral? Perhaps the English findings in the case of our literature are all based on the "remote-from-authority" theory. No sooner is a writer discovered among us, wildly defiant of all the known laws of song, than he is at once seized on as truly American, our genuine representative, and, the anointed sponsor for his people and time, is emblazoned on the British mind as "of the order of great poets." Whatever the explanation be, the fact remains that when we see one of our poets swinging it roundly about the British Isle, we make short work of the mystery by surmising that things were not quite comfortable at home. Does some enthusiast among us perpetrate so sober a joke as to issue a volume entitled "Gems from Walt Whitman," we smile over the sparkle of the first gem,—

> See, projected through time,
> For me an audience interminable,

and, withdrawing in a body, leave the author in the undisturbed enjoyment of the jewels. But whither shall we flee, where hide our confusion, when the British critic in high place, the critic nurtured in the air and light of the winged Elizabethans, says to us that he finds in Walt's sayings on life and death the accent of such sayings as these:

> I swear 't is better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow;

* * * * *

For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps death his court;
* * * * *
'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest;
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall, like spent exhalations, to this centre;
* * * * *
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain?

But England begins to redeem herself; Mr. Watts, in the course of his recent article, "Walt Whitman," in the *Athenæum* (April 2d, 1892) says: "Poetic genius no one now dreams of crediting him with."

It is time for a word of accord. With one finding of the critics I am wholly in sympathy. So far as I have noticed, it is generally recognized that Walt is exceptionally happy in his headings. Happy indeed he is; so happy, in fact, that the table of contents of "Leaves of Grass" would not be out of place in the body of the volume.

To the garden the world, from pent-up aching rivers
I sing the body electric.
A woman waits for me, spontaneous me;
One hour to madness and joy—
* * * * *
O hymen! O hymenee!

Surely this initiatory bit of the contents-table of "Children of Adam" might with propriety find a place in the body of the division; there to suffer neither in point of rhythm nor of consecutiveness of thought.

But really we gnaw the horn searching for poetry in "Leaves of Grass"; we gnaw the horn and we wrong Walt. Let us turn from Walt "of the order of great poets" to Walt, the Wild, and yet the loyal and royal, the chanter of "Calamus." What is it, Walt, that you say about death?

They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.
All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

Has any one supposed it lucky to be born?
I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to die, and I know it.
* * * * *
Through me shall the words be said to make death exhilarating,
Give me your tone, therefore, O Death, that I may accord with it,
Give me yourself, for I see that you belong to me now above all,
And are folded inseparably together, you, love and death are,
Nor will I allow you to balk me any more with what I was calling life,
For now it is convey'd to me that you are the purports essential,
That you hide in these shifting forms of life, for reasons, and that they are mainly for you,
That you beyond them come forth to remain, the real reality,
That behind the mask of materials you patiently wait, no matter how long,
That you will one day, perhaps, take control of all,
That you will, perhaps, dissipate this entire show of appearance,
That maybe you are what it is all for, but it does not last so very long,
But you will last very long.

Shall we recant? We have heard all this before, and couched in terms more winning. Once more we say the same of the articulations on "democracy" and "current America," and, passing on, with a glance here and there, stop, as before, at such places as these:

I will effuse egotism and show it underlying all, and I will be the bard of personality,
And I will show of male and female that either is but the equal of the other,
And sexual organs and acts! do you concentrate in me, for I am determin'd to tell you with courageous, clear voice to prove you illustrious.
* * * * *
What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest, is Me,
Me going in for my chances.

Herein do we see the real Walt; herein do we find him at home, and offering first-hand matter, as is his wont when the natural man and nature are the theme, and as is not his wont when democracy or war, or

death or manual labor is in the ascendant. We find no poems, nothing nearer it than the suggestion of themes, as in the line,

The youngster and the red-faced girl turn aside up the bushy hill,

or in the marching title,

"As I walk these broad, majestic days."

"Expecting the main things from you," Walt says to us naively. Nothing could be apter; if we are to have poems we must furnish them ourselves. We find never "the blossom and the fragrancy of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language," but "roots and leaves themselves alone." We find not the "autobiography of a soul"; we find the word soul, but the *thing* flesh, perpetually, even to the "sweet-fleshed day." Walt had a soul, a great soul, but, as he lost no opportunity to inform us, come what might it would weigh some two hundred pounds and wear a low-cut collar. In short, we find in this last hard look not a poet, but a "brick of a human critter," a bracer, with whom we will "go gallivant":—

I know I am august,
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood,
I see that the elementary laws never apologize,
(I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by, after all.)

Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,
Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking and breeding,
No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or apart from them,
No more modest than immodest.

Ay, we will "go gallivant." Have but a dozen superior souls found a fraction of the good reported, every one of us must find something. In heaven's name, and for the love we bear the old Mother, let the poetry go, then, and take the something. Walt says it will be grit. I believe it "clean grit and human natur," blasts of them driven even to the marrow. The poets crowned, wound from top to toe, there is plenty of laurel left in the woods. Nature sees to it her own brows are not stripped naked, and she keeps a sprig, too, for her yawping boy. It is idle to argue with the fond old Mother; "I know," she answers, "*but*, he is my boy." Yes, we will take the old Mother's word for it. Here's for you, Walt; let us go gallivant!

Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions of suns left,)
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself.
The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag.

* * * * *

The hairy wild bee that murmurs and hankers up and down.

* * * * *

The wet of woods through the early hours.

* * * * *

But I am that which unseen comes and sings, sings, sings,
Which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land,
Which the birds know in the woods mornings and evenings.

* * * * *

The great laws take and effuse without argument,
I am of the same style, for I am their friend,
I love them quits and quits, I do not halt and make salaams.

I lie abstracted and hear beautiful tales of things and the reasons of things,
They are so beautiful I nudge myself to listen.

* * * * *

The earth good and the stars good, and their adjuncts all good.

* * * * *

It seems to me that everything in the light and air ought to be happy,
Whoever is not in his coffin and the dark grave let him know he has enough.

WHO STOPPED THE STAGE?

BY GEORGE CHARLES BROOKE.

OLD Dabbs rode slowly up the trail. The heat of the sun reflected from the baked earth and superheated granite of the hillsides shimmered in waves of shell-like tint all about. The dust raised by the shambling hoofs of the old claybank mustang he bestrode, hung in thick, suffocating clouds in the deadly still air. The silence was intense—not a bird, animal, or insect seemed alive. The whole world was baked into silent indifference, and Dabbs himself was stunned by a shock, the reality of which had never seemed possible to his unsophisticated mind.

Forty years before, he had made his way across the plains to California from his native Tennessee, and cast in his lot, as so many others had done, in that devil's race for gold. He never could keep his when he had any, however, and so in despite of better luck than most of those in the diggings he found himself, when the placers had been despoiled of the cream of their treasure, as poor a man as when he first crossed the Sierras. With his ambition dead he turned his face to the mountains—for he was mountain bred—and sought a spot in which he might build for himself a cabin near a spring, and possess a few acres of bottom land to raise "truck" upon; for the rest his rifle and traps would suffice.

He found such a spot with but little trouble, and in a few years it was known far and wide as Dabbs' ranch. The only thing to complete a home there was a woman, and her he found also, and in the course of years there came to this pair a child—a girl baby. In his secret soul Dabbs thought it the most marvellously miraculous interposition of Providence ever known that he, such a horny-handed, seamed and scarred son of Anak, could be the father of this wee creature with eyes like wet violets, creamy satin skin, spun gold for hair, and limbs molded on the model of a pocket Venus. He worshipped her openly, mourning much at the loss of the mother whose life went out a few years after Starr (for thus he named her) came into the world; but it was more for the child's sake than for its mother's.

Then one of those mining booms that follow the discovery of new gold fields in the mountains, occurred near Dabbs', and as the ranch was on the main trail leading to the mines (and was one of the few fertile spots, with its never failing spring, in many weary miles of desert) it was made a stage station, and the old man reaped a rich harvest from his little orchard and garden. This time the money was hoarded as a sacred trust for Starr, and sent down in the treasure box of the express company to a bank at San Francisco for safe keeping. In a year or so the diggings failed, as most diggings do, and the tide of dusty, travel-worn gold hunters sought other fields; but settlements had sprung up in the country beyond Dabbs', and the stage company still ran a line over the road. The little ranch sufficed still for Dabbs and Starr.

One day, however, the old man learned that the bank he had entrusted Starr's money to had closed its doors, and that he would never see the coin again. The news of the misfortune almost killed him, but he pulled himself together for the child's sake. In a little while he was almost the same

cheery giant he had always been, and now that Starr had become a woman (she was fifteen) he began to make plans for her future. She would marry, of course, but she must be independent, and the little ranch was growing more and more valuable every year; the spring was the only available water supply in many leagues of grazing country, and since by this time the district had been given over to cattle ranching, the old man's income was materially increased from his water right.

But one evil day the stage line cast envious eyes upon the ranch with its spring. They offered to buy it, and Dabbs laughed at them. It was Starr's—all he had to give her. The men argued that the sum they were willing to give would return at interest as great an income as the spring, but Dabbs' confidence in the power of money to earn interest had been shaken by the bank failure, and the spring was always sure—it never closed *its* doors. But the company was determined to have that spring, and the lawyers found ready flaws in poor Dabbs' title. After long, weary months of litigation the courts decided that the spring belonged to some one who was willing to sell to the company, and that Dabbs was a trespasser and must get off the land.

Dabbs was now on his way home from the county town where the trial of the cause had been held. His lawyers had swallowed up all the savings of the years that followed the unfortunate failure of the bank, and he and Starr were "broke"—"stun bruk" he called it.

They were nearing the ranch now. The claybank pricked up his ears and started into a lope. Dabbs pulled himself together with a mighty effort; he would not tell Starr yet. He had a little present for her in his saddle bag; he never came home from town without something—no matter how trivial—for her, and he knew she would be watching for him somewhere along the trail. As the claybank rounded an abrupt corner of jutting rock there was a whoop, the slash of a whip across a horse's flank and Starr was loping alongside on her pony. One might have taken the girl to be a mere child, so small she seemed, but that the delicately rounded curves through the close fitting habit of coarse jean showed a woman, exquisitely proportioned. She sat her blueskin as only one who has lived in the saddle can. A black sombrero, gay with gold bullion, shaded her face; the golden hair was in striking contrast to the black eyebrows; the eyes were of that velvety violet that shades to black, and her olive skin was wind- and sun-kissed to a peachy brilliancy of coloring. She urged the blueskin close alongside her father's pony, and nestled against him as they rode. The old man said nothing, but leaning his massive head and shoulders down to her, kissed her very tenderly.

The ponies were on a walk now, and the two rode in silence for some little distance. Suddenly the girl looked up at Dabbs and said, "Busted, dad?" The old man nodded before he bethought himself of his resolution not to tell her. "Darn them lawyers, anyhow," was her reply to the nod. Her father still silent shook his head as if in expostulation at the mild profanity, and Starr continued, "Never you pester yourself, dad; me and you'll git erlong spite o' anythin', 'n' ef Jim Bulger don't do up sum o' them fellers he need n't cum a sparkin' roun' me no more."

"Yer see, Starr," the old man said, "taint es ef I hed tuk th' stuff ther cump'ny 'd a giv me fer it 'n the fust place; now, we don't git nuthin—dust er lan, er spring—all gone." There was a pathos in the last words that went straight to the girl's heart.

"Pap, yer must n't feel so knocked out," she cried; "I'm yer little gal yet, ain't I? 'n' ez long's we two are lef we've got each other, 'n' I'll never marry Jim—never ez long's yer feel

like this;" and she nestled closer to his side, while he bent and kissed her again. Then with a sudden burst of spirit she cried out, "Cum er long; I'll run yer to ther corral," and the next moment the blueskin and claybank were galloping neck and neck down the hill to the ranch. They were received at the door by "the widder," who had been installed by Dabbs as housekeeper shortly after his wife's death. No one ever knew of whom "the widder" was the relict. If Dabbs knew he never told any one, and he never referred to her save as "the widder." She was a tall, gaunt, colorless female with a weakness for religion and ghosts—a most excellent cook and Starr's slave.

"We're just plum busted, widder," was Dabbs' salutation," 'n' I'm powerful grub struck." The "widder" promptly led the way to the living room where the three sat down to supper. Dabbs had begun to feel an odd sense of comfort stealing over him; he could not explain why, but in some mysterious way he felt that all would yet be right, and he ate with his usual appreciation of the "widder's" art. After he had finished his meal he sat smoking on the little vine-clad porch overlooking the valley. Starr was by his side, one hand in his, the other stroking his face and head while she talked to him and petted him as one comforts a child. As the sun sank behind the range and the western sky blazed with color, the girl's heart was filled with intense indignation that the home her father had wrested from the wilderness should be torn from him in his old age, when it was dearer to him than ever. As the short twilight deepened into night there was a sudden clatter of hoofs down the trail, and a horseman in all the bravery of the cowboy lover dashed up to the horse rail.

"Howdy, Jim," said Dabbs, in answer to his visitor's salutation, "'lite 'n' cum er long 'n' hev supper."

"Hed a gnaw a'ready," returned Jim; "whar's th' gal?" Starr had disappeared at his appearance.

"Oh, here I be," she answered, from the inner darkness of the house; "I'm goin' for a bresh across th' range, Jim, 'n' yer kin cum."

"All rite," was the laconic response; "I'll cinch th' blueskin fer yer."

He returned in a few moments leading the pony and found the girl kissing her father good-bye—something so unusual for her to do that he wondered silently, as they mounted and rode off up the white trail in the dusk. Their ponies loped easily, side by side, and Starr told him of the outcome of the suit for the ranch. Jim was the son of a neighboring stockman and had a tidy bunch of cattle himself. He and Starr had been sweethearts since she was twelve and he sixteen, and they were to have been married the coming Christmas, but the girl insisted that she would not leave her father now. Jim argued, but to no purpose; she would not marry him unless her father could in some way regain the ranch.

"But how kin he?" asked poor Jim, all argument exhausted, "hev yer any plan, Starr?"

"Uv cou'se I hev," she replied loftily; "but yer'v' got to hev lots o' sand ter jine in, Jim Bulger."

"What's yer plan? I'll jine in—never fear," answered Jim.

She bent toward him and whispered close in his ear a few rapid sentences. The man straightened up in his saddle; his face was white and his voice husky as he almost shrieked, "By—yer don't mean it, Starr."

She faced him calm and pitiless, her scornful eyes looking him contemptuously through and through.

"Yer kin bet I *do* mean it, Jim Bulger, but we don't want no cowards 'n' this yer deal, 'n' I reckin I kin count on Pete DeBar ter help me out," and she turned her pony's head as if to leave him. He was at her side in a moment.

"No *man* on th' range dar' say that t' me, Starr, 'n' yer know it,"

he hissed, as his hand caught her bridle close to the bit; "I'm in this yer deal ter th' turn."

"An' I'm with yer, Jim," she whispered, and as his arm went round her, she kissed him full on the mouth.

The up stage carrying two or three passengers, the mails and the company's treasure box, was due at Dabb's at 9:30; but that night it was late, for as it neared the ranch, just at the top of a steep grade, there came a stern voice from the roadside: "Hands up! Throw out that box—both of 'em, dummy and th' right one—no foolin'—drive on"—and the deed was done.

Jim Bulger and Starr returned from their ride just before the stage pulled up at the office, and they led the search for the highwaymen, but there was no trace of them. The dummy lay in the road where it had fallen, but the treasure box had disappeared. The dusty trail, trodden by innumerable hoofs and footprints told no tales, and when the company's detectives came up from the city they were quite as much mystified as anyone else.

The company offered a large reward for the capture of the robbers or the recovery of the money. There had been a large sum in currency in the box that night which was sent up to some men who were buying a great mining property, and the company did not like the idea of making it good. Weeks passed; absolutely nothing in the way of a clue was found, and the company had concluded to write the loss off their books when a very surprising thing happened.

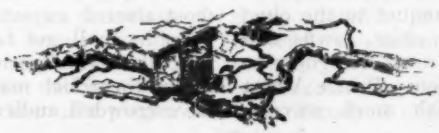
The president of the company sat in his private office one morning, when one of their most trusted detectives entered and asked permission to introduce Miss Dabbs, the daughter of the old chap up country that they had had so much trouble with. The great man was pleased to think that one bucolic mind at least had been impressed with a proper sense of his importance, and he puffed out his chest, buttoned his coat across it and ordered her to be shown in. Starr entered as nonchalantly as though she were accustomed to interviewing bank presidents every day in the week. She took the chair offered her, and placing a small valise on the table, opened it and gave the president of that company a surprise from which he will never altogether recover.

There was the stolen money—every dollar of it!

The girl refused any reward save the return to her father of the ranch, and immunity from publicity. The matter was to be a secret to all save herself and the company—not even Dabbs was to be told of it—and no questions were to be asked as to how the money came into her possession.

The great man willingly promised, and Starr carried away with her a letter to her father which was a promise to him from the company to put the deeds confirming his title to the ranch on record within forty-eight hours.

There was a wedding at Dabbs' on Christmas Day, and the bride's gift from the company was a check for the amount of the reward offered for the recovery of the stolen money. The amount of that check, with interest added, stands to Mrs. Jim Bulger's credit to this day in the company's bank at San Francisco.



THE FIRST EXPOSITION.

BY MAY BIGELOW EDMONDS.

THE first great International Exposition was opened in England, May 1st, 1851. There have been many since, some far exceeding that of Hyde Park in beauty and splendor; but the grand Crystal Palace had the charm of being a new idea—none since have conveyed quite the same impression.

The conception of this vast Exhibition was due to Prince Albert, and it was through his energy that the idea was carried out. He was president of the Society of Arts, and in 1849, he called a meeting of that Society and suggested his plans.

The principal idea was that the exhibit should be divided into four great sections: the first to contain raw materials and produce, the second, machinery and mechanical invention, the third, manufactured articles, and the fourth, sculpture, models, paintings, etc. This idea was at once taken up and spread abroad by the Society of Arts.

Early in 1850, a commission was appointed "for the promotion of the Exhibition of the Work of All Nations to be holden in the year 1851." Prince Albert was appointed President of this commission. Shortly after, a meeting was held to raise money for the Exhibition, when £10,000 was collected, and it was not long before there had been obtained £200,000.

On March 21st, the Lord Mayor of London gave a banquet to the chief magistrates of the cities, towns and buroughs of the United Kingdom to ask their coöperation. Prince Albert addressed them with much success, and set forth the purposes of the Exhibition. "It was," he said, "to give the world a true test, a living picture of the point of industrial development, at which the whole of mankind has arrived, and a new starting point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions."

The expectations, as to the moral influence of this bringing together of the nations is amusing from our standpoint; it was to usher in an era of peace, for it was really supposed that if mankind once met together in this friendly rivalry, they would never again make war upon one another. In the "Vision of the New Year," Punch embodies this sentiment in words:

Before me in a tournament
Of peaceful emulation
In arts, not arms, on triumphs bent
Shall nation strive with nation.

Spread wide for me, ye crystal roofs—
Oh noble strife begin;
With peace on earth, good will to man,
The New Year cometh in.

* * * * *

History repeats itself, and there were as many lively anticipations among the money-getters of London as exist in Chicago to-day. In one of the periodicals we read: "Every lodging-house keeper is expecting to let. her lodgings at three and four and five times the ordinary rent. Every house agent is fondling the same beautiful expectations. Every little hotel and coffee-house keeper expects to have the house filled from top to bottom, and is forming most absurd expectations as to the price he shall get for beds, fitted up in sculleries and garrets and dust-bins. Every theatrical manager expects to have crowded audiences, overflowing

CROWDED STATE OF LODGING HOUSES.

Lodging-Housekeeper. "ON'Y THIS ROOM TO LET, MEM. A FOUR-POST—A TENT—AND A VERY COMFORTABLE DOUBLE-BEDDED CHEST OF DRAWERS FOR THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN."

houses, not merely in the playbills, but positively inside the theater every night. Every proprietor of a Panorama, Diorama, Bosmorama, Cyclorama and every other rama, expects to be able to retire next year with the enormous receipts of this season's Exhibition. Every shopkeeper is madly expecting to sell off every bit of his stock this year, and expects if he does not make his fortune, that it will be entirely the fault of not having sufficient goods to supply the demands of his innumerable customers. Every bigotted Englishman belonging to the fine old John Bull school of stop-at-home Englishmen, expects to see every dirty foreigner with long mustachios, long beard and long hair and dirty habits, similar to the class of Frenchmen he has been in the habit of meeting in Leicester Square, and expects that London will be troubled with nothing less than the plague in consequence."

But it must not be supposed that Prince Albert's plan met with no opposition. On the contrary, every ridiculous protest that could be conjured up was raised. Colonel Sibthorp was the leader of the opposition in the House of Commons. He was a very eccentric looking man, with uncouth features and huge mustaches. His especial aversion was foreigners and he warned the nation in thundering tones: "Take care of your wives and daughters, take care of your property and your lives!" In speaking of the Crystal Palace, the building destined for the Exhibition, he said he did not wish to see that building destroyed by any acts of violence, but "would to God some hailstorm, or some visitation of lightning might descend to defeat the ill-advised project."

The following conversation quoted from Punch is characteristic of the times:

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

[The friends of the Unprotected Female favor her with their views of the Great Exhibition of Industry and its Consequences, by which she is Brought to the Verge of Despair and Emigration.]

Mr. Smithers (*who is considered eminently cautious in the city*). Well, I don't know. It's a wonderful undertaking, no doubt, but dangerous, I'm afraid—though I don't know.

Unprotected Female (*who has a great respect for Mr. Smithers, and is alive to danger as usual*). Eh? Oh then, Mr. Smithers, you *do* think there's something in the columns and things?

Jack Smithers (*who is unfeeling in his jokes*). A bag of nails, they say, and a piece of sacking found plugging one of 'em up.

Miss Smithers (*severely*). John, how can you? Mrs. Jones means something out of the perpendicular, papa.

Mr. Smithers (*oracularly*). Well, I don't know—there may be, though Paxton* is a very clever man, no doubt; but they say there ought to have been more concrete under the pillars; however, I dare say Cubitt† would see to that. Cubitt is a practical man—highly respectable in every way.

Mr. Jerrams (*with much gravity*). I was sorry to hear they were pumping water out of the building with steam engines after the shower, yesterday.

U. Female. Goodness gracious me!

The Rev. Grimes Wapshott (*who is fond of improving the Exhibition in an uncomfortable way*). It appears to me that awful as the material danger of this new Tower of Babel may be—you'll excuse my using the expression, Mr. Smithers—the spiritual danger is much more awful, Mrs. Jones.

U. Female. Oh, really, do you think so, Mr. Wapshott?

The Rev. Grimes (*making himself up for a burst*). Indeed I do, Mrs. Jones. When I think of the flood of French infidelity it will let loose upon us; the benumbing poison of German rationalism on the one hand, and the groveling mummeries of Italian image-worship on the other; not to speak of the Sabbath-breaking caused by the sale of fruit and articles of confectionery about the building, and its tendency to puff up poor worms of men and make miserable sinners think of their wretched bodies—I tremble, Mrs. Jones, I assure you—I tremble.

Mr. Doddles (*timidly*). I'm told they found three casks of gunpowder, the other day, in the Exhibition.

U. Female. Oh, my dear; only think of that, Gorhambury Gunston. Oh, I dare say, some of the foreign democrats, of course. Serves our precious government right. There'll be a fine row this summer, you'll see.

Mr. Smithers. Those Socialists are desperate fellows, to be sure, but then there's the police.

U. Female (*mournfully*). Oh! but then they're never to be found when they're wanted; I'm sure if it's like Coram street, the Socialists might carry off the statue of the Duke of Wellington himself and never see a policeman from beginning to end of it.

Gunston. I expect it will ruin our trade, innundate us with foreign goods and take all the gold out of the country.

Mr. Doddles. I expect there will be a revolution. You see, there's the French Communists and the German refugees, and the Italian Democrats, and the Hungarian Honveds, and the American sympathizers, and the Chartists, and the Red Republicans, and they're all sworn in a conspiracy I'm told, to upset everything; and of course that will convulse society, unless the police put a stop to it.

U. Female (*who has breathlessly followed this awful enumeration*). Police, indeed! Oh! why don't all well-disposed people go away this instant and emigrate to the Continent, or

* Joseph Paxton, the architect of the Crystal Palace.
† T. C. Cubitt, one of the commissioners.

THE "FEW FRIENDS" ARRIVE AT HEYDAY'S.

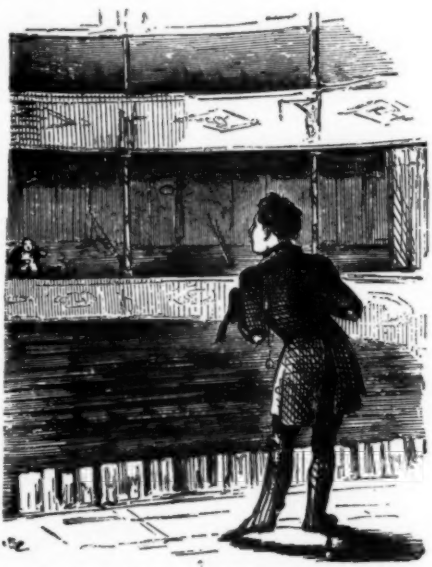
A GENTLEMAN FROM THE COUNTRY MISTAKES THE CRYSTAL SENT BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE FOR THE KOH-I-NOOR DIAMOND.

New Zealand, or Australia, or somewhere? What is the good of staying here, to have one's government upset, and one's throat cut, and one's religion perverted, and one's trade ruined? Oh, Good Gracious, Mr. Smithers, what ever ought Prince Albert to think of himself!

Poor Prince Albert was obliged to bear the brunt of all the complaints, and he writes: "The opponents of the Exhibition work with might and brain to throw all the old women here into a panic and drive myself crazy. The strangers, they give out, are certain to commence a thorough revolution here, to murder Victoria and myself, and to proclaim the Red Republic in England; the plague is certain to issue from the confluence of such vast multitudes, and to swallow up those whom the increased price of everything has not already swept away. For all this I am to be responsible, and against all this I have to make efficient provision."

The objections raised were not alone confined to men of Colonel Sibthorp's class. The Royal Commissioners, after pondering over the matter, had decided that Hyde Park was the best place for the site of the Exhibition. A great outcry arose against what was called a desecration of the park. Lord Campbell presented a petition to the House of Lords protesting against using Hyde Park for such a purpose. This petition was supported by Lord Brougham who, in his usual vehement style, attacked the House of Lords for what he said was "servile deference to royalty." "Such facts," he shouted, "only show more painfully that absolute prostration of the understanding which takes place even in the minds of the bravest when the word Prince is mentioned in this country."

The Prince wrote to Baron Stockmar: "The Exhibition is now attacked furiously by the Times, and the House of Commons is going to drive us out of the park. There is immense excitement. If we are driven out of the park the work is done for." The Prince kept up his courage, however, and the affair progressed.



Manager. "Ladies and Gentlemen—a—I mean Respected Individual,—In consequence of the Great Attraction of the Exhibition, or Crystal Palace, I beg to announce to you, that this Ridiculous Farce of opening my Theatre, will not be repeated; and your Order will be returned to you, on application at the Box-Office.

Much thought was expended on the plans of an immense structure to hold the exhibits. Just at the last minute Mr. Joseph Paxton, who then had the care of the Duke of Devonshire's grounds at Chatsworth, thought of building a palace of glass and iron, which would combine beauty and cheapness. The history of Mr. Paxton's endeavors to design the Exhibition building and have his design accepted is interesting in the extreme. He had risen from the position of a gardener's boy to be a successful landscape gardener. He was first employed in a responsible capacity by the Duke of Somerset, and from thence he passed into the Duke of Devonshire's service, who recognized his ability, and employed him to manage his estates in both England and Ireland. At this time he was a very busy man, and he had been thinking of the Crystal Palace plans for several days before he had a moment to commit them to paper. On the eighteenth of June, 1850, he was seated as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Midland railway to try a pointsman. The culprit stood at the end of the table, upon which was spread a virgin sheet of blotting paper. As each witness delivered his evidence, Mr. Paxton appeared to be taking notes with uncommon assiduity, and when the case closed, one of his colleagues turned to him, saying, "As you seem to have noted down the whole of the evidence we will take the decision from you."

THE NORTH AMERICAN LODGERS.

"The truth is," replied the Chairman, "I know all about this affair already, having accidentally learned every particular last night. *This* is not a draft for the pointsman's case, but a design for the great industrial building to be erected in Hyde Park." The pointsman was let off with a fine, and before evening the blotting-paper plan had found its way into Mr. Paxton's office at Chatsworth. By the help of that gentleman's ordinary assistants, elevations, sections, working details and specifications were completed in ten days.

As soon as the plans were finished he boarded the train for London carry-

SHE HAS A SEASON TICKET.

Mary. "Please, Sir, Cook's gone hout for a Noliday; and Missus didn't say nothing about no Dinner, Sir. Missus went early to the Exhibition with some Lunch in a Basket, and said she should n't be home until Tea Time."

ing his dinner in his pocket. He had not a minute to lose, for the Royal Commissioners were to meet the next morning. Fortunately he met on the train one of the most influential engineers of the day, Robert Stephenson, a member of the Commission. Paxton asked him to look at the plans at once, and Stephenson having carefully examined them exclaimed, "Wonderful! Worthy of the magnificence of Chatsworth—a thousand times better than anything that has been brought before us! What a pity they were not prepared earlier!" But in spite of immense difficulties, Paxton was enabled to present his plans and they were accepted.

The cheapness of the structure was due to the fact that each part of the building was endowed with more than one purpose. The six rows of columns were not only props, but drains. They were hollow, and into them the glass roof delivered its collections of water. In the base of each column was inserted a horizontal iron pipe to conduct the drainage into the sewers. These strong tubes served also as foundation—they were links that connected the whole of the 3,300 uprights together. At the top, each column was fastened to its opposite associate by a girder, run up by means of a pole and pulley in a few minutes, and once fastened, no other scaffolding was requisite for the roof which it supported. Thus, by means of the iron pipes below and the iron girders above, the structure, covering eighteen acres, was held from end to end so compact and fast that it became an immense hollow cube of enormous strength.

The newspapers were not, on the whole, favorable to this World's Fair, and if ridicule could have overthrown the project, Punch would have succeeded in doing it. The exaggerated expectations and the awful prophesies in regard to it gave a fine opportunity for endless squibs and jibes, but in spite of laughter and serious obstacles the Crystal Palace became a solidified fact.

The Exhibition was opened on the 1st of May, 1851, and the royal family were present. The Queen gives an interesting description, which is full of wifely pride:

"The great event has taken place; a complete and beautiful triumph; a glorious and touching sight, and one which I shall ever be proud of, for my beloved Albert and my country. The park seemed a wonderful spectacle, crowds streaming through it, carriages and troops passing, quite like the Coronation Day, and for me the same anxiety—no, much greater anxiety, on account of my beloved Albert. The day was bright and all bustle and excitement. The Green Park—Hyde Park were one densely crowded mass of human beings, in the highest good humor, and most enthusiastic. I never saw Hyde Park look as it did—as far as the eye could reach. A little rain fell just as we started, but before we came near the Crystal

Palace the sun shone and gleamed upon the gigantic edifice, upon which the flags of all nations were floating.

* * * The glimpse of the transept through the iron gates, the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, with the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation which I can never forget. I felt much moved. The sight as we came to the middle was magical, so vast, so glorious, so touching, one felt as so many did, whom I have since spoken to, filled with devotion —more so than by any service ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the im-

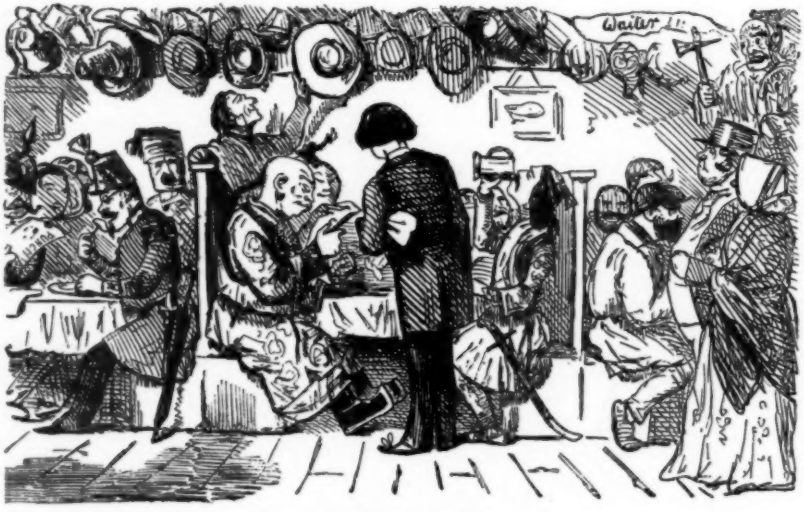
HER MAJESTY, as She Appeared on the FIRST of MAY,

Surrounded by "Horrible Conspirators and Assassins."

mensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains; the organ, with 200 instruments and 600 voices, and my beloved husband the author of the peace festival, which united the industry of all nations of the earth—all this was moving in the extreme, and it was and is a day to live forever. God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God who seemed to pervade all, and to bless all."

It is scarcely necessary to say that there were no attacks upon the Queen, nor hostile demonstrations of any kind. The foreign press, especially, dwelt upon the orderly behavior of the crowd, and the cut on page 573 in which Punch represents Her Majesty on the 1st of May surrounded by horrible conspirators and assassins, created much amusement.

The Crystal Palace was opened on the eighty-first birthday of the Duke of Wellington, and as he arrived with the notables the customary applause was given him. A buttoned Chinese Mandarin, decked out in magnificent robes, came towards him, made a low salaam and stretched out his hand for an English salute; the Duke put forth his uncertainly, not knowing who had honored him. It was the Mandarin Hesing of the royal Chinese junk, then anchored in the Thames for inspection of the English Exposition. The Duke was an interested spectator of all the departments of the Exhibition, and the sight of him was a great addition to the pleasure of the visitors. Once the Duke was making the rounds, just as a French exhibitor was removing from the case an equestrian statue of his formidable rival, Napoleon. The news instantly spread among the French people, and the Duke was at once surrounded and surprised, for the first time, by a body of Frenchmen. Their politeness prevailed over other feelings, however, and foreign hats and caps were at once raised to the old hero, who returning



LONDON DINING ROOMS, 1851.

Waiter (to Chinaman). "VERY NICE BIRDS'-NEST SOUP, SIR!—YES, SIR!—RAT PIE, SIR, JUST UP.—YES, SIR!—AND A NICE LITTLE DOG TO FOLLER—YES, SIR!"

the salute, passed on. At another time an American was heard to say as he passed by, "There—we have seen the Exhibition, but we wanted still more to see the Duke. It was worth coming all this way."

The collection on exhibition would be hard to describe. It was marvelous, because unprecedented. The great attraction was the Koh-i-noor (Mountain of Light) diamond; it had belonged to the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, the chief of Lahore, who at his death, in 1839, left it as a legacy to be worn by the chief idol of Juggernaut. It had been presented to the Queen by the Chairman of the East India Company. The gem was valued at £2,000,000, and was believed to be the largest diamond in the world. It was exhibited with two other diamonds of the first water under a strong cage of gilt iron in the main avenue near the crystal fountain. This was a general meeting place for visitors.

The Exhibition continued to attract crowds while it remained open. Certain days of the week were set aside for the poorer classes and were called the shilling days, when the people came from far and near. An old Cornish woman (Mary Kylernack) walked up several hundred miles to see it. Of course there were a great many articles lost in the Exhibition, but most of them were found and returned to the owners. The most puzzling items came under the head of children—some eighty or ninety boys having lost their friends in the building. All the stray little ones were gathered up, however, and sent to the station-house at Prince's Gate and there reclaimed. One little fellow was kept there all night and slept on a bed made of overcoats, and next morning was forwarded to his parents at Winchester.

Nervous Father. "MIND, MY DEARS, IF WE MISS ONE ANOTHER, WE ALL MEET, AT SIX O'CLOCK, AT THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN."

A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION—THE GREAT KOH-I-NOOR DIAMOND.

According to Punch, America was very poorly represented. "America continues to represent itself at the Crystal Palace as a large place that is—to adopt an American word—very sparsely occupied; there being plenty of room, which is illustrative of the one,

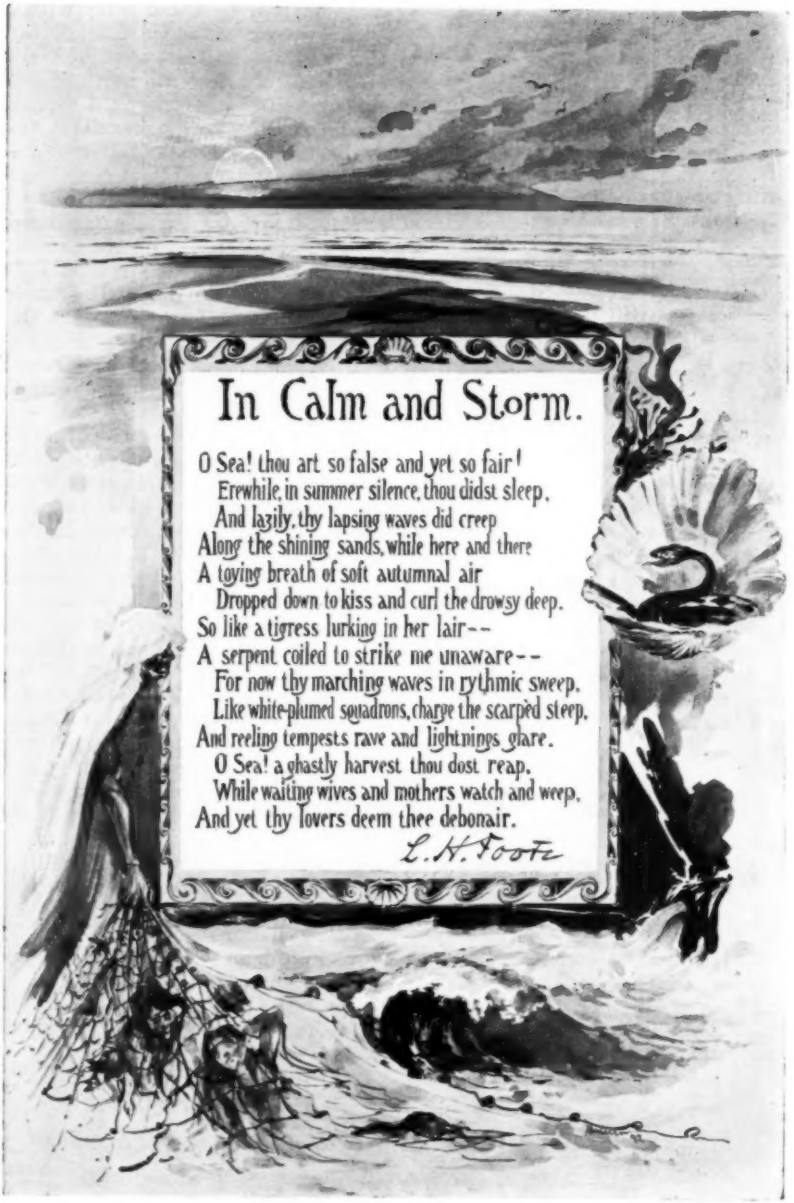
PERFIDIOUS ALBION LETS HIS DRAWING-ROOM FLOOR TO A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER—
THE RESULT!!

LOST BOY.

and there being a poor supply of the other. America in the great Exhibition wants an addition to its inhabitants, and we have a plan for putting an end to the aspect of desolation and barrenness for which the United States —as shown in Hyde Park, are conspicuous. As visitors are now flocking in from abroad and from the country, we propose that America should be allowed to utilize its empty space by letting out lodgings. Why should half a dozen families be crowded into one house when there is a quantity of room in the Crystal Palace itself which might be profitably occupied? By packing up the American articles a little closer, by displaying Colt's revolvers over the soap, and piling up the Cincinnati pickles on the top of the Virginia honey, we shall concentrate all the treasures of American art and manufacture into a very few square feet, and beds may be made up to accommodate several hundred. We would propose, therefore, that the Yankee Commissioners be empowered to advertise America as affording accommodation to those who wish to spend a week in the Exhibition; and they might describe it as eligibly situated within a few minutes' walk of Austria, Russia, France and Switzerland, commanding an excellent view of the Greek Slave, and immediately opposite the largest looking-glass in the world, by which the process of shaving may be greatly facilitated. By an arrangement with the Commissioners, whose duties must be light, breakfast could, no doubt, be provided for the lodgers before starting on their rounds; and the sign of the Spread Eagle would be an appropriate one to adopt for the hotel department of the speculation."

It was with many regrets that the people of England saw the time for the closing of the great Crystal Palace draw near, while the crowds of spectators increased instead of diminished. The maximum of the number of visitors during any one day had amounted to 74,000, and on the last Monday the number of persons admitted was 107,-815. The Crystal Palace was closed on the 31st of October, 1851. The people wished to preserve it as it was, and convert it into a Winter Garden, but it was finally removed, and out of it was built a palace which still remains on the hills of Sydenham.

There have been many Expositions since. This was followed by one in Dublin, an exhibition of paintings and the art of all nations in Manchester, four great exhibitions in Paris, the International Exhibition in Kensington, one in Vienna, one in Philadelphia, one in New Orleans, and lastly our Great Columbian Exhibition that is to be opened in the near future.



In Calm and Storm.

O Sea! thou art so false and yet so fair!
  Erewhile, in summer silence, thou didst sleep,
  And lazily, thy lapsing waves did creep
Along the shining sands, while here and there
A toying breath of soft autumnal air
  Dropped down to kiss and curl the drowsy deep.
So like a tigress lurking in her lair--
A serpent coiled to strike me unaware--
  For now thy marching waves in rythmic sweep,
  Like white-plumed squadrons, charge the scarped steep,
And reeling tempests rave and lightnings glare.
  O Sea! a ghastly harvest thou dost reap,
  While waiting wives and mothers watch and weep,
And yet thy lovers deem thee debonair.

L. H. Foote

THE GOOD GRAY POET.

(A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.)

BY DEWITT C. LOCKWOOD.

JUST how or when Walt Whitman became known as the "Good Gray Poet" is a matter of conjecture. His adherents regard the twin adjectives as particularly felicitous, while his detractors claim that the name was foisted upon him in the flush of his early manhood (he was gray at thirty) with satirical intent. The abbreviated appellation of "Walt," which has always clung to the poet was given him in contradistinction to Walter, his father, from whom the boy was named.

It was at West Hills, Long Island, on the 31st of May, 1819, that Walt Whitman first saw the light, and here he was "rais'd by a perfect mother." The country roundabout is one of the most charming sections of this

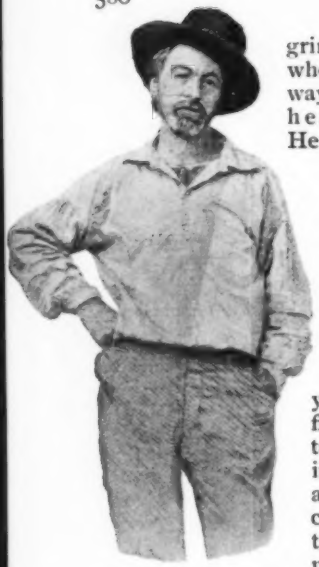
Isle of the salty shore and breeze and brine,

and well suited for a poet's birthplace. It is easy to picture the boy Walt skurrying across the fields and up to the top of any one of the surrounding hills. How the extended views in every direction and the varied scenery must have gladdened his heart! Along the shore he could see the tortuous harbors and rounded headlands, the salt meadows of waving grass, and the shady villages, whose streets laid themselves out in a charmingly rambling way among the scattered houses; or far beyond over the dancing surface of the sea he could trace the wide horizon line, which, in his youthful imaginings must have seemed the borderland of infinity. When the young dreamer tired of the expansiveness of sea and sky and longed to get closer to the heart of nature, he would seek some favored haunt where

Forth from its sunny nook of sheltered grass—musical, golden, calm as the dawn, the spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face.

The Whitmans are represented as a large-framed, hardy race; the Van Velsors, on the poet's maternal side, were of sturdy Holland Dutch descent. The elder Whitman was a serious man, self-contained, given to introspection, and devotedly attached to his wife and nine children. Walt's affections and sympathy found an abundant outlet in his love for his mother, who was of a cheerful, spiritual nature. The feminine members of the village households, where Whitman was ever a welcome guest, came in for a large share of his admiration, and the old ladies of his native town are never quite so interested, or interesting, as when called upon to relate some incident of the poet's boyhood. "Such a handsome lad as he was," said one; "pert in manner, to be sure, but with such a breezy air about him—a real sailor swing of easy independence in his walk." "His dress," said another, "reminded me of a water dog. His collar was always cut low, and his shirt front was usually rolled back, exposing his robust breast. A short sailor's jacket and wide trousers gave him an air of salt water, and suggested a jolly marine out for an airing." Simon Cooper, an old sea captain, used to say, "I can smell salt water ten miles away just on seeing Whitman."

When Walt was a child his parents moved to Brooklyn; the boy's strong love for his birthplace, however, prompted him to make frequent pil-



grimages thither, where he was always sure of a hearty welcome. He now attended the public schools of Brooklyn, and before he was fifteen years of age, he was earning his living in a printing office.*

Some three years later, we find Whitman teaching school in the suburbs, and occasionally contributing to the columns of newspapers and periodicals. Later he edited a weekly newspaper — the Long Islander — at Huntington. Then he went to New York to live; and here began for him the real existence, which was to exert such a marked influence upon his life-work. Man, his character and occupation, was his theme. He studied with pertinacity and delight the dominating traits of his fellows — their longings and ceaseless strivings, the controlling forces that dwell in every soul, freely giving in return of his broad, living sympathies.

He became a "lover of populous pavements;" haunted the shops and factories and attended all public meetings and political gatherings. He visited the homes of the rich and poor alike—was "meeter of savage and gentleman on equal terms"—and the poorhouse, theater, and hospital came in for a share of his attention. Now he was perched up on top of a Broadway stage with the driver, or taking a hand at the wheel in the pilot-house of a Brooklyn ferryboat, and then he was steaming off down the Narrows. He was passionately fond of music and never missed a concert or oratorio that his slender means would permit him to attend. Sometimes, as the fancy took him, he would start off with a towel and a book for a long tramp to the seashore where, far from "the clank of crowds," he could plunge into the surging waves, or read aloud from Homer or Shakespeare as he strode along the beach.

Thus did Whitman absorb what he required of humanity and modern life, neglecting no means by which this end could be gained.

At the age of twenty-eight, Whitman assumed editorial charge of the Brooklyn Eagle. Two years later he made a long tour of the South and West, crossed the Alleghanies into Virginia, and went down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans. Here he remained some months working on the Crescent newspaper, and here among the Southern people he found a new field of investigation and study.

A year in the South, and then once more we find him in Brooklyn publishing a journal called the Freeman, in connection with which he opened a small bookstore and printing office. In 1862, just after the first Fredericksburg battle, news came that his brother was severely wounded. At an hour's notice Walt started for the seat of war. He found his brother on a fair road to recovery, but the poet remained to nurse the dying and wounded. Later he worked among the hospitals at Washington and on the battle-field, always with untiring energy and a patience and tenderness that was inimitable. For many months he continued this noble work, writing letters to the New York journals, the while, to defray his expenses.

"When Walt appeared among the cots," wrote John Swinton in the New York Herald, "there was a smile of affection and welcome on every face,

*This experience was of great value to Whitman in after life, for while his penmanship was poor, everything he wrote was legible and well punctuated. He supplied "good copy," which was always a delight to the compositor. In his first issue of "Leaves of Grass," the author assisted in setting the type.

Walt Whitman

and his presence seemed to light up the place as it might be lit by the Son of Love. To one he gave a few words of cheer; for another he wrote a letter home, or received a dying message for mother, wife or sweetheart. He did the things for them that no nurse or doctor could do, and he seemed to leave a benediction at every spot as he passed along. And when at last he took his way toward the door, you could hear the voice of many a stricken hero calling out, "Walt, Walt! Come again! Come again, Walt!"

"Poor fellows!" wrote Whitman to a friend; "how young they are lying there with their pale faces and that mute look in their eyes! How one gets to love them, often, particular cases, so suffering, so good, so manly and simple"

Three years of such work, always brave, never flinching, and then his health gave way — his first illness had come upon him and it was one from which he never entirely recovered. He went North until he was somewhat recuperated, when once more we find him at his hospital

work, which, however, lasted but a short time before he settled down in Washington City, having secured a clerkship in the Department of the Interior.

Whitman remained in Washington until 1873, when he suffered a paralytic stroke, and for several years his life was despaired of. His father had died in 1855, after many years of suffering, and now in this critical period of the poet's history, a sad affliction came to him in the death of his mother —that "ideal woman, practical, spiritual, of all of earth, life, love, to me the best."

Walt Whitman was of magnificent physical proportions. He was over six feet in height, with high arching brows, straight, clean-cut nose, heavy-lidded blue-gray eyes, and wore during his latter years a wonderfully soft, long white beard. "There was about him," says one, "a look as of the earth, the sea, or the mountains, and he was usually taken for some great mechanic, or stevedore, or seaman, or grand laborer of one kind or another."

The reproduction on page 580 of a steel engraving was made originally from a daguerreotype taken in the summer of 1854. Of this picture John Burroughs says in the Critic: "The face is strong and serious, and interesting, but the pose, the dress of shirt and trousers, the hat on one side—what shall we say of all this? Has not the man come to shoe our horses or chop our wood, rather than to write our poems? But time and distance will correct all that, and we shall be no more disturbed by it than one would be by seeing a picture of Cervantes in the habit of a soldier, or Michael Angelo with his cap and apron on."

Walt Whitman never married. It is said that he chose the life of a celibate because he could not brook restraint even though held with silken cords. But was not the real reason his inability to find that "right person?" How is it he puts it? "From plenty of persons near and yet the right person not near."

Whitman's life-work — the much debatable "Leaves of Grass"—did not produce, as might have been expected, a whirlwind in the literary firmament, but rather a series of seismic disturbances whose first muttered rumblings reverberated through the years, increasing in scope and violence until the sound was heard in the uttermost parts of the earth. Then at last the nations arose as one man. Without a doubt something had happened—but to what end? Was Whitman a poet or a poetaster? Did he sing with the concord of sweet sounds, or was he shrieking through a calliope? Did he pave the way to licentiousness, or macadamize the narrow path of virtue?

The book had certainly "aroused," as Whitman said, "a tempest of anger and condemnation." A contributor to the London Saturday Review wrote that the author of "Leaves of Grass" deserved to be scourged at the tail of the hangman's cart by the public executioner. Another English criticaster styled the venerable poet the "swan of the sewers."

The London Literary Gazette said: "Of all the writers we have ever perused, Walt Whitman is the most silly, the most blasphemous, and the most disgusting. If we can think of any stronger epithets to use we will print them in a second edition."

Theodore Watts, who continued his virulence even after the poet's death, said of him: "It is not because the leader of a flock of wild geese is a wiser goose than the others, that he flies and cackles at the apex of the wedge. On the contrary he is very likely the most thoroughly equipped fool in the flock. * * * As to his (Whitman's) amazing indecency, that may be forgiven. It has done no harm. It is merely the attempt of a journalist to play the noble savage by fouling with excrement the doorsteps of civilization. In England, to be sure, he would have been promptly run in."

At home the author, with his much traduced volume, was not having an easy time of it by any means. He was dismissed from his position in the Department of the Interior by the Secretary, who declared that he would not have such a man in his place "even should the President himself order his reinstatement." Another official said the volume was so coarse and corrupting in its thought and language as to jeopardize the reputation of the Department!

Whitman was refused admittance as honorary member of the Author's Club of New York, and a bust sent by the poet to the city of Boston was declined with thanks. Publishers refused to publish his poems and book-sellers to sell them. He was threatened by the Society for the Prevention of Vice, and private individuals seriously contemplated having the author indicted and tried for publishing a lewd book.

Dr. Holland could see nothing in Whitman's dithyrambics but the raw material, and the genial Dr. Holmes said that the much discussed "poems" were nothing more or less than "moon-struck prose." Lowell and Mathew Arnold snubbed the writer professionally, and Bayard Taylor and George William Curtis were among the dissenters. Clarence Cook pointedly accused Whitman of plagiarising Emerson. (It was subsequently learned that Whitman had never read a line of Emerson until after the publication of his first issue of the book.)

In the midst of all these furious assaults, unmoved and unflinching stood the author of this far-reaching commotion, saying simply: "If my light can't stand such gales, let it go out."

Meanwhile, here and there, individuals were rising up in the poet's defense, and the feeling of outraged propriety was in a measure placated. Emerson was among the first to strike a blow in advocacy of the book, asserting that "Leaves of Grass" was the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America had yet contributed. Thoreau said, "The poet has spoken more truth than any American or modern I know. * * He is a great fellow."

Mrs. Gilchrist of London wrote: "The poems are so filled with calm wisdom and strength of thought, such a cheerful breadth of sunshine that the soul bathes in them renewed and strengthened." Another writes: "They are to be inhaled like perfume, and felt like the magnetism of a presence." An Irish critic demanded for the author a place by the side of Æschylus, Homer and Dante, and the Boston Herald declared that the suppression of Whitman's poems was like putting the Venus de Milo in petticoats. "If you will give me," wrote William Sloane Kennedy, "an adequate account of a cubic mile of sea water or blue ether, measure the work of the sun, the beauty of the morning star, or the influence of the starry midnight upon the soul, I will give you an adequate account of this man."

Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, a lifelong friend of the poet, published a book on Whitman—a voluminous and impassioned protest against the unbridled animosities of the press and public. Tennyson wrote a letter wonderfully cordial and hearty, inviting Whitman to come to England, and Stedman unhesitatingly gives him a place among the foremost of lyric and idyllic poets.

In a late edition of his poems, Whitman alludes to Champollion, who on his death-bed handed to the printer the revised proof of his Egyptian grammar, saying gayly: "Be careful of this—it is my carte de visite to posterity." In emulation of the famous Orientalist, Whitman desires that "Leaves of Grass" may be regarded as *his* carte de visite to the coming generations of the New World.

Whitman's fame in England certainly had a humble origin. His "Leaves of Grass" fell almost stillborn from the press. A few of the 1,000 copies printed found their way

to Sunderland and into the hands of one James Grindrod, a book peddler. Among the purchasers was Thomas Dixon, a cork-cutter by trade, but he seems to have been a man of considerable intellectuality, consorting freely with Carlyle, Ruskin, Mazzini and others. Dixon gave a copy of "Leaves of Grass" to William Bell Scott, whose "Poems by a Painter" by the way, Carlyle made the droll mistake of taking for "Poems by a Printer"—perpetuating the error in print. Mr. Scott was an intimate friend of the Pre-Raphaelite circle, and sent a copy of the poems to W. M. Rossetti, who later published a selection for English readers.

Apropos of Whitman's most persistent defamer, Theodore Watts, the Pall Mall Budget prints the following "explanation" under the heading

WALT AND WATTS.

Wherein consists the fatal fault
That Watts can ne'er forgive our Walt?
'Tis this—he drew "provincial" breath,
Far from the great central Putney heath;
Nor cared (his life-work was so petty)
To play the courtier to Rossetti.

But, had his culture been completer
And had he learned to mew in metre,
And write, for brother bards to see 'em
Snug sonnets in The Athenæum—
Ah, then his fame had known no blots,
And Walt had died bepraised of Watts.

It is hardly possible that Whitman, watched over as he was by devoted friends, actually suffered from the poverty which encompassed his latter days, but he was certainly very poor at times; and while his condition was far from realizing the gay penury of Leigh Hunt, he was hopeful through it all and a liberal dispenser of good cheer.

His house in Camden was a very ordinary two story building, the window ledges of which, many of them, were filled with paper to keep out the wind. He spent most of his time when indoors in a small room which was unrelieved by a single ornament and was without shades at the windows. The room was fairly stuffed with newspapers, magazines and pamphlets which filled the table and chairs, littered the floor, were covered with dust and many of them badly mutilated.

Rumors of the poet's poverty, often wildly exaggerated, were circulated, and subscriptions for his relief solicited. Friends and admirers responded liberally and the Pall Mall Gazette sent him a New Year's check for $400. Then a united effort on the part of the foremost literary workers in New York and vicinity resulted in a public demonstration in the poet's behalf. Arrangements were made for Whitman to read his "Death of Lincoln" at the Madison Square Theater on April 14th, 1887, the twenty-second anniversary of President Lincoln's decease.

It was on this occasion that I saw Walt Whitman for the last time. With slow steps, assisted by a young man, the aged poet walked out upon the stage, which was set with a decidedly bizarre combination of red and gold, and sat down beside a small table. He was evidently much enfeebled, but his face glowed in a marked degree with the old-time vitality, while his white silken hair and beard encircled it like a halo. He was attired in a suit of dark gray, if I remember rightly, and I recall the fact of his wearing low-cut shoes and gray socks, from his habit of thrusting out first one foot and then the other at intervals during the reading. He wore glasses, and read from a manuscript in a deep, resonant voice which penetrated every portion of the auditorium. His delivery was slow and monotonous to a degree, but his magnetic personality held the attention of his audience to the end.

I do not remember that the lecture, as a whole, differed essentially from the oft repeated stories of Lincoln's assassination, but the impressiveness of the speaker when, incited by an emotional impetus which seemed to surge through him, he led up to the culminating tragedy is a living mem-

ory. He told us of the theater with its brilliant lights and beautiful women, the uniformed officers, the gay decorations, the perfume of flowers, the music of the orchestra, the enthusiasm of the players and then—of the assassin's leap over the footlights, the terrorized audience, the appalling cries of "murder" that rent the air, until the horror of it all thrilled and fascinated every listener.

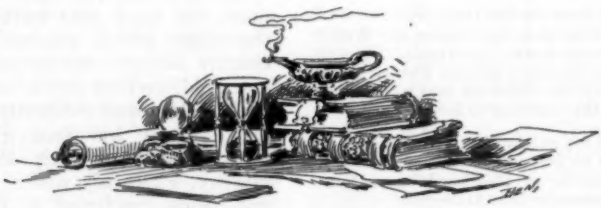
In the latter part of the year 1891, Whitman was stricken down with pneumonia, and for several months he lingered between life and death, absorbed with the "heavenly nostalgia" of Heine. He died on the 26th of March, 1892, and was buried in Harleigh Cemetery in the suburbs of Camden.

Perhaps the poet's best epitaph is found in his own words:

I will tell you what to say of me,
Publish my name and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover * * *
Who was not proud of his songs, but of the measureless ocean of love within him and freely pour'd it forth—

The following lines by Stedman were read at the burial services of the dead poet:

Good-bye Walt!
Good-bye from all you loved of earth—
Rock, tree, dumb creature, man and woman—
To you their comrade human.
The last assault
Ends now; and now in some great world has birth
A minstrel whose strong soul finds broader wings,
More brave imaginings.
Stars crown the hill-tops where your dust shall lie,
Even as we say good-bye,
Good-bye, old Walt!



PRE-COLUMBIAN MUSICIANS.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

IT was festival time at Bugaba, and the dry season was at its height; the hour shortly after sunset. The great cottonwood trees which grew in the open space in front of the temple were lighted up by the bright glare of many torches and oil lamps which were visible from afar through vistas in the scattering timber as visitors from the surrounding villages flocked to the point of attraction. Beneath the domes of the mighty cottonwoods a vast crowd of the Chiriquians had assembled and was seated in groups around an oval space in which the dancers and musicians were going to perform their parts. Here and there venders of mildly intoxicating beverages and luxuries in the eating line had taken up positions. Gradually the gaps between the groups were filled up until a wide circumference of human forms surrounded the dancing ground. There was no disorder, though thousands were present; no necessity for protective railings or a

police force. The Chiriquians were a happy, peaceful and prosperous agricultural people.

Squatting on the ground sat the spectators, male and female, only those on the extreme outer edge standing up. The musicians occupied the apexes of the ellipse to the number of about fifty at each end. They were divided into two classes according to the character of the instruments on which they performed. The drummers and players on other instruments of percussion with those who shook the rattles and the bells occupied one end, while the performers on the clarionette, the flute, the whistle and other wind instruments, were stationed opposite to them.

At last the signal is given for the performance to begin and with a deafening crash, loud enough to crack the unaccustomed ear, every drum was struck at the same instant. Only a few blows, however, were given, and then the players on the rattles, bells and sounding boards succeeded for a few seconds; and so on for about five minutes the drummers and rattle-players, alternating in excellent time, kept up the din. Then the musicians of the wind instruments took up their part in the concert. If the sound of the drums was deafening, the shrill notes now heard were ear-splitting. Yet in the music there was a notable air unattainable by the drummers, and the performers were evidently skilled in producing notes on instruments difficult to play. The scale of sounds was not wide, eight notes being the limit of the best instruments.

The prelude being ended, the whole vast concourse united in chanting a hymn to their deity. To the cultivated ear of modern times and civilization, this vocal effort would seem monotonous and dirge-like; but it was far in advance of the singing of other peoples of that day, and there was a solemnity and tone of adoration in it, such that, as the voices of the multitude rose and fell and the sounds finally died away in the dark surroundings, the emotion of worship was keenly aroused in the breast.

This ceremonial part of the festivity being ended, the dancing commenced, men and women joining in the Terpsichorean sport. At intervals the dancing ceased, and the musicians performed on their instruments, sometimes all together, though more generally the players on particular instruments performed together. Nor was good cheer wanting; for this ancient people had arrived at the border line of civilization, and the venders of fruits and cakes and pleasant drinks did a thriving trade. The festivities were carried on far into the night, and when the torches and oil lamps, which had often been replenished, finally died out, the multitude dispersed and each household hastened to its peaceful home. The musicians were soon wrapped in slumber near the spots where ere long they were to take their final rest, and where unknown generations afterward their musical instruments were found.

That great attention was given to the musical art by the ancient Chiriquians is evident from the musical instruments found in their graves. The specimens, which are numerous, are all fashioned out of clay, and when it is borne in mind that that material was used in the production of a very small percentage of musical instruments by any primitive people, it is reasonable to conclude that the Chiriquians manufactured such articles very extensively in wood and woody growths, such as gourds and canes. No such specimens, however, have survived the destroying hand of time. Their perishable nature was a warranty of non-durability, and it is from the clay relics alone that the archæologist can deduce opinions as to the importance and condition of the art of music as practised by the primitive Isthmians. The number and variety of the instruments discovered in the tombs lead to the conclusion that the art was assiduously practiced, and that musicians per-

formed important functions on festive occasions and in the observance of religious rites and ceremonies.

The sepulchral relics consist of drums and rattles, instruments of percussion, and whistles and tubular wind instruments of the clarionette type. Among all primitive races the drum was a favorite instrument, and it is possible that it was the first musical invention of aboriginal man. The sounds of percussion produced by striking a hollow gourd or a fallen tree would probably attract his attention and challenge his ingenuity before the rattle of dry seeds or kernels in their shells. The primitive drum was constructed by stretching a sheet of animal membrane over the orifice of a hollow gourd, and later of objects of wood and clay manufactured for the purpose. It would seem that the use of clay in the construction of drums was of rare occurrence inasmuch as very few of them have been found. Their shape is nearly uniform, being somewhat similar to an hour-glass; the upper portion, however, being much larger than the base.

FIG. 1—DRUM WITH PAINTED ORNAMENT.

Fig. 1 represents a decorated specimen of these relics, and though imperfect, a portion of the base being lost, is a fair illustration of the earthenware drums manufactured by the Chiriquians. The shape is elegant, and the painted decorations which encircle the instrument in four zones, two in the upper and two in the lower portion, are exceptionally interesting. Mr. Holmes considers it probable that the designs in the upper portion are very highly conventionalized derivatives of the alligator radical, the meandering line representing the body of the creature and the scalloped hooks the extremities. These decorations are in red and black, the ground color being a warm yellow gray. As in the case of all specimens, the upper margin is finished with particular reference to the attachment of vibrating tissue. In the object described the rim is somewhat rudely finished and is painted red.

Earthenware rattles are so small in size and emit sounds so feeble, that to any one but the archæologist they would seem to be only toys. It is probable, however, that they were used and had important functions in the ceremonial observances of a primitive people. The simpler form of the rattle is that of the gourd, the long neck supplying the handle, and the globular portion the sounding sphere. In length they vary from three to six or seven inches, and are found with painted ornament and relief embellishment in figures and various designs. Fig. 2 represents a specimen decorated in the style of the lost color group. A number of minute orifices appear at the upper portion of the globe for the emission of sound, and the handle being hollow may be used as a whistle—a purpose to which it was undoubt-

FIG. 2—DECORATED RATTLE.

edly applied from the fact that a septum crosses the lower part.

While the use of clay was exceptional in the manufacture of drums, such was not the case with regard to wind instruments. Specimens of this class of musical instruments are found in great numbers, but it is difficult to determine whether their notes were made to conform to an established scale, since most of the pieces are more or less mutilated. The greater portion of these wind instruments are simple in construction and possess little range of musical power. Possibly they were nothing more than toy whistles. There are, however, certain pieces which yield a number of notes, mellow in sound, and of sufficient tone to produce pleasing melodies. "It is not difficult," says Mr. Holmes, "to determine the powers of individual instruments, but we cannot say to what extent these powers were understood by the original owners, nor can we say whether or not they were intended to be played in unison in such a way as to give a certain desired succession of intervals. There are, however, in a large number of these instruments a uniformity in construction, and a certain close correspondence in the number and degree of the sounds that indicate the existence of well established standards."

FIG. 3—DOUBLE WHISTLE.

The shapes of these wind instruments exhibit an extraordinary variety and testify to the lively and fertile imagination of the potter. Animal forms prevail, many of which cannot be identified owing to the artist's tendency to indulge in the representation of grotesque and complicated figures. Among the animal forms recognized without doubt are those of men, pumas, jaguars, armadillos, alligators, eagles, owls, ducks, parrots, numerous small birds, crabs and scorpions.

The simplest form of whistle is of double shape, and produces two shrill high notes identical in pitch. Fig. 3 represents one of these specimens full size. The gourd-shaped parts are joined together above and below, the mouthpieces being so close together that they are necessarily blown at once. Small as these whistles are their high, far-reaching note would serve as an excellent signal-call in the dense tropical forests. Figures 4 and 5 represent the side and top view of a remarkable little instrument in which some animal is so conventionalized that it is impossible to refer it to any known creature. The material is a dark clay, and its powers are exceptionally great, it having a capacity of no less than five notes clear in tone and high in pitch. The mouth-piece is placed in what seems to be the forehead of the animal, the vent-hole being beneath the neck. In the middle of four rather flat nodes are four small finger holes. The hole which appears just beneath the node on the top of the head is merely a suspension hole. The lowest note is produced by closing all four holes and the following ascending notes by opening the finger holes suc-

FIGS. 4, 5—ANIMAL-SHAPED WHISTLE, SIDE AND TOP VIEWS.

FIG. 6—DRUM-SHAPED WHISTLE.

cessively one after the other, it being of no consequence which finger is moved first as the pitch of each stop when open alone is identical.

A distinct type is found in a top-shaped form. It is tastefully ornamented in black and red, and justly symmetrical in form. The tones of this instrument are not fixed in pitch, but may be varied two or three degrees by the force of the breath. There is, moreover, an opening at the bottom which when closed changes the notes half a tone, four notes in each scale being the capacity of the instrument. It should be remarked that the capacity for variation caused by changing the force of breath would enable a performer to glide from one note to another. There is a number of shapes outside animal forms which are modeled after other musical instruments or vases. Fig. 6 presents an interesting specimen of a drum-shaped whistle. So carefully has the model been imitated that the skin membrane of the drum head, and the cords and bands of attachment have all been carefully and truthfully represented.

Before proceeding to describe particular specimens of animal forms, I must not omit to call attention to the beautifully modeled pitcher-shaped whistle presented in Fig. 7, the base being prolonged for the mouthpiece. The ground color is dull red, and traces of figure painting are discernible on it. It has a capacity of three notes. The cut is one-third size.

FIG. 7—PITCHER-SHAPED WHISTLE.

Most of the animal forms exhibit a strong tendency toward the grotesque. They are generally small in size, the largest specimen not exceeding eight inches. The air chamber in these figures is within the body, but does not closely conform to the exterior shape of the animal. The modeler placed the mouth-pieces, vent and finger-holes much according to his fancy, but the construction and powers of the instruments were pretty much the same. There are always two finger-holes placed in some cases at equal, and in others at unequal distances from the mouthpiece. The capacity of this class of whistles is three notes only, since the finger-holes being always of the same size produce the same note. The lower note is produced when both orifices are open, the highest when both are closed, and the middle note when one of the holes, it matters not which, is closed.

A novelty in the way of design is shown in Fig. 8, which exhibits a crab-shaped instrument, a back view of the creature being presented. On the opposite side are four small legs upon which the object

FIG. 8—CRAB-SHAPED WHISTLE.

rests. The mouthpiece is in the right arm, the sounding hole being beneath it. The two finger-holes are on the back behind the eyes, and the left claw is perforated with a suspension hole. The ground color is a yellowish gray, and the painted designs are in red and black.

FIG. 9—CAT-SHAPED WHISTLE.

Among the mammals whose forms were often used as models in the manufacture of these instruments the jaguar was a favorite subject. Fig. 9 exhibits a fair representative specimen. The mouth-piece is in the tail; one of the finger holes is on the left shoulder and the other beneath the body. The animal's head is turned on one side and the face has a comical expression that suggests humor on the part of the designer. The decorative painting is in black and red and may be regarded as a typical example of the conventional markings of such animals. Alternate rows of red and black strokes extend from the tip of the nose to the base of the neck; the tips of the ears, feet and tail are painted red; and red panels, inclosing rows of red dots enframed in black borders cross the back. On the sides are elongated figures filled in with conventional designs. The legs are striped and dotted. A striking form and one which is regarded with interest by comparative ethnologists on account of the treatment of the tongue, is represented in Fig. 10, which is full size. The whistle consists of an oblong body to which are attached four jaguar heads, one at each end, and one on each side. It has four feet, one of which serves as the mouth-piece, and the finger-holes are placed in the side of the body and near the legs. The decoration is in black and red, and represents conventionally the markings of the animal. Of all animal forms, however, those of the avi-fauna were especial favorites. The cause of this may doubtless be found in the close similarity of the sounds of primitive whistles to the notes of birds. After the adoption of the bird form the original idea which gave rise to it was not strictly adhered to, and other birds than songsters furnished the artist with models. Thus birds of prey, eagles and vultures, hawks and owls, aquatic birds and parrots are all duly represented in the multiplicity of figures which the potter adapted to his use. Moreover, the bird form was a very convenient

FIG. 10—WHISTLE WITH FOUR OCELOT-LIKE HEADS.

one, the body furnishing ample room for the air-chamber, the tail supplying a mouthpiece, and the head affording

FIG. 11—BIRD-SHAPED WHISTLE.

a suitable projection on which to attach a suspending cord. In this class of whistles the variety is very great, and the specimens vary in size from that of the smallest humming-bird to that of a robin. All the larger pieces represent birds of prey. Fig. 11 is a characteristic example; the head being large and flat. Another specimen is undoubtedly intended to represent a hawk or eagle, and is elaborately finished; all the devices, which are painted in the usual red and black, referring to the markings of the plumage. Fig. 12 represents a bird with two heads, the shape and markings of which leave little doubt that the modeler had one of the smaller song birds in his mind's eye.

Vegetable forms were not copied except in cases in which vegetable material such as reeds, canes and gourds was made use of in the construction of instruments or utensils. Reed-shaped or tubular instruments are furnished with passages and finger-holes similar to those of the other forms. The chamber is open at the end and the finger-holes are situated on the upper side of the tube. The construction of the whistling apparatus is identical with that of our flageolets. Fig. 13 represents a remarkably fine specimen of this clarionette-like class of instruments. It has two finger-holes and is capable of yielding eight notes, four with the end closed and four with the end open. Moreover, by blowing with greater force a second series of notes may be produced, one note being raised two octaves and the others three octaves higher.

FIG. 12—TWO-HEADED BIRD-SHAPED WHISTLE.

The human figure was only occasionally used as a model and in those occasional instances the treatment of it was rude, a peculiar squirrel-like expression being given to the features.

FIG. 13—TUBULAR INSTRUMENT WITH TWO FINGER-HOLES.

Dusk-devils! Messengers of woe
From some dim-distant, unknown world;
Weird, dapple-winged phantom-shades,
Sly, darting mutely to and fro,
Like Hell-born lokis upward hurled
To taunt the soul with masquerades.

Air-urchins in the amber gloom,
Swift sporting with the tribes of night;
Star-spectres, whose strange presence brings
Thoughts of a vision-haunted tomb,
To tinge the mellow waning light
With fancy's forms of ghostly things.

Black prophets of a sadder day,
By Dante's tortured creatures sent
To lure the weary sin-sought heart
O'er Charon's silent stream away;
Filled with a sudden discontent
Through fell enchantment's mystic art.

Here in the twilight's gilded gray
I watch you shyly flitting past,
While vesper shadows creep a-near
And cowled friars kneel to pray—
Dream-elfins from the long-lost past,
Who guard my heart from doubt and fear.

How demon-like your antics seem!
What ghoulish awe your pranks provoke!
Damp incense is your clammy breath,
Chill with imagination's dream
That turns to passion's fires to smoke,
And brings wild thoughts of after-death.

Why linger longer tempting here?
To dusky sheol take your flight,
Where is your own Elysium free.
Haste, haste! Back to your native sphere
My soul is dark enough to-night,
Your presence has no charms for me.

Jean LaRue Burnett

THE HISTORY OF HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION.

BY JAMES O'MEARA.

THE first endeavor for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States was made in 1854, the second year of President Pierce's administration.

The time was singularly opportune. The Islands had, during the reign of Liholiho, second of the Kamehameha line of kings, been virtually under protection of the British crown. King Liholiho and his Queen had visited London, and were received with much favor at the British court. On the return voyage to Hawaii, the King died, and was succeeded by Kamehameha III. During his reign, a British admiral took possession of Honolulu, the capital, and forced claim to the kingdom in the name of Great Britain.

Meantime the Islands had been made a favorite station for American whalers, while hundreds of merchants, chiefly from New England, had engaged in commercial pursuits in the principal islands. The American Board of Missions had likewise established miss ons throughout the kingdom. These interests occasioned the United States Government to interpose and protest against the British occupation of Honolulu, and this action, in concert with that of the British Government, compelled the relinquishment by the Admiral. The independence of Hawaii was recognized by the United States and Great Britain, and Kamehameha was maintained as King.

President Pierce appointed David L. Gregg of Illinois as American Commissioner in Hawaii, and when he was installed in office, the war between Russia and the allied powers of Europe, led by England and France, was declared. Gregg had become very popular with the Hawaiian court and the native chiefs and nobles. The annexation of the Islands was soon projected. The native population was then only about 70,000. The total yearly revenue was below $200,000; the annual imports above $1,250,000; and the exports less than $300,000. The commerce was chiefly American and British. Of the total shipping more than 500 vessels were American whalers, and about 200, merchant ships. Honolulu, on the island of Oahu; Lahaina, on Maui; Hilo, on Hawaii, and two harbors on Atauai, were the principal ports, the first three particularly for whalers, mostly on the Arctic cruise.

The total product of sugar was less than 1,000,000 pounds; of coffee only about 50,000 pounds per annum, grown on Atauai, 100 miles westward of Oahu, which was the main sugar and coffee producing island of the group. Maui produced small crops of wheat and potatoes; Hawaii, merely a few cattle, a little wool and tropical fruits; on Oahu there was barely anything produced. Fish and poi constituted the chief food of the natives.

The government was administered on a very economical basis. The King received only $12,000 per year, and the officers of the kingdom and the governor of the different islands —all natives appointed by the King— had inconsiderable yearly salaries. The crown was not by inheritance; the Kings appointed their successors as they chose. Alexander, the youngest son of Kukanaui, Governor of Oahu, had been named by King Kamehameha as his successor. Alexander's sister, Princess Victoria, was Kahina Niu or Secretary of State, and Keoni Ani (John Young, a native chief) was the King's first officer. The

Grand Chamberlain was Pakee, the leading chief of the natives and a very able man of advanced age. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was a Scotchman named Wyllie; the Crown Attorney was Bates, from Boston, formerly U. S. Consul at Honolulu, and the other members of the Cabinet were Americans and Methodist missionaries. The Chief Justice was from New York; the Associate Justice was John Ii, a native.

The Legislature consisted of an upper House of nobles and a lower House of representatives, all elective, by popular vote and who served without pay. The Queen, Kaluma, had no place in the government. The British Consul-General was General Miller, an old British warrior and M. Perrin, the French Consul-General. The Privy Consul was an important body appointed by the King, with the Cabinet ministers, to whom was submitted all questions of a native and foreign nature.

The negotiations for annexation to the United States began in the summer of 1854, at Honolulu. The project was vehemently opposed by the English residents who were formidable in numbers and influence, and by nearly all the American merchants and others interested in whaling. As matters stood, the U. S. Consul had control of the American shipping business. He fixed the price of whale oil, settled the disputes of masters and sailors, attended to the discharge and shipping of sailors, etc. Lawyers were not employed in such cases, and costs of courts were escaped. It was simpler, cheaper, more expeditious and satisfactory to merchants and shipmasters, than to be troubled with procedure of the courts of law. Annexation, it was argued, would bring lawyers and costly court proceedings, interfere with the whaling traffic and drive it from the kingdom. Therefore annexation was antagonized. The American missionaries held quite complete control of the native population, generally directing the industries of the Islands and fixing the wages of labor. They derived a considerable revenue annually from the people. Annexation would much impair their influence, destroy their power and reduce their revenue. Accordingly, the whole missionary alliance opposed it. The British and French Consul-Generals strenuously attacked annexation, on national and general grounds.

During the fall of 1854, there were in the harbor of Honolulu, awaiting the issue of the negotiations, the American war vessels, *Portsmouth*, Captain Dornin; the *St. Mary*, Commander Bailey; and a store ship, Commander Boyle. The U. S. steamships, *Mississippi* and *Susquehanna*, Captains Lee and Buchanan, direct from Commodore Perry's Japan expedition, also put in there homeward bound. The British frigate *Triucomalee*, Captain Houston, and the French warship, *Eurydice*, and another, were likewise in the harbor.

Commissioner Gregg vigorously prosecuted his efforts for annexation. He called to his aid several of the native chiefs, John Young, Minister Wyllie, Chief Justice Lee, Mr. Judd, formerly a missionary and Minister of Finance of the Kingdom—the most potential resident of the Islands—and several of the nobles and representatives. The old King was disposed to annexation, but declined to consent to it unless his own appointed successor, Prince Alexander, assented.

During 1850, Alexander and his elder brother, Prince Lot, had visited the Atlantic States under the guardianship of Minister Judd, on their way to Europe. They were both of dark complexion. At Pittsburg the two were ejected from a hotel dining-room table, on account of their color—they were considered "niggers." Proud and high-spirited, they were enraged at the humiliating affront and bore it in recollection. In 1854, Charles Sumner of Massachusetts was U. S. Senator. He was against the annexation scheme and had writ-

ten to a prominent missionary in the Islands to warn the King and natives that on annexation they would be considered as negroes, and that the ruling people of the United States held that negroes should be made slaves. The letter bitterly impressed Alexander and Lot and had powerful effect upon many of the native chiefs. But the generous individual annuities offered in the terms of the treaty presented by Commissioner Gregg, had, on the other hand, great weight. During life the King was to receive $50,000 a year; the Queen, $18,000; Prince Alexander, $10,000, and to succeed to the $50,000 on the death of the King; Prince Lot, his father, the Princess Victoria, and John Young and Chief Pakee, each $8,000 a year; other chiefs and prominent government officers, sums varying from $10,000 to $3,000.

Late in the fall the brig *Zenobia* arrived from Petropaulovski with intelligence of the British repulse at that place, and from California came report of the allied reverses in the Crimea, which much depressed the English and French in Honolulu, and disastrously affected their antagonism to annexation. But the brig *Caroline E. Frost* had also arrived from San Francisco with more than one hundred passengers, among whom was Chris Lilly, a notorious prize fighter and reputed filibuster. Filibustering expeditions on the Mexican and lower coast had already been made from California, and the people of Honolulu were much alarmed in the belief that Lilly had come on a similar desperate expedition. The prompt action of Commissioner Gregg, and the American naval force in the harbor soon dispelled the alarm. Lilly was induced to quickly depart for San Francisco, and most of the passengers by the *Frost* likewise. Annexation was growing more popular.

At length, late in November, Alexander expressed his willingness to agree to the treaty of annexation. The King was first to affix his signature, Alexander was to sign in succession, and the Cabinet was then to complete the convention, to await only the ratification of the President and Senate of the United States. The King appointed Tuesday, December 12th, for the signing of the treaty, to be done at the palace. Meantime a commission of the surgeons of the British frigate, and others in Honolulu, had held an official examination of Consul-General Miller and declared him to be of infirm body and unsound mind, owing to advanced age and incurable disability. It proved another favorable incident to annexation, and the matter was finally considered as definitely determined. Only the ceremony of signing the treaty remained. Dr. Rooke, an English surgeon resident in Honolulu, and father of Miss Emma Rooke, the fiancée of Prince Alexander, protested against the annexation in vain. Miss Emma had reluctantly yielded her assent to the treaty, and she was included in the list of annuitants.

Monday evening, December 11th, the King invited several distinguished residents, American, English and French, to a banquet at the palace. Festivities closed at midnight. At noon the following day, the signatories were to meet at the palace to consider the important business. At eleven o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, December 12th, 1854, the report of guns fired from the battery on Punch Bowl hill—an exhausted crater of a former volcano overlooking Honolulu—aroused all to the sad intelligence that the King was dead. The discharge from the battery apprised everybody of the melancholy fact, since the guns were fired only in such an event. It was quickly ascertained that the inattention and remissness of a household attendant had caused the instant death of the aged King as he had completed the morning bath and taken the customary stimulant. Immediately, the father of the prince rode through Honolulu, attended by his staff, and

proclaimed the death of Kamehameha III, and the succession of Kamehameha IV, his son, Prince Alexander. From that hour and until the burial of the dead King, the first week in January, 1855, there was universal mourning and lamentation, wailing and deepest grief in all the islands of the kingdom. Many of the natives actually practiced the ancient custom of their fathers, and with stones knocked out their upper front teeth. The old King was devotedly loved by his native subjects, and they were overcome with honest grief. He had been a good, just, merciful King, a sensible ruler of his island kingdom, beyond the period of the reign of either of his two predecessors.

Alexander IV was ceremoniously crowned early in January, 1855. On the afternoon of his coronation he dispatched an official notification to Commissioner Gregg that the negotiation between the Hawaiian kingdom and the United States with reference to the annexation of the kingdom, was at an end—Hawaii should continue as an independent island power with himself as King. The hope of annexation had departed on the death of the old King, as it was Alexander's chief ambition to be an absolute monarch. Soon afterwards he made Emma Rooke his Queen. The dead project of American annexation has never been resuscitated from the United States Government point of vantage.

Prince Alexander had been persuaded to agree to the annexation during the lifetime of Kamehameha III, much influenced by the handsome annuity alloted to him. Still, he bore very natural resentment against the American people on account of the gross indignity to himself and his elder brother, Prince Lot, when in the United States, in the insulting ejection from a hotel dining-room. As King Kamehameha, he was to receive $50,000 a year during life; but the recollection of the deep affront, now that he was the King, and his proud ambition to rule the kingdom, surmounted every other consideration and impelled him to reject the treaty of annexation.

At the time of his marriage the new ruler was less than thirty years of age, but youthful excesses had incurably sapped his physical powers. He named Prince Lot for the succession to the crown. After a brief reign he died, and Prince Lot was crowned King Kamehameha V. Lot married the widowed Queen, Emma Rooke. She bore no child to either. The attempt to continue her as Queen of Hawaii signally failed. The native chiefs demanded the succession of high chief David Kalakaua as King, and he was duly crowned, 1874. Kalakaua died in San Francisco, 1891, and was succeeded by Princess Liliuokalani, who was deposed by a popular rising of the people of Honolulu, January 16th of the current year, and a provisional government appointed by a mass meeting of the people.

During all these years, since 1854, the conditions of Hawaii have undergone very material changes. Likewise have affairs in the United States, and the conditions of European powers, California, Oregon and the whole Pacific Coast and San Francisco particularly, have been more and deeply interested in the progress and prosperity of the Islands. The public revenue of Hawaii has advanced from below $200,000 a year to nearly $3,000,000; the public expenditures from $50,000 to above $3,500,000 a year; the domestic exports from $300,000 to $14,000,000; the foreign imports from about $1,250,000 to $6,000,000; and a public debt of nearly $4,000,000 marks the contrast to 1854, when there was no public debt. In 1854, the sugar product was only about 1,000,000 pounds a year, and other products barely supplied the wants of the inhabitants. Sugar is now the chief staple of export and the average yearly product is in tens of thousands of tons. In 1854, the total population of 80,000 comprised 70,000 Kanakas and 10,000 foreigners, the

latter of whom were chiefly Americans and subjects of Great Britain. The native population now is less than 35,000, and in the aggregate of not above 80,000 inhabitants about three-fourths are from the United States and British Isles. The remainder are Chinese and Japanese—the chief laborers of the Islands. In 1854, over 500 American whale ships wintered in the ports of Honolulu, Lahaina and Hilo, and a lucrative traffic was the consequence. Since then the whaling industry and traffic has been transferred quite exclusively to San Francisco.

In 1854, American missionaries virtually controlled the natives of Hawaii, possessed the chosen lands and localities of the most favored islands, and largely shaped the administration of the island kingdom. The missionary influence has been supplanted in the interests of local trade, the sugar production and greatly increased commerce. In 1854, only transient sailers—ships and schooners—voyaged to and from Hawaii from San Francisco and Portland, and on the way across the Pacific. Now steamship lines regularly course direct between San Francisco and northern Pacific ports and Honolulu, and make it the chief island station between Pacific ports and Japan, China and Australia.

Since 1854, the German Empire has emerged to a commanding position among the great powers of Europe, and has become an important world-wide naval power. Until the creation of the present empire, Prussia was a formidable military kingdom and without naval grasp in the Pacific Ocean.

The transcontinental railways linking the Atlantic and Pacific, ocean steamers and electricity, have figuratively brought the Hawaiian group of islands 2,200 miles westward, within less practicable distance than separated remote States of the American Union forty years ago, in point of time and communication.

This time the proposition for annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States, agitated at present writing, is made from the people of the Islands. The temporary Provisional Government eagerly proffers that which the angered young King, smarting from the individual affront to himself and brother in Pennsylvania in 1850, peremptorily rejected in 1854, when offered by the United States Government. Manifest destiny impels the people of the Hawaiian Islands—they simply anticipate the inevitable. The United States must possess or control the Hawaiian group and the near islands of the continent. The established doctrine of President Monroe promulgated in 1823, is the ordination of the immediate situation. The Islands shall never become owned by or tributary to any nation of Europe; only the United States shall exercise such domination. Sufficient unto the day is the ripening of the fruit and the gathering thereof.

LILIUOKALANI, THE DEPOSED QUEEN OF HAWAII.

MASTERPIECES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY GENEVIEVE L. BROWNE.

IT is sometimes hinted in the East that true art is not appreciated in the cities of the far West. That this is not the case the fine art collections and masterpieces owned in San Francisco, Los Angeles and other prominent cities of the Pacific Coast will demonstrate. Some of the finest paintings in the world are in the possession of Wm. H. Crocker of San Francisco, among which are masterpieces by Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Corot, Rubens, Millet and others. A "Head of a Boy," by Rembrandt is a fine piece of work, characteristic of this artist. The drawing is beautiful, and the coloring delicate but strong. No one has rivalled him in handling light and shade, and suggestive effects, and few in color and character. Most of his paintings are representations of homely but deep sentiments, and are executed with great feeling. He was of the Dutch school and gifted with a style so original that he was absolutely unapproachable by his pupils, who could never fully imitate his felicity of expression. Rembrandt was born near Leyden, July 15th, 1607. At an early age he was apprenticed, for three years, to Jacob Isaacz van Zwaanenberg, a second-rate painter who settled in Leyden in 1617 after studying in Italy. His next teacher was Peter Lastmann from whom he received instruction for six months. Rembrandt never left Holland, and only visited therein Dordrecht, Friesland, Gueldres and perhaps Cleves, which demonstrates the small material area which is necessary for the expansion and development of a great genius. His last days were passed in comparative poverty, despite the reputation he had won, and he died in Amsterdam in 1665. As an etcher and painter, he holds a unique position in the history of art, though, as is usually the case, his work did not receive its fullest recognition until after his death. His paintings may be found in the museums of Brussels and Madrid, the National Gallery of London, and in the great galleries of Amsterdam, Hague and Stockholm, while a number of his works have found their way to America.

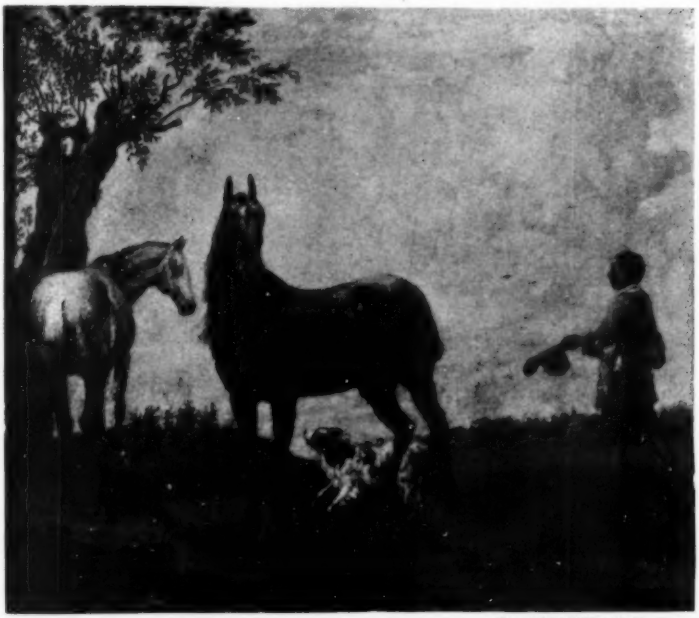
Another remarkable painting in Mr. Crocker's collection is by Peter Paul Rubens, who is of the Flemish school. This artist studied at Antwerp with Tobias Verhaecht and Adam Van Oort, and with Otto Van Veen from 1596 until 1600, when he went to Venice. There his copies after Titian and Giorgione attracted the attention of the Duke of Mantua, Vincenzo Gonzago I, who made him his court painter. After this he was received with much favor amongst the noblemen and high dignitaries of Rome, Spain, Paris and Antwerp, and painted heads of several beautiful Spanish women, noblemen, an altarpiece for the Church of the Trinity, which is preserved in the public library at Mantua, and many other pictures, now considered masterpieces. He also modeled a bust of Spinola. Maria de Medicis had him paint twenty-one pictures, now in the Louvre, representing her reconciliation with her son, Louis XIII. In 1624, Philip IV ennobled Rubens, and the Archduchess Isabella made him her gentleman in waiting. One of the interesting circumstances of his life was his intimacy with Valesquez, over whom he seemed to have much influence. He was given several important diplomatic embassies during his association with royal personages, in which he acquitted himself

Owned by Mrs. Zimmerman.

THE HAULING OF THE NET—GEORGE HAQUETTE, M. S. F. A.

In collection of the late Mrs. Fair.

THE RURAL TRIO—EDWARD DEBAT PONSAN.



Owned by William H. Crocker.

THE HORSES OF THE STADTHOLDER—PAUL POTTER.

well and honorably. He has made a great number of copies from Titian, forty of which are in the Royal Gallery in Spain. Outside of these copies he painted many heads and portraits, and antique historical, mythological and allegorical subjects. While in the treatment of figures, particularly those in the elaborate court costumes of his time, there is a certain amount of stiffness, and small details are brought out, perhaps more than is necessary, his grouping and composition are good, and his drawing exquisite. His work is permeated with the same feeling that pervades Tennyson's poems, and he may aptly be called the artist of culture. His last picture was the Crucifixion of St. Peter, which was placed in the Church of Cologne, where it still remains.

"The Horses of the Stadtholder," in the same San Francisco collection, by Paul Potter, is an anatomical study, though treated entirely in an artistic way. This artist seems to have an unerring sensibility for form, though he seldom sacrifices the general effect to details, and his lights and shades are well arranged. Potter was born in Holland, 1625, where he studied under his father and Jacob De Wet, the elder, and died at the early age of twenty-nine from overwork. He studied nature closely, and devoted most of his time to the painting of animals. "The Young Bull" was one of his most famous paintings. Between the years 1647 and 1654 he painted from 130 to 140 pictures, many of which are preserved in the prominent art galleries of Europe, while a number have reached America.

A masterpiece by Corot is the "Dance of the Nymphs," also in the collection of Mr. Wm. H. Crocker. Corot is the idealistic and dreamy artist, and has been called, on account of his peculiar excellence in treating

still water, solitary woods, broad, pale horizons and quiet veiled skies, the Theocritus of landscape painting. His work is eminently suggestive and refined and full of poetical and delicate feeling In a sonnet by an American poet he is well characterized as, "Thou painter of the essences of things." Corot was born in Paris, 1796, and died there in 1875. He was a landscape painter and pupil of Michallon and Victor Bertin. He traveled considerably, and in his observations of foreign art, learned to couple breadth of treatment with careful though not obtrusive detail. At the height of his career he is said to have made 200,000 francs a year by the sale of his pictures, being one of those exceptional geniuses, who, like Rubens, received due appreciation and financial success when it was most needed.

The name of Jean Francois Millet is connected with a series of events which are probably well known to the reader. This unfortunate artist had more than his share of hardships, and was little appreciated until after his death, when the true worth of his genius was suddenly realized and his work commanded fabulous prices.

"The Man with a Hoe," that embodiment of the hopeless stolidity of ages of manual labor, is said to have been bought in Paris in 1891 by Mr. Crocker for $60,000, and is now one of the principal adornments of his private collection. Millet was born of humble parentage at Greville,

Owned by William H. Crocker.

THE MAN WITH A HOE—JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

a little French village. After a short course of study at Cherboug, he was given a small pension by the municipal council of this city to enable him to go to Paris, where he studied under Delaroche. He entered fully into the spirit of pastoral and peasant life, and portrayed it with faithfulness and feeling. In the opinion of many, he was the first French painter of his time. He certainly was the exponent of a new school, which explains the long delay of public appreciation. He did not simply reproduce what he saw, but aimed to infuse into the real, soul and impression. His work is particularly remarkable for the reason that he did not paint from models, but entirely from memory and impression.

Owned by Claus Spreckels.

L'ENTREE AU CONVENT—MME. J. RONGIER.

A notable and finely executed picture is in the possession of Mr. Claus Spreckels of San Francisco. The subject, "Entering the Convent," is remarkable for its strong effects of light and shade. The groupings of the figures and the drawing is also remarkable. This picture took the third-class medal in the *Salon* of 1887. The artist, Mme. Jeanne Rongier, was born in Macon, and studied under Harpignies and Luminias. She is now a member of the Society of French Artists, and ranks among the first woman painters in the world. Some consider her second only to Bonheur. Her *Salon* picture of 1886 was bought by the French Government and hung in the Luxumberg Art Gallery. Most of the subjects of her paintings are of a religious character, which she handles with singular feeling and aptitude. Another painting by this same artist is at the art store of Messrs. Gump of San Francisco. The subject, "Churching," has been treated with the same feeling that pervades all of her work.

"The Gallant Friar," painted by August Humborg, came from the Royal Academy of Munich, and is now in the possession of Mr. Franklin

Owned by Franklin Haywards.

THE GALLANT FRIAR—AUGUST HUMBORG

Haywards of San Francisco. This picture is one of the most characteristic examples of the artist's work, is well and carefully drawn and displays good execution. His interpretation of the subject is truthful and graceful, and full of varied expression and suggestion. Mr. Hayward's collection includes several masterpieces of great interest to the lover of art.

Edouard Debat-Ponsan is famous for his delicacy of touch, and his treatment of pastoral scenes. He is not inclined to produce strong effects of light and shade, but his drawing and coloring is full of feeling. "The Rural Trio," one of the best examples of his work in America, is in the gallery of the late Mrs. Fair. Ponsan was born in Toulouse, studied under Cabanel, and as early as 1872 took the second grand prize at Paris. In 1874 he received the second-class medal and was made Knight of the Legion of Honor in 1881. In the *Exposition Universelle* of 1889 he also received a medal, and later *Hors Concours* from the Paris Salon, afterwards becoming a member of the Society of French Artists.

One of the most exact interpreters of marine landscapes is George Haquette, M. S. F. A., whose picture, "The Hauling of the Net," is owned by Mrs. Zimmerman of San Francisco. Haquette was born in Paris and was a pupil of Millet and Cabanel, his work plainly showing the influence of these masters. Haquette has received medals in the *Salon*, Nizza and Boston, and took the only medal of the Exhibit of Amiens, France, in 1887. Mrs. Zimmerman is also the fortunate possessor of Debat-Ponsan's study of "The Young

Owned by William H. Crocker.

DANCE OF THE NYMPHS—COROT.

Owned by William H. Crocker.

HEAD OF A BOY—REMBRANDT.

Oxen," which is considered by many his best work.

"Beethoven and His Friends," by A. Graefle, is in the possession of Baron von Shroeder, and at present, during his absence, is hung in the Director's room of the First National Bank of San Francisco. The canvas is about three and a half by five feet, and is painted in the careful style of the Germans, bright and decided in color, and possessing some rich, deep tones and strong, well defined shadows. The picture represents Beethoven in his chair in the foreground, with his head thrown back, and evidently oblivious to everything save the music produced by the skillful fingers of L'Abbé Maximilien Stadler, who is seated at the harpsichord. The poet Reiner, Shindler the composer, and Von Swinton, Beethoven's physician, are variously grouped about him in attitudes of profound attention.

Besides these there are many other paintings by the great masters of art in various collections. Among them are some by Kowalski, notably "The Return from the Hunt." Kowalski was born in Warsaw, Poland, and studied at the Academies of Dresden and Munich, at the latter under Alexander Wagner and Joseph Brandt. He has taken several medals, and last year took the prize offered at the International Exposition in the Crystal Palace at Munich.

There are also Bougereau's "Girl at Well," and "Pensive," and "Ploughing Stubble," by Debat Ponsan, "Gypsy Showman," by Ernest Meisner, "The Widow's Mite," "The Washerwomen," by Munkacsy, "The Courier," and "The Guardsman" by Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, and "A Morning Call," by Jean Charles Meissonier, "Balcony Scene on the Nile," by Professor Corrodi, Jules Dupré's "Shepherdess," "Landscape" and "Sunset at Sea," "Marguerite in Her Cell," and paintings of heads by Jean Jacques Henner, "Between Mass and Vespers," by Leo Herman, portraits by Carollas Durant, "The Oaks," by Theo Rousseau, "Duet of Love," The Monastery in Arms," by Vibert, "Sunset in Alsace," by Gustave Doré, "Evening," by Corot, "Rajah Traveling with His Suite," by Edwin Ford Weeks, "Springtime," owned by Messrs. Gump, and "Printania," owned by M. H. De Young, both painted by Edouard Bisson, and several paintings by Gabriel Max, Paul Wagner, Eugene Joseph Verboekhoven, Daubigney, Delacroix, Cæsar Detti and many others.

There is a movement being made at present tending to the establishment of a public art gallery and

museum, in which to collect and exhibit paintings and other valuable objects of art. Edward Searles proposes to give the Hopkins mansion, a magnificent building valued at $1,500,000, situated on one of San Francisco's numerous hills, in trust to the Art Association in connection with the State University, for the purpose of establishing an art school and gallery of paintings. At first, it was offered to the Art Association alone, but was declined on account of the inability of the latter to pay the excessive taxes.

The magnanimous offer, as it stands at present, is likely to be accepted. Mr. Searles wishes to reserve the right to make alterations and improvements at his own expense, and to throw open the galleries and reading-rooms to the public on stated occasions. It has been suggested also that at intervals the rooms be open for Art Loan Exhibitions. Five thousand dollars has been offered by this gentleman annually, for a term of five years, towards defraying the expenses of the school, and he intimates that if sufficient interest is manifested, additional sums will be forthcoming.

This is a magnificent offer, and will give the art school an opportunity to expand, develop and increase its usefulness. At present there are classes in charcoal drawing, still life in charcoal and oil, portraiture, landscape painting, drawing from the antique and painting of the nude from life. Preparations are being made to increase the scope of instruction, and water colors, modeling, pen drawing and different branches of decorative work will probably be introduced. This will, in time, aid in the development, and stimulate the growth of art, and also more extensively attract the work of the world's great artists to the Pacific Coast.

Owned by William H. Crocker.

ALLEGORICAL STUDY—RUBENS.

ASSEGAI AND SHIELD

BY FRED W. D'EVELYN, M. D.

IT is a trite but none the less true saying, that there is a tide in the affairs of men, a turning point, a culmination—term it what you may—upon which the future hinges, and subsequent events bear the impress resulting from the decisions of those eventful moments. And as this is true of the individual, so, also, is it of a people or a nation. In all truth, as far as the welfare of Natal and the safety of her white population was concerned, the 11th of December, 1878, was one such period; for upon that day the British High Commissioners' Award and Ultimatum were presented to the Zulu King and chief men of the Zulu nation.

It was an occasion fraught with the highest political and historical interest. On one side were the Commissioners, on the other some fourteen elderly, and in many cases, gray-headed natives chosen from among the most trusted elders of the Zulu nation.

The scene itself was unique; the very surroundings pregnant with stirring memories. The Tugela whose tide had more than once been crimsoned with the blood of the slain as it carried oceanward their mutilated remains; the hill-tops of Zululand whose dark sides had so often reflected the signal fires of contending hosts; the treeless slopes in the background whereupon forty years before, in their struggles with native tribes, had perished many of Natal's pioneer settlers—all combined to render the picture as impressive as the occasion was momentous.

Very remarkable was the keen and ceaseless attention paid by the Zulus, as every word of both documents was faithfully rendered by an interpreter. Silence was over all; the very calm of nature seemed lulled into a speechless intensity, and naught save the everchanging faces of the Zulus as clause after clause was explained, told how they realized the gravity of the demands made upon them. At last the interview was concluded, and the fate of the Zulu nation awaited the king's decision. In time it came. It was not proclaimed by "runner," nor made known by ambassador, but its uncertain advent was heralded by shadows ever deepening until they hung dark and threatening over Natal, and proved even to demonstration that the Zulu King and his army meant war. How gloomy and hostile was the attitude now assumed by the king contrasted with that of the Coronation day, a few years

CETYWAYO.

before! "Then," as a young Zulu said, "the king spoke good words; the Zulu heart was glad. A good sun had risen over Kwa-Zulu—the land of the Zulu. How is it now? Has the king listened? Does he hold fast his promises? *Ikono monye bonke pugile.* Not one — they are all broken; now the sunshine has set and dark clouds make no light for the Zulu." And this prophecy was fully realized as the king scorned the white man's intervention for peace, and set at naught the British Ultimatum, an Ultimatum urged to a climax by such facts as the following:

ZULU RAIN-MAKER.

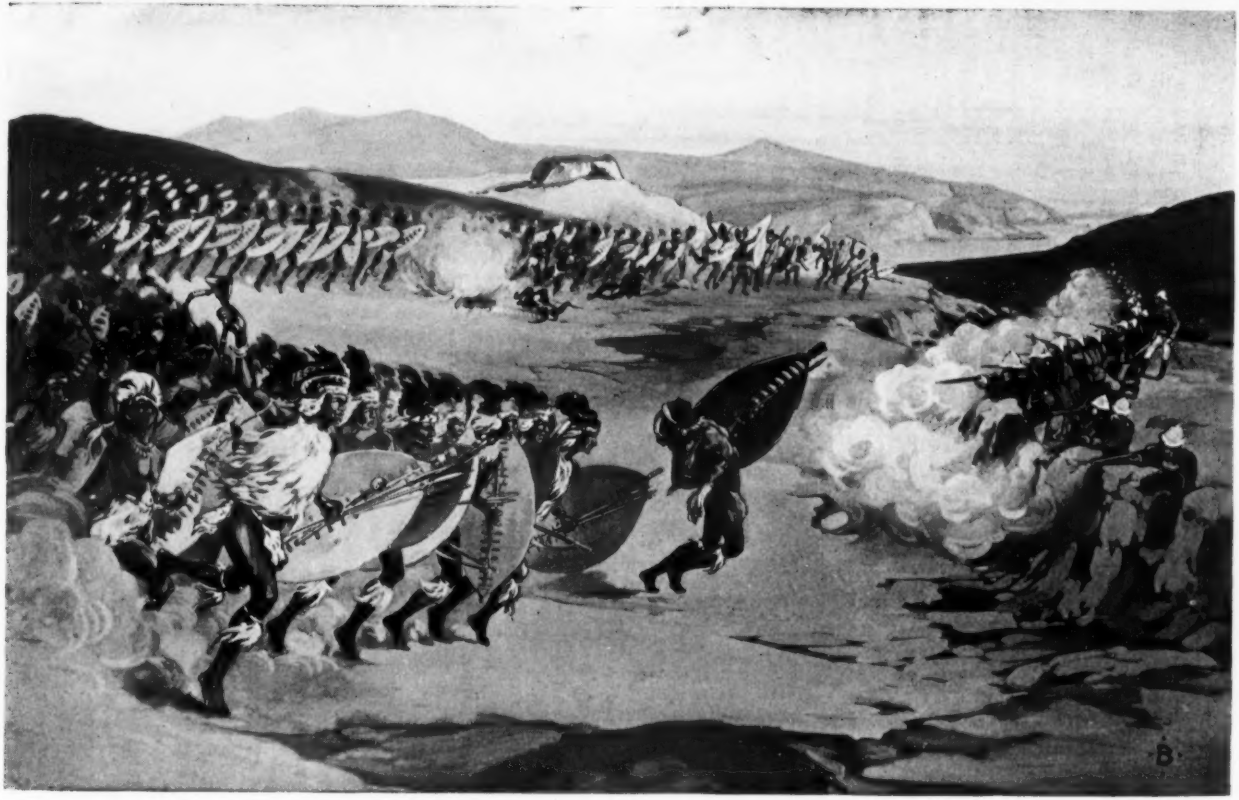
What redress was given when a Zulu chief entered colonial territory, carried off two women, legal subjects, and put them to death? None.

Who was it built a stone wall around his Kraal and pierced it with loop-holes, remarking that he hoped to use it against the white man? Was it not Usirayo, chief of the king's household, officer of the Undabakaombi regiment, and the first to introduce horses into Zululand?

Who lauded Umbellini when he returned, his hands still red with the blood of slaughtered settlers—men, women and children? Was it not Cetywayo the Zulu King?

Who sent an ox hide to the colonial government saying, "Count the hairs upon this, and then you may number the Zulu warriors?" It was the King himself.

No one, however lenient his feelings might be, could interpret such actions as these as uncertain signs, nor ascribe



THE FIRST CHARGE ON THE KAMBULA LAAGER.

ZULU SCOUT.

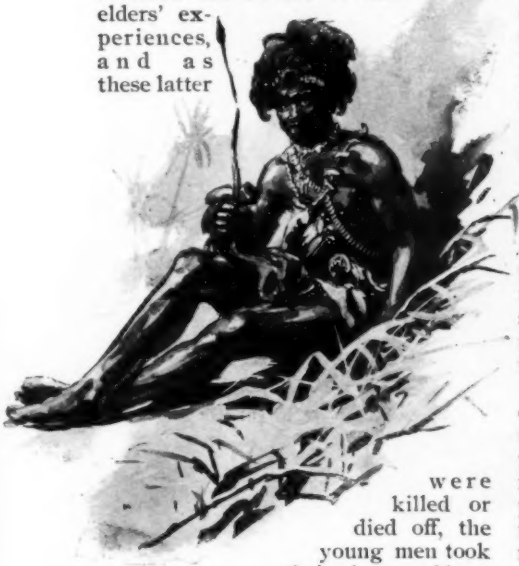
them to mere savage caprice and playfulness; nay, the contrary, their recognition admitted of only one construction, and only one question remained for the colonists to consider, viz., were they to temporize any longer, allow the enemy to wait for a favorable opportunity and attack at an advantage, or protect Natal and British South Africa by a policy of firmness and consistency? The latter alternative was rapidly chosen, and on the 4th of January, 1879, the civil authorities placed in the hands of Lieutenant-General Chelmsford the further enforcement of all demands.

It must be remembered that the other native tribes of Southern Africa were closely watching and deeply interested in the game played by the Zulus, and had the Zulu *impi* (army) once crossed the border, a general uprising of all the black population was an almost certain result, with a sequence too horrible to contemplate. Durban, the seaport of Natal, was only sixty miles distant, a short twenty-four hours' march from the Zulu border; Pietermaritzburg, the capital, was still more exposed. By sheer force of numbers the blacks could have walked down the country from St. Lucia Bay on the north to the Umzimkulu on the south, an irresistible, devastating horde. Upon our arrival in the colony we found the towns fortified; Government offices were barricaded and private dwellings strongly protected. Points of rendezvous were also established to fall back upon in case of attack. Two colonial ladies showed me, with considerable earnestness, several large bottles of vitriol which they kept in readiness should the black man dare to come too near.

The Zulu nation was well prepared for war; the king had been shrewd enough to see that his people armed only with assegais would be no match for the rifles of the white man. He, therefore, instructed his followers to sell their cattle and purchase firearms, and this they had most faithfully and extensively carried out. When, therefore, we crossed the river, we found opposed to us a people whose deeds of

prowess had been sung in song and story throughout Kaffir-land; a people brave, fearless, unconquered; a people organized into a military system of no mean character. In short, we had before us a nation of warriors 40,000 to 50,000 strong; well officered, steady in their drill and unencumbered with the impedimenta of civilized troops. This well organized and formidable military power of the Zulus had been begun in the days of Uchaka (uncle to the king) and further consolidated by Cetywayo. The army was kept fully recruited by a system of succession as follows:

The boys of fifteen were formed into a regiment; after a year's service these cadets were drafted into a military Kraal. There they received the benefit of their elders' experiences, and as these latter



ZULU DOCTOR.

were killed or died off, the young men took their places and kept up the name and prestige of the Kraal. Under this system the Zulu army had gradually increased until it consisted, at the time of our advance, of thirty-three regiments of varying strength, each of which was divided equally into two wings, which were again subdivided into companies of varying numbers. Each regiment had its own military Kraal with a commanding officer and subalterns. Further, a definite regimental dress and distinguishing marks were adopted. The

full uniform was in many cases as unique as it was fantastic. For example, the warriors of the Nkobamakosi (the bender of kings), one of the royal regiments, wore as uniform a band of leopard skin round the forehead; two white cow tails raised on dry strips of white cowhide on either side of the head, fastened on by a strip of cowhide across the forehead; two plumes of the Sakabuli finch on either side of the head pointing backwards; ear flaps of green monkey skin, and bunches of white cow tails hanging from the neck, down chest and back; shields, black, red and spotted.

During the late war, however, these uniforms were laid aside, and no difference made save in the color of the shields. The married or "ringed" men carrying white shields; the unmarried, black or parti-colored shields.

Their commissariat and transport departments are very simple—the former consisting of three or four days' provisions in the shape of maize or millet, and a herd of cattle accompanying each regiment, the latter of a number of lads who carry the sleeping mats, blankets and provisions, and assist to drive the cattle.

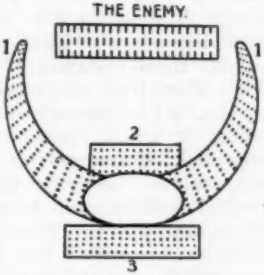
When a regiment on the line of march comes to a river in flood, and the breadth of the stream which is out of their depth does not exceed twelve or fifteen yards, they plunge in in a dense mass, holding on to one another, those in the rear pushing forward those in front; and thus they succeed

CLOSING SCENE IN THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

in crossing, with the loss of a few of their number.

Before going on the warpath the regiments betake themselves to the King's Kraal and perform in his presence certain ceremonies. All the regiments are formed into an immense circle or *umkumbi*, a little distance from the King's Kraal, the officers forming an inner ring, the principal officers together with the King and medicine men being in the center. A "medicated" ox is then killed, cut into strips, powdered with medicine and carried round to the warriors by the chief medical man, each of whom bites off a piece, not, however, touching it with his hands. The warriors are then dismissed; next day they assemble early in the morning, take an emetic and retire; on the third day they again form an *umkumbi*, are sprinkled by the doctors, receive "sealed" orders, and perchance an address from the King. This completes the ceremony, and thus fortified they start on their expedition, fearing no foe nor giving any quarter.

Their formation of attack is borrowed from the head of an ox. Two immense horns or flanking parties are thrown out, whose center rests upon the chest or main body, which is again supported by a heavy "body" of reserves.



PLAN OF ZULU ATTACK.
1, 1, Horns. 2, Chest. 3, Reserves.

The horns surround the enemy, the chest advances and endeavors to crush the foe, while the reserves only go into action in case of defeat, or to follow in pursuit.

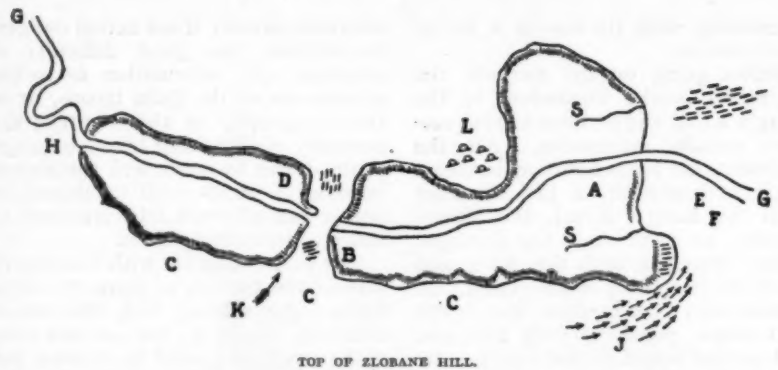
In possession of these facts, we fully recognized that our campaign was likely to be one fraught with considerable anxiety if not actual danger. In addition, the great difficulty of obtaining any information as to the movements of the Zulu troops, or of the topography of the country; the necessity of advancing heavy baggage trains drawn by oxen, and the almost impassable roads — all combined to render our advance laborious and at times aggravatingly slow.

Our first encounter with the enemy was on the twelfth of January, 1879, when Column No. 3 had, after much difficulty, owing to the swollen state of the river, succeeded in crossing the Buffalo. In passing by the Nkudei Hill, we noticed some herds of cattle being driven up under the krantz near to one of Usirayo's stronghold. The infantry and native contingent going in pursuit, clambered up the steep mountain-sides, drove out the Zulus, burnt Usirayo's Kraal and captured 5,000 head of cattle.

It would be impossible as well as undesirable in a paper such as this, even to refer to the many interesting events which marked the advance of the British troops in their march towards the King's Kraal. Much must, therefore, be left unwritten but not forgotten, in the brief account here given.

Two names are sacredly treasured in the breast of every man who ever drew rein in Zululand—Zlobane and Kambula Laager. Zlobane Mountain is one of those strange hill formations, so common in South Africa, with terraced sides and plateau top, and was a position of importance it was deemed advisable to carry.

About 400 Irregular Horse, under command of Wood and Buller, and as an auxiliary, a large body of the native contingent, left camp in divided sections early on the twenty-ninth of March. At noon Buller halted on the south side of the Zinquin Neck; again saddled up about 3 P. M., and as the troops passed on the south side of the hill some shots were fired, followed by a series of signal fires which were kindled near the summit. We with-



TOP OF ZLOBANE HILL.

A, Buller's first position. B, Uys and Raaf position. C, C, C, Rocky perpendicular wall 300 feet high. D, Buller covers troops on the neck. E, Weatherley cut off. F, Ascent commenced here at daylight. G, G, Passway over the hilltop. S, S, Streams. H, Road too steep to descend. J, Zulu main body. K, Devil's Pass. L, Zulu camp. — — — Zulus advancing.

drew out of range and moved towards the valley, afterwards altering our course so as to mislead the Zulus. Piet Uys, a friendly Boer, whose family had become renowned as Kaffir fighters since the days of Dingaan, acted as our guide. At 4 A. M., the men saddled up and proceeded in forced silence towards the east side of the hill which was reached at daylight, and the ascent commenced. The Zulus kept their fire until the troopers had reached within 500 yards of the summit, when they opened a heavy but not very serious cross fire, only a few men and several horses being killed. The Zulu fire was soon silenced. Buller and Raaff now moved towards the westward end of the mountain where the track divides. During these movements which occupied about two hours, the Zulus had been subjected to a hot fire from our forces which had advanced on the northwest, but owing to the natural caves and stone walls which shielded the natives, our fire was in a measure more harassing than effective. At the end of some five hours the Zulu fire, especially around the pass, was silenced save an occasional dropping shot from some concealed warrior. Just at this issue, a body of Zulus was seen at the north end of the hill, and our men advanced to attack them, but ere half the distance could be traversed, to our horror, it was observed that strong bodies of the enemy were crowding up every available baboon path, with the object of cutting off our retreat from the only two passes by which descent was at all possible. Similar masses of Zulus also appeared on the top of the hill, south and east. The order, "Ride for the pass at the Krantz — ride hard," was hastily given. A race for life now ensued down the Devil's Pass—a boulder-strewn, rock-encumbered pathway, which sloped at an angle of ninety degrees. At break-neck speed, rolled, jostled, crushed, horses and men descended. On came the Zulus, the blood-stained assegai flashing in dreadful rapidity as it descended ever and again into the bosom of some exhausted trooper. Brave Uys was surrounded, fought valiantly, but fell, pierced by many assegais, even as his father and brother had fallen years before under the spear thrusts of Dingaan's warriors. Poor Weatherley, holding his son, a lad of fourteen to his breast, was surrounded, and both were killed. The Zulus had the hill, and ere nightfall many a brave spirit had passed away fighting nobly against a savage but plucky

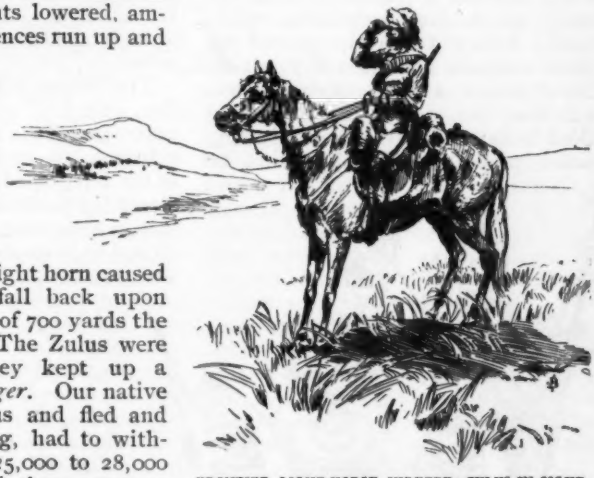
foe. Our Light Horse suffered heavily, and our hearts long mourned those trooper comrades who had struggled so manfully among the blood-stained boulders of the Devil's Pass.

The Zulus had again wet their assegais in the blood of the white man, and flushed with success, they thought to annihilate the *amahlengi umfazi* (the soldiers of a woman), as they scornfully termed us. It was not, therefore, surprising the following morning to discover them amassed in force some distance from our *laager* at Kambula, and drawn up in what is known as the "horn" plan of attack. For four hours they advanced, the left horn leading, and it was not at first evident what their intention was.

About 1 A. M., it was deemed necessary to make preparations. Dinner was hastily eaten, tents lowered, ammunition opened, defences run up and the result awaited.

When about two miles distant, a small body of our horse, amid ringing cheers, left camp to draw the Zulus into action. Shots were exchanged, but the rapid advance of the right horn caused our skirmishers to fall back upon camp. At a distance of 700 yards the attack commenced. The Zulus were well armed and they kept up a heavy fire on our *laager*. Our native contingent forsook us and fled and we, some 2,000 strong, had to withstand the attack of 25,000 to 28,000 Zulus. Severely did they press us in spite of our heavy fire of artillery and infantry. For four hours the fight lasted; thrice did the Zulus endeavor to rush our position, but in vain. A number of them got in among our cattle and endeavored to advance under that cover, but a few rocket tubes fired into the *laager* stampeded the cattle, and the Zulus had a bad time of it mixed up with several hundred infuriated oxen. The struggle was a desperate one, but at last the blacks retreated panic-stricken. With a wild cheer our horsemen started in hot pursuit, and for seven or eight miles the chase was kept up, and before sundown the King's crack *impi* was defeated and our slaughtered comrades avenged.

Each day if not each hour, while on the warpath, is full of novelty and speculation, and no sooner has one event come and gone than another rises and receives its moiety of attention. When the columns first entered the Zulu country, the plan of campaign was to clear a certain belt along the Zulu border on the Natal and Transvaal side, drive the Zulus in a northeasterly direction, amass at a certain point and advance for the final attack upon Ulundi. It was with this object in view that the Flying Column joined the co-operating troops on the first of June. It was a long day's march, and having been actively engaged on special duty it was late in the evening before I had my breakfast, which consisted of a cup of cold coffee and some crackers. Tired out, the men had rolled themselves in their blankets and gone off to sleep.



FRONTIER LIGHT-HORSE VIDETTE—ZULUS IN SIGHT.

It was quite interesting to walk over and among them as they lay in all possible shapes and positions. Some with open mouths and evident strength of lungs gave proof that theirs was no gentle slumber, and many, even in sleep, fought their battles over again; others were quietly breathing, while faint smiles hovered over their sunburnt faces as they dreamed of far distant homes; here and there lay a sleeper with extended arms, uncovered face, and closed eyelids, terribly suggestive that what was now only a semblance might yet prove a reality, and that the moon might gaze upon the same upturned features, cold and still in death.

It is of melancholy interest to relate that at the very moment of which I write, and but a few miles from our camp, lay the dead body of the unfortunate Prince Imperial, pierced by Zulu assegais. In far-off England, the Empress mother, perhaps, was watching the starry sky, her mind filled with thoughts of her only boy, and a prayer on her lips that he might return again to gladden her heart as of yore, and cheer up her sad, widowed life. But alas! the spirit had flown into the Great Beyond.

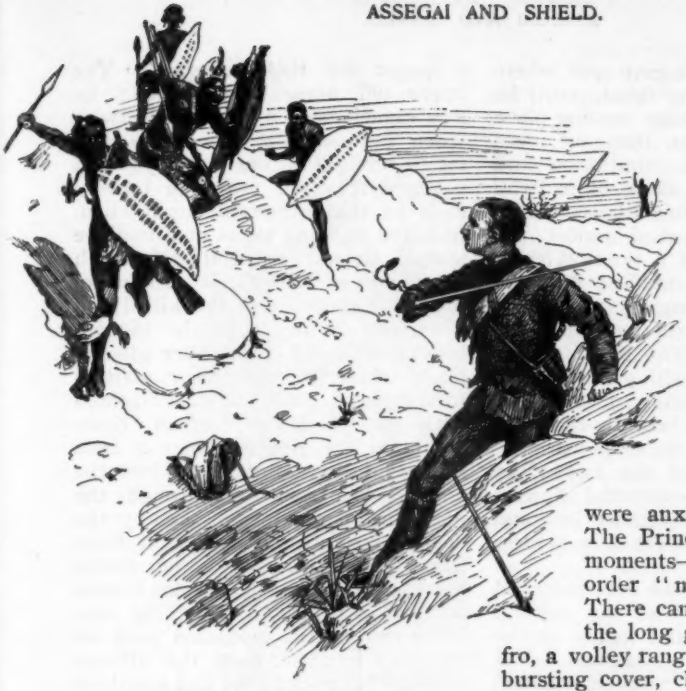
ZULU WARRIORS.

"Why should this fair young life pass out of sight
When looking round about us we behold
The very dregs and sweepings of the earth,
Drag on their mean existence?"

The death of the unfortunate Prince is particularly distressing when it must be admitted that on his own shoulders alone rested that fatal result. Naturally ambitious and daring even to foolhardiness, one can scarce denominate that spirit in the time of war, in the midst of a hostile country, which proceeds independent of experience, rejects advice and sets at naught even ordinary precautions. It is suicidal, and the poor fellow paid a high penalty for his injudicious action.

The Prince left camp on that fatal day, at 9:30 in the morning, to reconnoitre along the advance road for the column, his escort consisting of six of the Irregular Horse and six Basutos (mounted Kaffirs). These latter were late in appearing and the Prince concluded to proceed without them. This was the first fatal step in the tragedy, for in all probability, had those quick-sighted and active natives been of the party the disaster would not have occurred, as they were too keenly alive to the tricks of the wily Zulu to have off-saddled in such a dangerous position.

After riding some distance, a temporary halt was called, while the Prince made some sketches. The neighborhood was infested by a band of Usirayo's warriors, and the Prince after finishing his sketch, pointed out a Kraal a short distance off, where he had been fired upon a few days previously. Mounting again, the party descended the hill in the direction of a Kraal, about a mile further on, which was close to a small river—the Mbazani—where the escort could water their horses



TROOPER SURPRISED BY ZULUS.

and make some coffee. The Kraal consisted of a few huts with a small cattle *laager* and the usual causeway of *umqutu* (baked clay and manure) surrounded the huts, forming an open space. Outside of this space and between the huts and the river grew a coarse vegetation of Tambookie grass, *umbilo* and *amabele*, in some places six feet in height. The Prince ordered the men to off-saddle for an hour. No precautions whatever were taken against surprise; the horses were allowed to wander off in the grass, and in a state of total unconcern the men proceeded to prepare their coffee. Two sides of the position were flanked by a steep hill, a third by the river, while the fourth was formed by a deep and difficult *udonga* (chasm). All was silent as the grave—a few Zulu dogs prowled among the huts, but even these were unheeded. Meanwhile some fifty Zulus were stealthily stalking their prey, and the Kaffir servant while drawing water, surprised a Zulu who made off up the hill. This circumstance was reported to the Prince. Looking at his watch and finding it lacked ten minutes of the hour, he remarked to his troopers, "You can give your horses ten minutes more;" but the men had already gone into the grass to bring back the horses and were anxious to get away. The Prince waited for a few moments—a fatal delay! The order "mount" was given. There came a sudden crash, the long grass swayed to and fro, a volley rang out, and the Zulus bursting cover, charged the ill-fated men. The horses swerved and some broke away. The Prince's horse, a colonial, sixteen hands high, (I had ridden him myself and always found him very nervous and difficult to mount) became so frightened that the Prince was unable to mount. The poor fellow clung to the saddle-holster, as we afterwards found it almost detached from the pommel, but the air was thick with assegais flung by the fleet-footed Zulus. The end soon came, and several of the escort met a similar fate.

Next day the body of the Prince was recovered, pierced by assegais; there were nineteen wounds in all, several of them penetrating from chest to back. The right eye was gouged out, and a huge gash ran the entire length of the abdomen; around the neck, still intact, and held by a tiny gold chain, hung a medal and an Agnus Dei. Full well do I remember that morning of sorrow and mourning. The death of the Prince cast a gloom over all the camp, and every footstep

of the way from the gory spot where ceased his throbbing heart, until he slept in his temporary resting-place on board the ocean transport, was marked with grief, admiration and great respect. To those of us who had known him in life, all was doubly sad, and as we mused amidst the closing shadows of a South African evening, with the muffled notes of the Dead March ringing in our ears, it seemed like a horrid dream that he should be gone. The last inheritor of a mighty name, with goodly promise of a brilliant destiny; and all that now remained lay beneath that flag whereupon rested the empty helmet, the idle sword and the fast-fading wreath of violets—imperial flowers which added their fragrance leal and loyal to the closing scene of an adverse destiny.

No such event had ever occurred in the fitful history of the colony. It stands unique, and to-day as the superstitious Zulu passes the tablet which marks the place where the Prince fell, he pauses and thinks of the *amahlengi umfazi* and the *inkosi kakulu* (great chief) who there died a brave man's death, and won even amongst the warlike Zulus a brave man's fame. But now, *Umkonto pahlaza wa lala umlala wa-futi*—the assegai is broken and he sleeps his last long sleep.

Our column was fast forging ahead, and, owing to the forced marches, heavy work and short rations, many of our horses broke down and were unfit for emergency work; a good horse was at a premium and his owner envied—the latter indeed preferred rather to take up extra work than lend his horse to a stranger. Fortunately I possessed such an animal, a great raw-boned Africander, as homely as a city "hack," but as game as a lion and as enduring as hickory. So the pair of us rode despatches, brought in the wounded, patrolled in mutual kinship many a weary mile through long gloomy nights, when skulking Zulus sought to make us a target for their assegais. The brave old horse never failed; he was sagacious to a degree, and twice when I thought it was all up with me he brought me out in safety. But never did he aid me more bravely than on that memorable night when, from the burning ruins of Ulundi we started on our eventful ride with despatches of the official account of the battle and a list of the killed and wounded. Now through tangled brushwood, and anon over gloomy plains where the wild plover, startled from its nest, made the air affrighted with its weird cry; again down mountain bridle-paths where a false step would have plunged us into the abyss below. On, on through the night, its silence alone broken by the deep, long-drawn breaths that came from his great lungs as he strode bravely forward. Then came a scent of dawn in the air, a straggling sunbeam caught the mountain peak on the gray horizon; soon the hilltops shone in burnished gold and amethyst as the flood-gates of morning opened their radiance and showed us our fort a few miles in front. A momentary halt, a slackened rein, a word of encouragement and the brave animal dashed onward. We reached the fort. The old grey had done his duty; his last despatch had been carried; for him the war was over. A few days later he died, and one heart in camp mourned him as a friend.

The troops were now advancing rapidly in the direction of Ulundi, the great military Kraal of the King, and the Mecca of our pilgrimage. In the beginning of July we were only ten miles distant from Nodwengu and Ulundi; the Zulus were fully aware of our proximity and as we advanced, messengers arrived from Cetywayo, one of whom brought the Prince Imperial's sword. Conditions of peace were dictated by Chelmsford, and a three days' armistice was granted. But long ere its completion, the position assumed by the Zulus gave unmistakable evidence that war and not

peace was their decision. On the third of July when *ihlanga pezulu* (the sun is overhead ; noon), the days of grace terminated, and the obstinate Zulus had to be persuaded by measures which carried conviction even to a bitter realization. A most interesting sortie was made on the same afternoon just to feel (in military parlance) the enemy's position, and we found the position a strong one. Preparations were made accordingly, and on the morning of the fourth of July the troops crossed the river Umvolosi Mhlope—that river over which the Zulu King had said "no white man shall ever pass."

The force consisted of about 5,000 all told, including loyal natives and non-combatants. The Zulus advanced in great numbers. After some preliminary manœuvers our men were drawn up, and a hollow

FUGITIVE'S DRIFT—ISANDHLWANA.

square was formed with Gatlings and field-pieces protecting the angles. The mounted men after skirmishing fell back upon the square, and took up a position with the hospital corps in the center. Silently and stealthily the Zulu army came on; a shot rang out, then another, and the square became fully engaged. The fire was tremendous, but the warriors of a King with extraordinary bravery and contempt of death press on in spite of the fusilade, right into the jaws of death. The crisis was pending; let that black wedge enter our midst and all is over. It was an awful moment as they changed their front and concentrated with fierce determination on one side of the square. Not a word was spoken; every lip was set. Our fire was quickened, the Gatlings mowed a bloody swathe, and rocket tubes cut lanes in the black mass. Seventy yards from the square there came a pause. The Zulu main body hesitated—stopped. We noted their doubt and a wild bugle call rang out. The square opened for an instant, and with a ringing cheer out rushed the Lancers and Ours in full pursuit of the Zulus. The move was well timed. The spell was broken, and the Zulus retreated fighting, until in detached masses the friendly hills swallowed them up. The great army was beaten, the Zulu's heart broken, and the Zulu King an outlaw. Thus in the smoke and flames of the burning palace, there ended the prestige of a warrior race, and its sun which had risen with lurid glare in the bloody days of Utchaka, sank now behind the dark clouds of night to rise no more forever.

The beginning of the end had now arrived. The King was still at large, and I would much like if space permitted, to follow the very difficult pursuit, which was carried forward with untiring energy in the face of almost unheard of dangers and trials, until the King was surprised and captured in the lonely Kraal of Umkozana.

A few months of uninteresting camp routine followed the taking of Ulundi, during which time, all of the sick having been sent down country, I was more at liberty and spent much of my time visiting Zulus at their Kraals, and thus getting considerable insight into native habits and customs.

The orders to return to Natal came in due course and we set out on the march homewards. We rapidly approached the border line of Kwa-Zulu (the land of the Zulu). But I cannot cross that line without relating some facts concerning the massacre at Isandhlwana, many of which were related by Mehlo-Ka-Zulu (the eye of the Zulus) a petty chief and son of Usirayo, whom we had with us a prisoner.

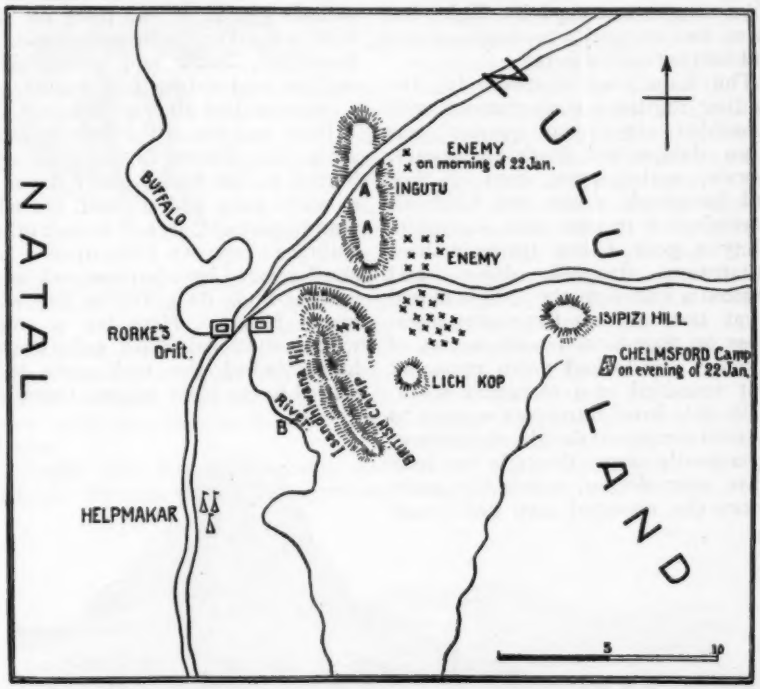
Column No. 3 of the forces in operation had (as already mentioned) early in January, advanced from its base at Helpmakaar on the Natal border, and crossed the Buffalo at Rorke's Drift. Its progress was retarded by the impassable state of the roads and the opposition offered by Usirayo, and it was not until the twentieth of January that the column reached the Isandhlwana (the little hand), and there it halted for the purpose of amalgamating with part of Column No. 2, and thus combined, clear the Equideni forest of the enemy.

The hill is a huge rock formation, fantastic in outline, with precipitous and almost inaccessible sides, and lifts its rugged head several hundred feet above the plain upon which it stands, a notable landmark in the country around.

The Zulu King, aware of the column's advance, concentrated the Undi corps and his crack regiments, about 20,000 strong, and gave them the simple command, "Drive the white soldiers back into Natal." Accordingly on the night of the twenty-first the Zulus were moved to a position about one and a half miles to the east of the British camp. All were silent. The awe of superstition was upon them, for it was the eve preceding the

new moon, and no action dare be taken.

Early on the morning of the twenty-second, a patrol of Basutos fired upon some Zulus who had exposed themselves. The Zulu main body, hearing the firing, rose up on all sides in and there, in little groups, back to back, they fought and disputed every inch of ground. Our prisoner related how a tall man "came out from his wagon and made a big fight. He fired in every direction and so quickly as to drive us back, and all those who tried



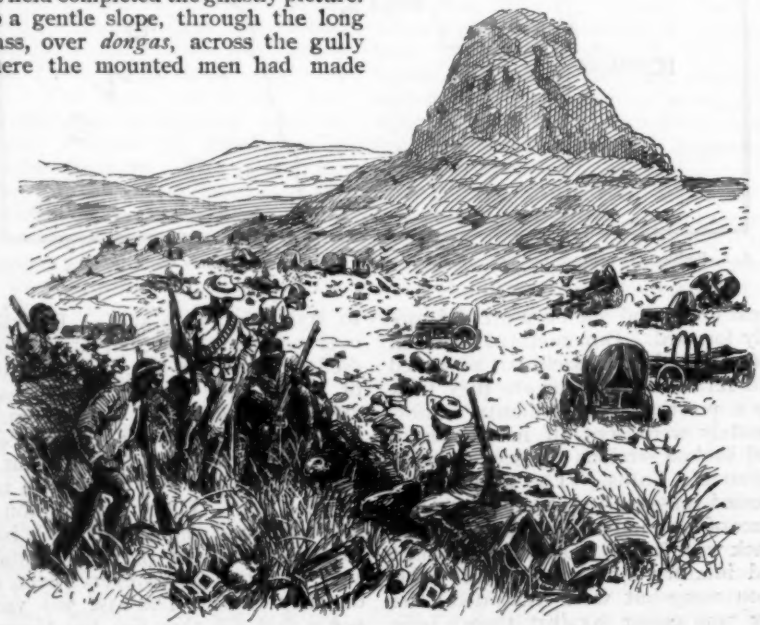
A, A, Position of enemy as first seen from camp. B, Fugitives crossed here over drift. x x x, Zulus.

great force, and one horn pressed rapidly forward. Our mounted men left camp, were beaten back, but advanced and retired four times ere they took up a position. The infantry unfortunately were sent off in companies and broken sections to meet the now advancing Zulus. The Zulu center pressed on—the Ingutu range, a distance of four and one-half miles, being black with Zulus. Our mounted men and infantry endeavored to fall back upon camp but were frustrated; the day was going against them; here to stab him were shot. He killed ever so many, but fell at last and died close to the hill." One square of sixty men defied the repeated attacks of one horn of the Zulu army, and so fearless did they at last become that they challenged the Zulus to come on and see how the white man could fight. Their ammunition at last failed and the gallant little band to a man, fell as they had fought, side by side. Zulus everywhere, on, on they came. The last 300 yards not a shot did they fire, but through

sheer force of numbers, thirty to one, they walked the camp down. From every black throat rung out the victorious war whoop, Usutu! and they rushed the camp. Fearful slaughter now ensued; it was one infuriated mob stabbing wildly on every side. Panic-stricken, those who were still alive sought to escape by flight, but there was no path, no track—rocks and ravines everywhere.

The Zulu reserves closed in, the panting fugitives were pursued with redoubled vigor; no quarter was given, danger and death all around. Horses, mules, oxen, men on foot and horseback, white and black all intermingled in one mad stampede. Many a poor fellow through sheer exhaustion dropped down and awaited a fearful death. Night closed in at last, and as the young moon arose on that fatal twenty-second of January, she looked down upon all that remained of a thousand slain. With this brief retrospect a visit to the field completed the ghastly picture. Up a gentle slope, through the long grass, over *dongas*, across the gully where the mounted men had made such a determined stand, traces were already visible; bones, unmistakably human, were lying around in all directions. Up where the tents had been, the horrid sights crowded with appaling rapidity upon each other. Utter confusion was the predominant suggestion; skulls with their empty sockets glared at one from all sides with a speaking silence—fragments of humanity, black and white, friend and foe, and nature fast reducing to a common dust all that remained.

Here was one of the Twenty-fourth with face downward, a Zulu spear buried in his back; lower down lay a white man and a Zulu, the white man uppermost, locked in each other's embrace; now we came upon a Zulu skull pierced by a bayonet, while the assegai finds its grave in the white man's breast. Here lay a soldier whose shattered skull tells how he had climbed the rock only to be hurled to the plain below; there were



ISANDHLWANA REVISITED.

FILE OF STONES MARKING THE SPOT WHERE THE PRINCE FELL.

the huddled remains of the sixty who had fallen shoulder to shoulder. Conspicuous among the debris is a broken transport wagon, the oxen still rotting in the chains, while close at hand lies what was once their driver — his coarse clothing, his shroud, which now, coffin-like, encloses his crumbling bones.

Night was fast approaching, and already the huge rock was growing purple in the deepening shadows, while the early dew caused the reeking ground to give forth a heavy repulsive odor. With a sad heart I retraced my steps to camp.

A few hundred yards to the right front of the field there rises a most remarkable pyramid of rubble stones. It stands on the plain detached, and looks more like man's work than nature's, did not its height contest this assertion. Its name, the Lich-Kop, will to many act as a talisman, and bring to mind those friends who sleep at its base. The Rock and the Kop will ever remain nature's monuments to the brave fellows who there met a soldier's death.

The next day we crossed the Buffalo and once again entered Natal. One and all felt that we had done with war; its alarms were over, though its memories still were ours, and we could not but think of the brave comrades slumbering in lonely graves, which were fast growing green, enriched by the very life blood beneath them, while the sighing wind ever sings its low, sad requiem.

A CHILD OF TO-DAY.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

O child, had I thy lease of time! Such unimagined things
Are waiting for that soul of thine to spread its untried wings!

Shalt thou not speak the stars, and go on journeys thro' the sky?
And read the soul of man as clear as now we read the eye?

Who knows if science may not find some art to make thee new—
To mend the garments of thy flesh when thou hast worn them through?

'Tis fearful, aye, and beautiful, thy future that may be.
How strange!—perhaps death's conqueror sits smiling on my knee!

SHALL WE HAVE SILVER COINAGE?

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON.

THE financiers and money changers would have us believe that the ordinary mind cannot comprehend what they deem the abstruseness and mystery which surround the money question. In considering the subject of silver coinage it is necessary to understand what money really is; how, and of what material it is created, and the functions it performs.

Strictly nothing is money that will not pay debt under compulsion of law, or is not a legal tender, and if a legal tender as a matter of course it will be taken in exchange for property or services, and will circulate freely in business transactions. The national constitution confers sole power on Congress to regulate the value of money. No State can coin money or make anything a legal tender but gold or silver coin, of United States coinage; and only to the extent of the value prescribed by Congress.

Nature does not create money, nor has it specially designated the material from which it shall be created. In all ages and countries to the best of his intelligence and judgment, man has prescribed what shall be a medium of exchange or standard of value, and the materials have been such as were thought best adapted to existing circumstances and conditions. Gold and silver were selected in the remote past as the favorite materials on account of their comparative scarcity, their indestructibility, and because they are so divisible that coins of any denominational value can be made from them. Coins of these metals are deemed the best money throughout the civilized world, and as this idea has prevailed so long it is probably ineradicable. It is difficult to say which metal came earliest into use as money. It seems that in some countries it was gold and in others silver, the selection depending upon which was most abundant and available; but throughout the Roman Empire it is certain that silver coins greatly predominated, and the same was true throughout Europe until within a comparatively short period. It is not far in the past that paper money was unknown, and its value, as a rule, rests upon its redeemability in metal money. It is probable that the present state of public opinion will continue, and that the money of the world will be gold or silver, or both, for an indefinite period, with paper as a mere representative.

There is some force in the idea of a single measure of value, as it renders calculations and business transactions more simple, and there need be but one if the material employed existed in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of business. Ricardo, one of the greatest of economists, favored the single standard and thought it should be silver, presumably for the reason that it possessed substantially all the good qualities of gold, and being more abundant in quantity it would more nearly supply monetary wants. Population and commerce of the world have so increased that it has become apparent to people of intelligence generally, that in order to accommodate business wants it is necessary that both the precious metals should be freely coined and put into circulation on a ratio that will reasonably establish parity between them. It is not, as charged by the mono-metallists, to benefit the miners and mine owners merely that free silver coinage is urged. The principal reason is that the country and the world may be amply supplied with a reliable and sufficient medium of exchange. If

there were gold enough for that purpose, bi-metallism would have no advocates. Money value the world over is the creature of the law's fiat, and a standard of value has been created from various materials such as iron, copper and nickel, as well as from gold and silver. The law simply fixes a specific value to quantity or weight, and compels its acceptance in payment of debt, which gives any material the monetary quality. While free coinage of silver will supply more money it will also incidentally benefit silver producers, as it will tend to enhance the price of their products. Silver mining is an industry that is entitled to the fostering care of government as much as any other of equal importance.

Nothing produces so much embarrassment as a deficiency of money. It causes high interest rates, low wages and low prices of property. A generous or ample volume produces the contrary results, under the influence of supply and demand, for so long as money loaned produces better profits than are realized from other uses, it will not be put into enterprises for developing the resources and building up the industries of a country. The interests of the money lender and the masses are in conflict, and the gold standard was adopted at the instance of those who possessed money. It was a British conception, and was adopted by the British government to give the people of that country better control of international trade and transportation upon the high seas. Having achieved a position in which balances of trade were uniformly in her favor, that country resorted to the gold standard because it enhanced the purchasing and earning power of her money. Germany adopted it after the Franco-Prussian war in order to embarrass France, from which she had exacted fifteen milliards of gold as a war indemnity. The other nations of Europe deemed themselves forced to reject silver except for subsidiary coinage, and about the same time Congress unwittingly demonetized silver in this country. The important civilized nations, therefore, are committed to mono-metallism, and are attempting to supply the wants of a rapidly growing commerce with the least abundant precious metal, the production of which is by no means equal to the increasing demands of business. This narrow monetary policy is pursued though population, production and trade are constantly becoming greater. Gold production is not on the increase, and will not be except spasmodically. So far as we know nature is not now creating the precious metals, nor has it been within the memory of man; and as exhaustion of the created stock goes on, production will decrease and scarcity is likely to become greater, though conditions are constantly requiring a larger volume of money.

Too much weight is given to the opinions of bankers and money lenders by our mono-metallist statesmen. Their views as to the best investments of money for profit may be sound, but as to the materials from which money should be created and the volume required, their judgment is no better than that of intelligent men in other pursuits. It is not as good, for they are apt to be controlled by their own interests and to disregard those of the public, but men in other pursuits are freer from selfish motives and can look upon the question more comprehensively and impartially. While the business of the world is being enlarged with almost arithmetical progression, and the production of gold is not increasing, it is incomprehensible that this metal, least in quantity, should be employed almost exclusively as the measure of value. Both gold and silver are employed in the arts and manufactures, but except for subsidiary coinage, silver is excluded from the Mints. That there should be an enlarged volume of the circulating medium in this country and in Europe is hardly gainsaid by the mono-metallists themselves. The gold

advocates seem not to concern themselves with the great reason why there should be free coinage of silver. They denounce our silver dollar as a debased dollar. What makes the gold dollar good? It is the law which says twenty-five and eight-tenths grains are worth a hundred cents, and that when converted into coin, they shall be taken in discharge of debt. And because all possessors of uncoined gold can take it to the Mint and have it coined, it has an unchangeable money value and never a commodity value. The value of gold is determined by weight, and in international transactions more of it passes in bullion form than in coin. Because silver cannot be freely coined and is discriminated against by law, it has no fixed money value, and simply a commodity value. If gold were treated the same as silver, it would have no other than a commodity value, and its price would fluctuate in the markets through the effect of supply and demand for use in the arts and manufactures. If Ricardo's idea had been carried out and silver adopted as the measure of value, the silver monometallists would now be denouncing the gold dollar as a debased dollar; for gold would be treated as a commodity and its value would be measured by the silver dollar. What is the difference whether the law says twenty-five and eight-tenths grains of gold or four hundred and twelve and one-half grains of silver, ten per cent alloy or any other number, are worth a hundred cents and compels their acceptance in payment of debt? Markets regulate commodity value, but the law prescribes money value, and its fiat may be applied to one of these metals as well as the other. The gold advocates tell us that the present silver dollar is worth less than its face value because the price of the quantity of silver it contains, measured by the gold dollar, is not worth a hundred cents in the markets as a commodity, though in our domestic transactions the law makes it worth as much as any other dollar. Divided by twenty-five and eight-tenths grains, the value of the gold production of the world at the present time is fixed at about $120,000,000. The value of the silver production is fixed at the same amount, though in weight it is nineteen times greater, and were the production a hundred times greater, the value, as measured by gold, would still be kept at $120,000,000. Thus this great interest is crushed—an interest more important than that of the other metal as it gives more employment to our people, and larger consumption of the other products of the country. It is crushed to promote the profits of those who possess the favored metal, and to the detriment of the masses of the people through the effect of a restricted and insufficient volume of the circulating medium.

The mono-metallists object to silver altogether except for subsidiary coinage. They are captious over the question of parity between the two metals, and talk about basing the ratio upon cost of production or quantity produced. They do not urge, however, that gold value shall be regulated by either. It strikes the impartial mind as particularly absurd that the volume of the circulating medium should depend upon the quantity produced of any material, or that its value as money should be made to depend upon the cost of production. The value of gold money is not at all regulated by these conditions, the law fixes it at the same, whether quantity produced or cost of production is much or little. If $500,000,000 or $1.000,000,000 were annually produced, the value of twenty-five and eight-tenths grains would not be changed. The cost of production is never the same in all localities, nor for any length of time in any locality. It and the quantity produced vary from year to year. If value were to be regulated by these considerations, coinage laws should be flexible, and recoinage should take place whenever there is any material

change in the quantity produced or cost of production.

The value of gold is arbitrarily prescribed, and the same has been done with reference to the ratio upon which parity of the two metals has been established. Until within a recent period, it has been fixed at one of gold to four of silver. The King of Spain, soon after the vast productions of the silver mines in Mexico and Peru had reached his kingdom, issued a decree establishing the ratio of one to seven. For a long time the ratio in Great Britain was one to sixteen, in France, one to fifteen and one-half, and in Germany, one to fifteen. This ratio was adopted by the first-named nation for the purpose of driving out silver and absorbing gold, as gold money was better for that country, which had gained a controlling position in the world's commerce. France retained the double standard until forced out of it, and the plentifulness of her circulating medium contributed to no slight extent to her unequaled prosperity among continental nations.

Money volume should be regulated as far as is practicable by the legitimate demands of business. Money is a tool like the plow, the harrow, the trip-hammer, machinery and all other implements of farming and mechanical industries. It is not expected that the mechanic or farm laborer will accomplish all within his power without a sufficiency of adaptable tools; without a sufficiency of money, the enterprise and energy of a people are restricted. If the best development of resources and of the greatest amount of wealth are desirable, there must be a volume of money to amply supply business wants. It is the opinion of a vast majority of our people that we are suffering from a deficiency to the extent of several hundred million dollars.

The gold mono-metallists affect fear that free coinage of silver will make money too plentiful. Was it ever known that harm resulted from too much good money? All countries have suffered from "wild cat" money whether the volume was great or small. When the law says silver coins are money and shall be taken for a stated sum, that they are not to be redeemed, that they shall be taken in payment of a debt, they cannot be considered debased money, and depreciated in the hands of the possessors. It is so as to gold, and why cannot it be made the same as to silver? A redundancy of money may give impetus to speculation, which is particularly an American propensity. Those who indulge in speculation are always liable to suffer, but that does not produce alarming shrinkage of values nor general depression of business, so long as money is good and there is enough of it. The world in all ages has suffered from monetary stringency, and it might be a pleasant experience to change to a condition of redundancy. It would be a rift in the mists of an unpleasant monotony. It is not wise to rely too much on mono-metallist theory, and it certainly could do no serious harm to demonstrate by an experiment the effect of an enlargement of our circulating medium.

The oft-repeated assertion that the coinage of silver would produce too much money, has never been proved in our own experience. It is thought by many intelligent men that our growth in population, production and trade, demands an increase of the circulating medium to the extent of $100,000,000 annually. Our present production of the precious metals is not more than $60,000,000 for coinage; therefore, if we make up for the present deficiency, and supply the increase constantly required, we must draw largely from the world's accumulated stock of silver, until our volume of money reaches a magnitude that will amply satisfy public wants. If it were possible that harm could result from a redundancy of good money, the power would remain in the hands of Government to avert it when the danger appeared to be imminent.

It is said that we cannot safely enter upon free coinage of silver unless the leading commercial nations join with us. Few, if any, doubt that if all nations would adopt silver as a standard of value in international exchanges it would be better for this country and for the world. As has been said, Great Britain adopted the gold measure to promote her own interests. Though during the last year or two her exports have fallen off, still balances of trade are in her favor which are payable in gold. The circumstances are not yet so straightened as to compel her to change her policy. She is reinforced in her obstinacy by Germany, and against those two countries no nation of Europe seems to have the courage to take an independent position on the silver question whatever may be its interests or desires. Conference after conference has convened with no apparent gain to the cause of silver—the one just held having proved as fruitless as its predecessors. The question has descended into the domain of diplomacy and cannot, as it seems, be lifted into the region of purely monetary discussion, and upon considerations of the general welfare. It should not be overlooked that the United States is regarded as the commercial rival of all Europe, and this has a strong tendency to combine all the leading European nations against us. If we do not adopt silver coinage till European nations join with us, we shall not get it at all—at least not within the lifetime of the present generation. Some great nation should take the initiative, and none is so well situated to do it as our own. It is high time that we discard the financial swaddling clothes put upon us by Great Britain, and enter upon a manhood policy of our own—one that is adapted to American rather than European interests. Let us abandon the methods we have been pursuing and adopt the Napoleonic policy—fight first and negotiate afterwards. There is encouragement to the adoption of this policy in the growth of bi-metallist sentiment among the masses of the people on the other side of the Atlantic, and especially in England, where popular opinion has a recognized potency.

The gold advocates allege that if we enter upon free silver coinage single-handed and alone, the silver of the world will be dumped upon us. Whether that will result or not depends upon the character of the law. If as under the Bland law the Government were required to purchase the silver, the accumulated stock of the world would be hurled upon us, and as the Government would be required to coin it and put it in circulation very little would find its way to the people. The Bland Bill in that feature was a mistake, and the present law simply makes the Government a hoarder of silver bullion. The law should be such that any possessor of fifty or a hundred ounces or more of silver can go to the mint and have it coined, paying the actual cost of coinage, and take his money to do with it as he pleases. If the foreigner brought his silver and had it coined, he would be compelled, since in other countries it would have but a commodity value, to invest it here, and this would make a larger demand for our surplus products besides increasing our volume of money. It would save the Government the trouble of putting the coin into circulation, and would tend to regulate the volume on the basis of business wants; for unless the possessor could make a better use of his silver as money than in bullion he would not have it coined. There would be no danger of getting too much money, if a redundancy of good money can possibly be injurious.

It is further urged that free silver coinage will drive gold out of the country. Whether that result will follow also depends upon circumstances. If we have nothing to pay abroad, then of course no kind of money will go out of the country. Gold has been going abroad to pay

expenses of American tourists and sojourners in foreign lands, and especially in Europe; but foreigners travel in this country and expend their money here. As there are so many of our people who prefer to live or travel in Europe and elsewhere, rather than to remain at home and gain a knowledge of their own country, it is probable that on that account there is and will continue to be a balance against us. We have been and are paying foreigners a large sum annually for transporting our freight and passengers upon the high seas. That evil can be remedied by the adoption of a policy that will build up our own shipping interests to an extent that will enable us to do our own transportation, or as much for foreign people as they do for us. We are now making considerable strides towards that end. This country until within the last sixteen years suffered from a depletion of gold resources through adverse balances of trade. In the last sixteen years we have not only drawn gold from other nations, but have largely paid off or purchased our securities held abroad.

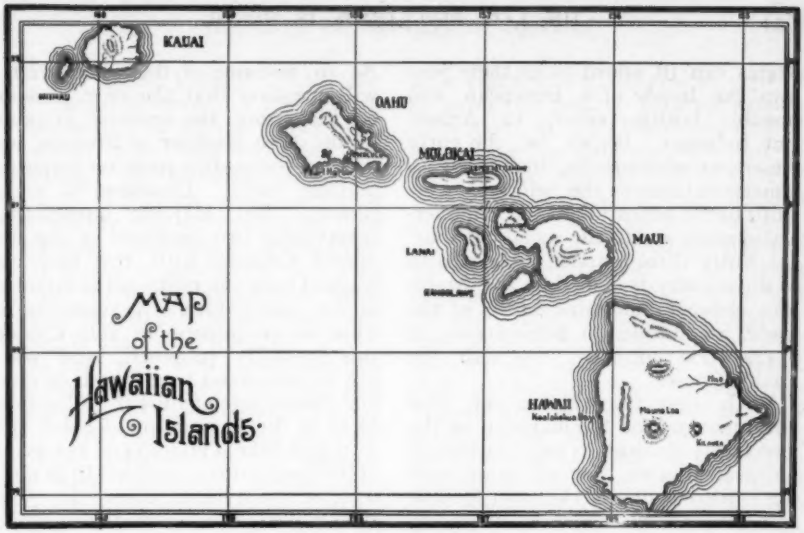
Our financial soundness and the maintenance of a bi-metallic currency depends upon a policy that will preserve trade balances in our favor, and that will enable us to produce to the utmost practicable extent to supply our own consumption. If in the next sixteen years the aggregate of balances of trade is as great as in the last, no American securities will be held by foreigners, or at most none worthy of mention. Americans do not and are not likely to invest to any great extent in foreign property, or in business in foreign countries, and on those accounts there is no probability that gold will be called away from home. The law can make it so that gold will not bear a premium in this country over silver for domestic uses. There is one way in which gold may go out of the country. By keeping up a policy that gives us favorable balances of trade, foreign nations which recognize the gold standard only will be compelled to come to this country and purchase to maintain their financial soundness. Our people, of course, will sell to them if they can get a satisfactory premium, and it will be exacted according to foreign necessities. During the war gold operators had no scruples about putting the premium to any figure, and it cannot be expected that they will be more generous to foreigners than to their own countrymen when the nation was in peril. The very exaction of a high premium will check the purchase of gold by foreigners. They will be glad to return our securities in exchange for gold, and to get them back will be well for this country as it will save an outgo to pay interest. Our policy may be such as to so pinch European countries that they will be compelled to adopt silver coinage to secure a volume of circulating medium adequate to supply their business wants. It only requires an American policy, one not founded upon British theory, nor complicated with European interests, to enable us to sustain ourselves against European rivalries.

The mono-metallists are wont to quote Gresham's law, which is that "bad money will drive out good money." Free coinage of Silver need not make bad money. Silver now appears to be such because it is discriminated against by our own laws. The danger of a redundancy of money through free silver coinage is very remote at the worst. Our productions of silver, if it were all coined, is less than the increasing demand for more money, even were it coined on a ratio of one to fifteen; our gold production is not more than $20,000,000 or $25,000,000 for coinage and there cannot be expected any appreciable increase—a decrease is more probable. To give silver a better status may stimulate production for a time, but it will be many years, even if production is increased beyond all expectation, before a sufficiency of the volume of the circulating medium will be

attained. Our foreign trade is less than $2,000,000,000, annually, but our domestic commerce is more than ten times greater; it is more than six times greater than the foreign commerce of Great Britain which is the largest in the world. It cannot be wise statesmanship to adapt our financial policy to the lesser interest and disregard the greater. The want for money is in our home business, the volume of which is growing beyond all precedent, while the increase in our foreign trade is barely perceptible.

If enlargement of foreign trade is desirable, our efforts to develop it need not be directed to Europe, for in the aggregate it is not there that balances are against us. They arise in other quarters of the world. There is little produced in Europe that we need—European nations require more of us than we of them. Large adverse balances of trade arise with countries on this continent, and American countries generally employ silver most largely as a circulating medium. If we are to continue conferences and negotiations on the subject of silver coinage, it would be wiser to have them with American countries with a view to establishing common coinage. If this were effected they would take our silver coins in payment of balances of trade. These countries purchase little of Europeans except manufactures, and we ought to be able to supply them in that line, especially if we had ample shipping to transport to them, as we have the advantage in distance. Let the Pan-American Congress be renewed, for it does not seem that there are insuperable obstacles to treaties that will be mutually advantageous to all the nations on this continent. Until this country indicates a purpose to act on its own responsibility and for its own interests, it will never be freed from the trammels that have been put upon it financially and commercially by European rivals.

The silver question cannot be said to be political. Free coinage has friends and enemies in both of the great parties. Its friends are undoubtedly in a majority in States which have a preponderance of votes in the electoral college, and they can control the Senate and House of Representatives, if they will. The money question is important enough to subordinate all other issues, until a satisfactory solution is reached. So long as the friends of free coinage divide on other questions and act on divergent lines, they need not expect success. If they will unite and act together the contest will be of short duration. When free coinage becomes a *fait accompli* it will remain undisturbed. Then and not until then, its friends can safely divide in their action upon other issues.



THE LATE REVOLUTION IN HAWAII.

BY F. R. D.

THE political situation in Hawaii has long been unsatisfactory to the reflecting portion of the community. The population of 90,000, composed in round numbers of 45,000 natives, 15,000 Chinese, 20,000 Japanese, 4,000 Portuguese, 2,000 Americans, 1,000 English and 2,000 other European nationalities, make such a mixture as to render perpetual independent self-government almost an impossibility. The situation has been such as to invite political upheavals and revolutions and keep the country in a constant state of unrest. Within the past six years no less than five revolutionary attempts have been made. With every political disturbance, annexation to the United States has been suggested as the only rational solution of the difficulties existing there.

The question may be asked, why, with such an overwhelming majority of native Hawaiians, and other nationalities outnumbering the Americans, annexation to the United States should be considered the most feasible mode of settling the difficulties? The answer is that the inevitable destiny of the Islands is to pass into the hands of some foreign power, sooner or later. The Chinese and Japanese do not influence the matter, as they are aliens, and have no voice in the government. The Hawaiians are rapidly disappearing, as other aboriginal races have done, at the rate of 5,000 every decade, and the time will soon come when they will cut no figure in the political situation. Then, if not before, some foreign power must step in and assume control, for the country will be too weak to stand alone.

That power must be the United States of America, because the Islands belong (1) geographically, (2) socially and (3) commercially to her in preference to any European nation. (1) Situated in Lat. 21° N., Long. 157° W., the Hawaiian Islands form the hub of the North Pacific and hold the strategic key of that vast expanse of water and the adjoining coasts. The United

States can ill afford to let them pass into the hands of a European and possibly hostile power. (2) American influence, begun by the early American missionaries, has given an American tinge to the religious worship, to the educational and commercial systems and to the social customs. (3) Fully three-fourths of the wealth of the country is owned by the American element, and nine-tenths of the trade, amounting to $12,000,000 or $14,000,000 annually, is with the Pacific Coast.

With these facts before one, it is not unnatural for the majority of the mercantile element to look, in time of political trouble, toward union with the United States as the most feasible and satisfactory means of acquiring that stability of government which is so essential to the commercial prosperity of any country. It is not strange, therefore, that the subject of annexation should have received from time to time serious consideration. The experiences of the past few years have been such as to again present the subject for study.

The disastrous blow dealt the sugar industry of the Islands by the McKinley Bill placed the country in a very depressed financial condition, to recover from which required stability of government and skillful financeering. Had these elements of success been guaranteed the business men of Hawaii by harmonious action between the Queen and a Cabinet commanding the confidence of the community, all would have been well; but from the moment the Queen ascended the throne it became apparent that her purpose in life would be to regain the power of an absolute monarch, and place the government of the kingdom in the hands of her irresponsible Kanakas.

The conflict between royal aggression and popular liberty began shortly after the opening of the Legislature in May 1892, when her personal Cabinet was voted out of office on a want of confidence, owing to their inability to grapple with the financial situation. As an instance of their statecraft I will mention that the only measure for increasing the revenue proposed by the then Minister of Finance, was a tax of ten cents a pack on imported playing cards. Comment is unnecessary. Her Majesty immediately reappointed two members of the dismissed Cabinet, with two new colleagues from the ranks of the minority of the Legislature. A resolution of want of confidence in this Cabinet was promptly proposed, and when put to vote stood twenty-four in favor and twenty-one against it. The President of the Legislature decided that it would take a majority of the whole of the Legislature, forty-eight in number, or twenty-five votes, to carry such a resolution, so that the Cabinet retained their portfolios for a time. But it was evident that a Cabinet with a minority support was destined to be short-lived, and in the course of two weeks they were removed from office on a second want of confidence. The majority of the Legislature were acting on the principle, and attempting to establish the precedent of constitutional government, that a leader of the majority should be called by the Queen to form a Cabinet. This her Majesty refused to do, claiming it as her constitutional right to appoint whom she pleased as her Cabinet ministers. The conflict was carried out on this line until four successive Cabinets, Her Majesty's Cabinet material, the patience of the Legislature and the country at large was well nigh exhausted. Then, after a protracted delay, she appointed a Cabinet from the ranks of the majority that commanded the confidence of the entire community—sterling business and professional men, who by their intelligence and energy had amassed fortunes and commanded the respect and confidence of the whole country. There was general rejoicing when it was learned that the Queen had finally yielded to the invincible logic of a firm majority, and the outlook for the future under their guid-

ance was more hopeful. Had she been content to abide by the will of the majority to which she had yielded, all would have been well, but she would not. She immediately entered the field of politics, and by methods more worthy of a ward politician than a monarch, succeeded in accomplishing a series of maneuvers that cost her her throne. The story of these movements will ever be an interesting chapter in Hawaiian history.

The first step was railroading the infamous Lottery Bill through the Legislature on Wednesday, January 11th. This iniquitous bill was exceedingly popular with the natives, who were dazzled by the $500,000 bribe offered by the promoters of the scheme, and their vote, with the assistance of that of one white man, passed the bill. The respectable element of the community was shocked and grieved beyond expression on receipt of the news, because when the bill was first proposed, it met with such universal opposition from all classes that it was dropped for the time and the people supposed it dead. The bill was brought up again, however, at the very end of the session when several of the white members were away. After the passage of the bill, and the strength of the Kanakas demonstrated in the absence of white members just mentioned, they, at the urgent request of the Queen, brought in and passed a vote of want of confidence in the lately appointed Cabinet. This step caused general regret amongst the people, for the Cabinet was composed of able men who had, during their short term of office, inaugurated an economical policy for running the government, and had introduced several measures for increasing the revenues of the kingdom. The Queen objected to them because they were not subservient to her, and she could not dictate to them. Such a Cabinet could never meet with her approval. The day following the dismissal of this Cabinet, she appointed a Cabinet of irresponsible supporters of her claims, men of no principle and no personal credit. This move of the Queen revealed to the people her determination not to yield to the popular will in spite of the long, expensive and tedious struggle of the preceding months. The community received the news of the appointments with a feeling of intense disgust. It seemed as though the poor, impoverished little kingdom was being urged on to ruin by those who should have been its salvation. Still it is doubtful if any individual in Hawaii had an idea of attempting a revolutionary act. It was not until the following day after the Queen had prorogued the Legislature with all the pomp and ceremony of a great occasion of state, returned to the palace and attempted her insane coup d' etat of promulgating a new constitution, that the people awoke spontaneously to the imperative necessity of taking radical measures to antagonize royal aggression.

The news of the Queen's attempt spread like wildfire throughout the town. It seems that when she had returned to the palace she received the Hui Kalaina, a native political society that had taken this occasion to wait on her Majesty and present a new constitution, with the request that she immediately promulgate it and make it the law of the land.

This constitution, which the Queen approved of most heartily, differed so radically from the one now in force, that by its adoption the kingdom would have been converted from a constitutional into an absolute monarchy, and would have deprived the white inhabitants or "foreigners," as they are called, of any voice in the government. Inasmuch as nine-tenths of the taxes are paid by the whites, it would have been a more glaring case of taxation without representation than was ever extant in the American colonies in the eighteenth century.

The Queen received the new constitution from the Hui Kalaina, and calling upon her new Cabinet,

demanded their counter signatures to the document. This was more than even they dared to do, knowing well the storm of opposition it would arouse amongst the whites. Her Majesty insisted. They still refused. Then she threatened to appeal to her people who had assembled in masses about the palace. Fearing mob violence if she took this step, they fled from the palace to the Government Building and immediately notified some of the prominent leaders of the opposition of the situation at the palace. An impromptu meeting of leading business and professional men was called, and they sent word to the Cabinet not to yield to the Queen's demand, but to proclaim the Queen a traitor and the throne vacant, and that they would receive the unanimous support of all political parties. By this time the Queen began to realize that she had overreached herself. She thereupon dismissed her native subjects there assembled, with the assurance that at a more fitting occasion she would give them the much-desired constitution.

She then called her Cabinet back, and they immediately set to work to quell the storm that was rising. She issued the following proclamation:

BY AUTHORITY.

Her Majesty's ministers desire to express their appreciation for the quiet and order which has prevailed in this community since the events of Saturday, and are authorized to say that the position taken by her Majesty in regard to the promulgation of a new constitution was under stress of her native subjects.

Authority is given for the assurance that any changes desired in the fundamental law of the land will be sought only by methods provided in the constitution itself.

Her Majesty's ministers request all citizens to accept the assurance of her Majesty in the same spirit in which it is given.

LILIUOKALANI.

SAMUEL PARKER,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.
W. H. CORNWELL,
Minister of Finance.
JOHN F. COLBURN,
Minister of Interior.
H. P. PETERSON,
Attorney General.

But the people were not to be deceived by her retraction. Past experience had taught them to place no faith in her word.

At the impromptu meeting of citizens held Saturday afternoon, a Committee of Public Safety, composed of thirteen public men, was appointed to take such action as they deemed best under the circumstances. They immediately called a mass meeting of citizens for Monday afternoon to discuss the situation.

Monday afternoon came and by two o'clock, the time set for the mass meeting, the large armory building was full of earnest, determined men. No such meeting was ever held in Honolulu before. All the business houses and stores were represented—clerks, professional men, mechanics, laborers, "gathered together with one accord." It was very quiet in the hall, but any one surveying the vast audience would have been impressed with the restraining force that seemed to bind all classes and nationalities together.

The meeting was called to order by the Hon. W. C. Wilder, president of the Wilder Steamship Company, who in an impressive speech, stated the object of the meeting and called for the report of the Committee of Public Safety. This was read by the Hon. L. A. Thurston and is here reproduced:

"On the morning of last Saturday, the 14th inst., the city was startled by the information that her Majesty, Queen Liliuokalani, had announced her intention to arbitrarily promulgate a new constitution, and that three of the newly appointed Cabinet ministers had resigned, or were about to in consequence thereof.

"Immediately after the prorogation of the Legislature at noon, the Queen, accompanied by the Cabinet, retired to the palace. The entire military force of the government was drawn up in line in front of the building and remained there until dark, and a crowd of several hundred native sym-

pathizers with the new constitution project, gathered in the throne room and about the palace. The Queen then retired with the Cabinet, informed them that she intended to promulgate it, and proposed to do so then and there, demanding that they countersign her signature.

"She turned a deaf ear to their statements and protests that the proposed action would inevitably cause the streets of Honolulu to run red with blood, and threatened that unless they complied with her demand she would herself immediately go out upon the steps and announce to the assembled crowd that the reason she did not give them the new constitution was because the ministers would not let her. Three of the ministers, fearing mob violence, immediately withdrew and returned to the Government Building. They were immediately summoned back to the palace, but refused on the ground that there was no guarantee of their personal safety.

"The only forces under the control of the government are the Household Guards and the police. The former are nominally under the control of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and actually under the control of their immediate commander, Major Nowlein —a personal adherent of the Queen.

"The police are under the control of Marshal Wilson, the open and avowed royal favorite. Although the Marshal is nominally under the control of the Attorney-General, her Majesty recently announced in a public speech that she would not allow him to be removed. Although the Marshal now states that he is opposed to the Queen's proposition, he also states that if the final issue arises between the Queen and the Cabinet and the people, he will support the Queen.

"The Cabinet was absolutely powerless and appealed to the citizens for support.

"Later, they reluctantly returned to the palace by request of the Queen and for nearly two hours she endeavored to force them to acquiesce in her desire, and upon their final refusal announced in a public speech in the throne room and again from the upper gallery of the palace that she desired to issue the constitution but was prevented from doing so by her ministers, and would issue it in a few days.

"The citizens responded to the appeal of the Cabinet to resist the revolutionary attempt of the Queen, by gathering at the office of William O. Smith.

"Late in the afternoon it was felt that bloodshed and riot were imminent; that the community could expect no protection from the legal authorities; that on the contrary, they would undoubtedly be made the instruments of royal aggression, and an impromptu meeting of citizens was held, which was attended by the Attorney-General and which was addressed among others by the Minister of the Interior, J. F. Colburn, who stated to the meeting substantially the foregoing facts.

"The meeting unanimously passed a resolution that the public welfare required the appointment of a Committee of Public Safety of thirteen to consider the situation and devise ways and means for the maintenance of the public peace, and the protection of life and property.

"Such committee was forthwith appointed and has followed its instructions.

"The first step which the committee considers necessary is to secure openly, publicly and peaceably, through the medium of a mass meeting of citizens, a condemnation of the proceedings of the party of revolution and disorder, and a confirmation from such larger meeting of the authority now vested in the committee.

"For such purpose the committee hereby recommends the adoption of the following resolution:"

1. WHEREAS, her Majesty, Liliuokalani, acting in conjunction with certain other persons, has, illegally and unconstitutionally and against the advice and consent of the lawful executive officers of the Govern-

ment, attempted to abrogate the existing constitution and proclaim a new one in subversion of the rights of the people;

2. And whereas, such attempt has been accompanied by threats of violence and bloodshed, and a display of armed force, and such attempt and act and threats are revolutionary and treasonable in character;

3. And whereas, her Majesty's Cabinet has informed her that such contemplated action was unlawful and would lead to bloodshed and riot and has implored and demanded of her to desist from and renounce such proposed action;

4. And whereas, such advice has been in vain, and her Majesty has in a public speech announced that she was desirous and ready to promulgate such constitution, the same being now ready for such purpose, and that the only reason why it was not now promulgated was because she had met with unexpected obstacles and that a fitting opportunity in the future must be awaited for the consummation of such object, which would be within a few days;

5. And whereas, at a public meeting of citizens, held in Honolulu on the 14th day of January, a committee of thirteen, to be known as the "Committee of Public Safety," was appointed to consider the situation and devise ways and means for the maintenance of the public peace and safety and the preservation of life and property;

6. And whereas, such committee has recommended the calling of this mass meeting of citizens to protest against and condemn such action, and has this day presented a report to such meeting, denouncing the action of the Queen and her supporters as being unlawful, unwarranted, in derogation of the rights of the people, endangering the peace of the community and tending to excite riot and cause loss of life and destruction of property;

Now, therefore, we, citizens of Honolulu, of all nationalities and regardless of political party affiliations, do hereby condemn and denounce the action of the Queen and her supporters;

And we do hereby ratify the appointment and endorse the action taken and report made by said Committee of Safety, and we do hereby further empower such committee to further consider the situation and further devise ways and means as may be necessary to secure the permanent maintenance of law and order and the protection of life, liberty and property in Hawaii.

After reading the report and resolution, Mr. Thurston made a stirring speech on the necessity of immediate and decisive action on the part of the people.

The resolution was seconded in a pithy speech by Hon. H. F. Glade, Austrian Consul and head of the large commission house of H. Hackfeld & Co.

Other speeches were made by Hon. Alexander Young, President of the Honolulu Iron Works, Hon. H. P. Baldwin, a wealthy plantation owner, and others—all advocating the same prompt and decisive action. The resolution was unanimously adopted amidst tremendous applause.

As soon as the committee had received the support of the citizens, they immediately set to work to carry out the plans they had perfected. They began the work of enrolling a volunteer force of riflemen.

In the meantime, the American minister to the Hawaiian Court, Mr. J. L. Stevens, in response to a request from American citizens for protection of life and property, ordered Commander Wiltse of the U. S. S. *Boston* to land sailors and marines for that purpose. Detachments were placed on guard at the U. S. Consulate and the U. S. Legation, but the main body encamped at Arion Hall, a public building near the Government buildings.

By Tuesday morning between 200 and 300 volunteers were on the rolls.

The plan was to seize the Government building and Treasury and depose the Queen; but it was feared that the Queen, supported by the Marshal of the kingdom with a well-armed force consisting of the police and the household guards, would make a stubborn resistance, and a fierce conflict seemed inevitable.

This was the situation on Tuesday morning, January 17th. The community was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. The intensity of suspense was upon it. None could tell what the day would bring forth, but there was every reason to fear a bloody strife before nightfall.

At 2 P. M., the volunteers began to assemble at the armory. About this time occurred the only disaster of the day. The ammunition wagon belonging to the revolutionists was about to

drive out of the yard of E. O. Hall & Son, hardware merchants, when a native policeman, detailed for that duty, attempted to arrest the driver. He grabbed the horses' bridle and ordered him to halt. A rifleman in charge of the wagon shouted to him to let go, but the policeman continued faithful in his attempt to discharge his duty. Thereupon the rifleman leveled his revolver at him and shot. The bullet passed through the policeman's body, but fortunately missed wounding any vital organ. The wagon was driven rapidly to the armory, the ammunition distributed and the riflemen formed into squads. They then marched to the Government building without molestation, and were drawn up in line in the grounds in front of the main entrance. The keys of the building and of the Treasury were demanded of Mr. J. A. Hassenger, the chief clerk of the Interior Department, and by him delivered to the attacking party. Not a shot was fired—not a move made to oppose the little force.

As soon as the leaders of the movement had secured control of the Government building, they convened the Supreme Court of the kingdom consisting of His Excellency A. F. Judd, Chief Justice; His Excellency R. F. Bickerton, First Associate Justice and His Excellency S. B. Dole, Second Associate Justice. The Court declared the Queen a traitor for having attempted to promulgate a new constitution, after having given her solemn oath to support the one then in force, and the throne consequently vacant.

The Committee of Public Safety immediately issued the following proclamation, establishing a Provisional Government:

"In its earlier history, Hawaii possessed a constitutional Government honestly and economically administered in the public interests.

"The crown called to its assistance as advisers able, honest and conservative men whose integrity was unquestioned even by their political opponents.

"The stability of the Government was assured; armed resistance and revolution unthought of; popular rights were respected; and the privileges of the subject from time to time increased, and the prerogatives of the sovereign diminished by the voluntary acts of the successive Kings.

"With very few exceptions this state of affairs continued until the expiration of the first few years of the reign of his late Majesty Kalakaua. At this time a change was discernible in the spirit animating the chief executive and in the influences surrounding the throne. A steadily increasing disposition was manifested on the part of the King to extend the royal prerogatives; to favor adventurers and persons of no character or standing in the community; to encroach upon the rights and privileges of the people by steadily increasing corruption of electors, and by means of the power and influence of officeholders, to illegitimately influence the elections, resulting in the final absolute control of not only the executive and legislative, but to a certain extent the judicial departments of the Government in the interests of absolutism.

"This finally resulted in the revulsion of feeling and popular uprising of 1887, which wrested from the King a large portion of his ill-gotten powers.

"The leaders of this movement were not seeking personal aggrandizement, political power or the suppression of the native Government. If this had been their object it could easily have been accomplished, for they had absolute control of the situation.

"Their object was to secure responsible government through a representative Cabinet, supported by and responsible to the people's elected representatives. A clause to this effect was inserted in the constitution and subsequently enacted by law by the Legislatures, specifically covering

the ground that in all matters concerning the state the sovereign was to act by and with the advice of the Cabinet, and only by and with such advice.

"The King willingly agreed to this proposition, expressed regret for the past and volunteered promises for the future.

"Almost from the date of such agreement and promises up to the time of his death, the history of the Government has been a continual struggle between the King on the one hand and the Cabinet and Legislature on the other, the former constantly endeavoring by every available form of influence and evasion to ignore promises and agreements and regain his lost powers.

"This conflict upon several occasions came to a crisis, followed each time by submission on the part of his Majesty, by renewed expressions of regret, and promises to abide by the constitutional and legal restrictions in the future. In each instance such promises were kept until a future opportunity presented itself, when the conflict was renewed in defiance and regardless of all previous pledges.

"Upon the accession of her Majesty Liliuokalani, the hope prevailed for a brief period that a new policy would be adopted. This hope was soon blasted by her immediately entering into conflict with the existing Cabinet, who held office with the approval of a large majority of the Legislature, resulting in the triumph of the Queen and the removal of the Cabinet. The appointment of a new Cabinet subservient to her wishes, and their continuance in office until a recent date, gave no opportunity for further indication of the policy which would be pursued by her Majesty until the opening of the Legislature in May of 1892.

"The recent history of that session has shown a stubborn determination on the part of her Majesty to follow the tactics of her late brother, and in all possible ways to secure an extension of the royal prerogatives and an abridgement of popular rights.

"During the latter part of the session the Legislature was replete with corruption; bribery and other illegitimate influences were openly utilized to secure the desired end, resulting in the final complete overthrow of opposition, and the inauguration of a Cabinet arbitrarily selected by her Majesty in complete defiance of constitutional principles and popular representation.

"Notwithstanding such result the defeated party peacefully submitted to the situation.

"Not content with her victory, her Majesty proceeded on the last day of the session to arbitrarily arrogate to herself the right to promulgate a new constitution, which proposed among other things to disfranchise over one-fourth of the voters and the owners of nine-tenths of the private property of the kingdom, to abolish the elected upper house of the Legislature and to substitute in place thereof an appointive one to be appointed by the sovereign.

"The detailed history of this attempt and the succeeding events in connection therewith is given in the report of the Committee of Public Safety to the citizens of Honolulu, and the resolutions adopted at the mass meeting held on the 16th inst., the correctness of which report and the propriety of the resolution is hereby specifically affirmed.

"The constitutional evolution indicated has slowly and steadily though reluctantly and regretfully, convinced an overwhelming majority of the conservative and responsible members of the community that independent, constitutional, representative and responsible government, able to protect itself from revolutionary uprisings and royal aggression, is no longer possible in Hawaii under the existing system of government.

"Five uprisings or conspiracies against the Government have occurred within five years and seven months.

It is firmly believed that the culminating revolutionary attempt of last Saturday will, unless radical measures are taken, wreck our already damaged credit abroad, and precipitate to final ruin our already overstrained financial condition; and the guarantees of protection to life, liberty and property will steadily decrease, and the political situation rapidly grow worse.

"In this belief, and also in the firm belief that the action hereby taken is and will be for the best personal, political and property interests of every citizen of the land, we, citizens of and residents of the Hawaiian Islands, organized and acting for the public safety, hereby proclaim as follows:

1. The Hawaiian monarchical system of government is hereby abrogated.

2. A provisional government for the control and management of public affairs and the protection of the public peace is hereby established to exist until terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon.

3. Such provisional government shall consist of an executive council of four members, who are hereby declared to be S. B. Dole, J. A. King, P. C. Jones and W. O. Smith, who shall administer the executive departments of the Government, the first-named acting as president and chairman of such council and administering the Department of Foreign Affairs, and the others severally administering the Departments of Interior, Finance and Attorney-General, respectively, in the order in which enumerated, according to existing Hawaiian law as far as may be consistent with this proclamation; and also of an advisory council which shall consist of fourteen members who are hereby declared to be: S. M. Damon, A. Brown, L. A. Thurston, J. F. Morgan, J. Emmeluth, H. Waterhouse, J. A. McCandless, E. D. Tenny, F. W. McChesney, F. Wilhelm, W. R. Castle, W. G. Ashley, W. C. Wilder, H. Bolte. Such advisory council shall also have general legislative authority. Such executive and advisory council shall, acting jointly, have power to remove any member of either council, and to fill such or any other vacancy.

4. All officers under the existing Government are hereby requested to continue to exercise their functions and perform the duties of their respective offices, with the exception of the following named persons: Queen Liliuokalani; Charles B. Wilson, Marshal; Samuel Parker, Minister of Foreign Affairs; W. H. Cornwell, Minister of Finance; John F. Colburn, Minister of Interior; Arthur P. Peterson, Attorney-General; who are hereby removed from office.

5. All Hawaiian laws and constitutional principles not inconsistent herewith shall continue in force until further order of the executive and advisory councils.

Word was immediately sent to the representatives of the foreign powers of the change in the government and requesting their recognition.

Minister Stevens, after having satisfied himself of the truth of the statements, very promptly recognized the new government by the following note:

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
HONOLULU, H. I., Jan. 17, 1893.

A provisional government having been duly constituted in place of the recent government of Queen Liliuokalani and said provisional government being in full possession of the government buildings, the archives and the treasury, and in control of the Capital of the Hawaiian Islands, I hereby recognize said provisional government as the de facto government of the Hawaiian Islands.

JOHN L. STEVENS,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States.

Recognition promptly followed from the representatives of Germany, France, Portugal, Russia, Austria, Norway and Sweden, Italy, Spain, Mexico, and several South American States.

Great Britain and Japan were the only countries that refused to recognize the new government.

As soon as the members of the provisional government received the recognition of the American minister, word was sent to the Queen's Cabinet demanding the surrender of the police station and the barracks, which were still in the royal possession. A compromise proposition was made by her Majesty's Cabinet, which was promptly refused by the provisional government, and finally the Queen yielded, after having issued the following protest:

I, Liliuokalani, by the grace of God and under the Constitution of the Hawaiian Kingdom, Queen, do hereby solemnly protest against any and all acts done against myself and the constitutional government of the Hawaiian Kingdom by certain persons claiming to have established a provisional government of and for this kingdom.

That I yield to the superior force of the

United States of America, whose Minister Plenipotentiary, his Excellency John L. Stevens, has caused United States troops to be landed in Honolulu and declared that he would support the said provisional government.

Now to avoid any collision of armed forces and perhaps loss of life, I do under this protest and impelled by said force, yield my authority until such time as the Government of the United States shall, upon the facts being presented to it, undo the action of its representative and reinstate me in the authority which I claim as the constitutional sovereign of the Hawaiian Islands.

Done at Honolulu this 17th day of January, A. D. 1893.

LILIUOKALANI, R.

SAMUEL PARKER,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.
W. H. CORNWELL,
Minister of Finance.
JOHN F. COLBURN,
Minister of Interior.
A. P. PETERSON,
Attorney-General.

After issuing this protest the Queen left the palace and took up her abode at her private residence, Washington Place. The police station and barracks were occupied by the forces of the provisional government, and the town placed under martial law.

Thus occurred the last and most significant of the many bloodless revolutions that have been so common in Hawaii.

It is the most significant of all preceding ones on account of a single clause in the proclamation issued by the Committee of Public Safety, viz: "*until terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon.*"

Thus annexation has become no longer a theory, but a practical, diplomatic issue and one that demands a speedy settlement.

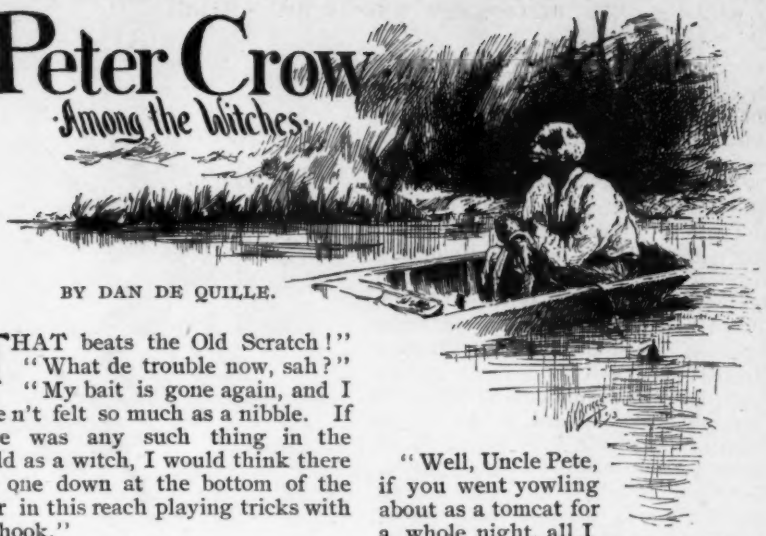
SONNET.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

Foul deeds are foulest done in Virtue's name.
Better the loathsome life and stony face,
Than acts and features that would steal the grace
Of honor to give cover to their shame;
These being vile—abiding not their place,
Creeping in Virtue's guise away from blame
To filch from Worthiness its proper fame—
Are more than vilely vile, are wholly base.
A rose that bears the canker in its heart,
A fearful sorrow hidden in seeming bliss,
A subtle snake that creeps that it may dart,
A last farewell sealed with a Judas kiss—
These have within themselves a poison part;
Are from one source and of a kind with this.

Peter Crow

Among the Witches



BY DAN DE QUILLE.

"THAT beats the Old Scratch!"

"What de trouble now, sah?"

"My bait is gone again, and I have n't felt so much as a nibble. If there was any such thing in the world as a witch, I would think there was one down at the bottom of the river in this reach playing tricks with my hook."

"An' why not, sah?"

"Well, simply because there is no such thing as a witch."

"Doan you be too shore 'bout dat dare ain't no mo' witches, sah. Dar's witches in de wu'ld now, jes' same as dar allus wur. Yes, sah, an' in dis yere 'Debbil's Reach' is jist de place for 'em, bekase witches an' de debbil allus runs togedder—dey's bird's of de same fedder and tarred wid de saem stick. Now de time when I wur a cat, I done got——"

"The time when you were a cat, Uncle Pete! What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"Nonsense! Nary a bit o' nonsense 'bout it, sah. Jist as shore as dat we two is settin' hyar in dis canoe on de Sackermento Ribber, I was onct a cat for a whole night. Yes, sah, an' I yowled an' fit wid de best of 'em! Dat wur back in ole Kaintucky, when I——"

"When you went to bed stuffed with roast 'possum and were troubled with nightmare, Uncle Pete."

"No, sah, nuffin' of de kine, sah. I want in bed, an' dar wur no dreamin' 'bout de business. I had a spell wucked on me bekase I was found peekin' in at a witch meeting—I wur hoodooed, sah. Yes, sah, dey done turn me inter a big black tomcat."

"Well, Uncle Pete, if you went yowling about as a tomcat for a whole night, all I can say is, you ought to know the fact."

"Now, sah, you's talkin'! Course I knows de fac'—I've got mighty good reason to know de fac', sah. See whar dat piece is gone out'n de top my right year?"

"Yes—look's like a 'swallow-fork' in the ear of a Texas steer."

"Well, sah, dat piece wur tuck out'n dat air year de time when I wur a cat."

"Well, Uncle Pete, tell me the whole story, then I'll be better able to judge as to whether you were transformed—turned into a cat."

"All right, sah—guess it's safe enough talkin' 'bout de mattah out hyar in Californy, but back yander, I wouldn't like to chance it even now. Well, when dis thing happen was long befo' de wah, sah. Dem times I wur tol'able young an' frisky. It wur in de ole slabery times, an' I belong to ole man Paxton—ole Joe Paxton. He had er big plantation dar in Kaintucky, in Mason County, on Limestone Creek, 'bout ten mile back from Maysville. He raise heap terbacker an' hemp, and keep lots o' fine stock; but I don't wuck in de fields, kase I ain't one de field hands. I wur a stable boy—wuck all de time 'bout de stables takin' keer de hosses. Lordy, Lordy, how well I 'member dem times

an' ole massa Paxton! De jumpin' Moses, but he wur a case—de ole massa! He uster have a little pony what he allus rode dat he called 'Possum.' He'd go down to Maysville 'bout tree times a week an' he nearly allus come home full as a goose, an' jest a-flyin.' When he'd git in 'bout half a mile o' home, he'd begin shoutin' wid dat voice o' his like de whistle of one of de big ribber boats: 'Hello, Pete! Hello Pete! Come an' take keer of Possum, Pete!' When I heerd dat yell a-comin' nigher an' nigher, I'd run out an' open de big gate of de banyard, an' he'd come a-sailin' in on de keen lope; de fat little Possum a-snortin' every jump. Den he'd circle roun' to de hoss-block and light off, takin' off'n de saddle bags, wid de papers an' letters in one eend and his little stone jug of ole rye in de odder; den he'd sing out: 'Pete, take good keer of Possum!' an' den he'd fence-row it along up to de big house."

"But, Uncle Pete, what has all this to do with the witches?"

"Beg you' pardin' sah, I'se comin' to dem. Well, you see 'bout once a month or so de ole massa uster take a trip down to Cincinnati an' be gone two, tree days, maybe a week. Den I uster 'joy myself a little, goin' to frolics an' de like. Down de road toards Maysville, 'bout tree mile, wur a little cross-roads town, an' I uster scoot down dare arter brekfas' an' stay all day, takin' in de scrub hoss races, de shootin' matches, de wrastlin's, de fightin's an' all de odder fun. Well, dis time when I have my quare 'sperience, I stay at de 'Corners' till moas' night. Den I start home, an' as I see the sun 'bout down, I 'clude to take de near cut up 'cross de big bend of Limestone Creek. In one eend of a three-bushel bag I had a piece caliker for one de house gals, pair shoes for anodder, some ribbon for 'nodder, some dog-leg terbacker an' a lot of little traps; in de odder eend of de bag I had a gallon jug of old rye dat wus like de oil of gladness,

"SO I SETS DOWN WITH MY BACK TO A BIG POPLAH TREE—"

an' dat wus for myself, ole George, Tom an' de rest de stable boys.

"When I start on de trail froo de woods I find it is gittin' dark. It bein' de fall of de yeah de leaves from de trees cover de groun' 'bout four inches thick, an' I soon lose de track; but I don't keer much, kase I think I kin keep on de course. Well, fust I know, I'm lost in de big woods. I'm all turned round. So I sets down with my back to a big poplah tree to considdah de course home.

"As I sets dar at de roots of de tree I pulls de con'cob out'n de jug an' takes a swig or two to git de pints of de compass. But I kaint seem to ketch 'em. De win' otter blow from de wes', but it blow from de eas'; de Big Dipper got his pinters a-pintin' to de souf, an' de sebben stars an' Job's coffin all twisted roun'—all wrong.

"Well, sah, while I wur settin' dare a wonderin' what had happen to mix up de hebbenly bodies dat a-way, all

to once I hears de soun' of fiddlin'. It wur a dance tune dat were a-playin' —a reg'lar 'Rake, 'r Down Sall' of a tune. Ses I to myself: 'Dar's a cabin close by, an' a frolic goin' on. Guess I 'll jes' marvel along to de house an' shake a leg myself.' So, takin' anodder dram to give me courage, I put de jug in de grain bag and flingin' it across my shoulders started to'ards de fiddlin'.

"De woods was awful thick, an' it bein' only starlight I kaint see very well 'mong de logs an' bushes, but I kin hear de fiddle goin' it like mad an' so kin keep de course. On and on—on and on I goes, froo brush and briars an' over logs an' into holes. I kin hear de fiddle plain as ever, but it seems like it go roun' and roun' and move off furder as I go toards it.

"At last I sees a light. 'Bress de Lord! I'm comin' out'n de woods at last,' ses I. But de light radder dim an' seem long way off; 'sides I don't seem to be comin' to no fence or clearin'. I go on and on—de fiddle a rippin' away an' de light a twinklum —but still I kaint see no house nor 'provements, an' I am gittin' inter underbrush as thick as de wool on a sheep.

'All at once I runs my nose squar agin a cliff o' rocks high as de tree tops. 'De holy pokah!' ses I— 'What is dis?' De light is right afore me—an' in sebberal places—and de fiddlin' is plain as day, but I kain't see no house, no nuffin, but de rocks what I've got my hands on; 'sides I kain't hear de least sound of de feet of de dancers. I stans kinder dazed for a spell, but at last I creeps up to one of de places whar de light streams out. I peeps in froo a hole in de rocks an' I sees a sight dat freezes de marrer in my backbone. Dar in a big cave in de rocks I sees 'bout forty couple of cats up on dare hind legs dancin' fit to kill, while settin' on a shelf of rock above 'em is a cat 'bout as big as a billy goat dat is playin' de fiddle. All de walls of de cave shine like fox-fire an' make de cave as light as any ball-room.

"As I am gazin' in at de dancin', with mouf open and eyes as big as silber dollars, all of a sudden I feels myself grabbed. A thing tall as I am has me in its arms. It has got me from behind. I twis' my head round an' den by de light dat comes out 'n de little winder in de rocks I kin see dat de thing looks in de face like a big gray cat. I am so skeert dat I jes let go all holts an' squat— my legs ain't no more use 'n two skeins o' yarn. De thing it squats, too, an' wif its two paws on my shoulders looks me in de eyes. As it looks at me dat a-way I sees de face of a woman start and come in de place of de cat face. De thing den twis' my head roun' an' whisper in my year: 'Pete Crow, keep yer mouf shet an' listen. What de debbil brought you to dis place?'

"'De debbil, I guess,' ses I.

"'Well, you's mighty near him dis minit, chile, if yer hear me. Dats him inside playin' de fiddle. Now, chile, you 's 'bout as good as dead dis minit. You's seed things as no one but them as has tuck the promise has a right to see, but if yer 'bey me I kin save yer. I'm de big cat dat keeps roun' de Paxton stables—de one you calls Mollie and feeds and pets—an' I 've got a likin' for you on dat kount. Now, quick, eat dis and dey can't find you out."

UNCLE PETE IS "KINDER DAZED."

"'What is it?' I axed, feelin' suthin' like leaves put in my hands.

"'Witch hazel,' ses she— 'nuthin' w u s. It 'll make you invisible.'

"I eat the leaves and axed: 'Am I invisible now?'

"'Yes, as a man,' ses she. Then she riz up.

"I riz up at the same time, and as I did so, I felt suthin' danglin' agin my legs behind. I reached behind

and got hold of a long tail dat I found to be part of me. Den I see dat I wur a big black cat. I wur so 'stonished dat I open my mouf an' let out de biggest kind of er tomcat yowl.

"'Shut yer mouth!' ses Mollie, but it wur too late; I'd been heerd inside and a big yaller cat come to de door of de cave an' says: 'Dance is ober, all good witches now come in an' report!'

"I wur s'prized to see dat I could understan' de cat talk jest same like my own. Mollie den say to me: 'Come in an' keep you's mouf shet. I'll make de report for de Paxton place; so you keep shady. You see we 'uns are all witches dat lives in de families all 'bout here—on Limestone Creek, Lee's Creek an' Lickin' ribber—in de shape ob cats; we finds out de weak pints of all de people for our marster de big fiddler—understand?'

"When we go inter de cave I find dat de big cat done laid down de fiddle an' is settin' up on his tail wif a pen behind his year an' a big book on his knees. He is turnin' ober de leaves of de book. When he finds de place he calls out; 'Marier Mornin,' den a big brindle cat reports on de 'fairs of de Mornin' family, an' so it go for a long time. De cats report all de mean, thievin' doin's of de men, an' all de frolics of de married women an' gals, an' I hear so much rascality, meanness and slippery an' sinful doin's dat I feel like I want to hide my head. I was completely 'stounded wid hearin' of de capers of de wimmin folks of some families what I knowed. When Mollie come to report on the Paxton family, I 'clar' to goodness if de eyes o' me didn't moas' pop out. Good Lord! what a settin' up dem Paxton gals did git! An' ole Massa Paxton—his doin's make de berry air smell ob brimstone. But all dis kine of doin's tickle de debbil; he grin an' his eyes trinkle as he look ober de top de book.

"All to once de debbil fro down de book an' look sirious. He say he omit de rest ob de roll-call for dat night, kase he find dat dar's pressin' business down to Maysville. He den splain dat dar's a mighty big rich man down to Maysville dat's 'bout to make a will leavin' all his property to his chil'un an' pore relations, an' say he goten be on han' an' put it inter his head to give ebberyting to build some kine of public instertoutions. 'Dat a way,' he say 'dat prop'ty be some use ter me—den, 'sides, I got'er do suffin for my frien's, de lawyers.'

"Den de debbil take up his fiddle an' says: 'All take pardners for de 'cludin' dance.' Mollie grabs me an' I'm jes' as wild as any ob de cats for dancin'. Sich wicked fiddlin' I never heerd. It jist lifted me an' I could see de fire fly at ebery rake ob de bow acrost de fiddle strings.

"When de dance is ober de debbil says: 'All dat want special powers for de comin' week will kiss de snake as usual'. At dis a mon'sus big snake let himself down by de tail from de roof ob de cave an' hung wid his head among de dancers. Sebberal go an' kiss de mouf of de ugly ole sarpint, an' Mollie 'mong de rest. Den de sarpint say: 'Now, my good child'n, scatter for mischief, till de break o' day!' An' by de woice I know dat de snake is de debbil himself.

"Mollie froze onto me for her pardner for de night's work an' we sot out for de nearest settlement. 'Fore long we come to a cabin, an' Mollie tole me to watch outside for dogs an' she'd slip in an' tend to a bit o' business. After she'd been in some time I heerd a fearful scream from a woman inside. Jist then Mollie come flyin' out an' we tuck to the tops of the fences across the fields, wif a great barkin' of dogs and yellin' behind us. Soon as we was safe, Mollie tole me she had sucked the bref of a chile in de cabin and left it dead. When I hear dat I feel like I want'er suck the bref of a chile, too, an' I ax if it wur good. She say: 'It's good for dis—now I myself git for my life all de years dat chile would have live if let alone.' Den I say I want to do de nex' one, but Mollie say dat if I'm goin' inter

de business of bein' a witch, I got'er begin wid makin' cows give bloody milk, tyin' knots in hosses' tails an' de like. Den she tell me I otter kissed de snake and made a wish, for den I'd git de power to take any shape I please an' do all kine of things.

"Nex' we come to de double log cabin of Jim Sipples, and dar wur a light burnin' in one part. Mollie left me outside sayin' dat dis time she wur goin' to do different business. She wur so long inside dat I jumped up to de winder of de room dat had de light in it and looked in. Dar I seed a young woman layin' dead in a coffin, wif an ole woman settin' asleep in a cheer in de nex' room. As I look I sees Mollie climb onto de coffin an' begin bitin' at de face of de corpse. Dis make me feel like I want to do de same, and de fust I knowed I give an awful yowl. In half a second a real cat, an' a mighty big one, jumped off'n a shed an' lit onto my back. We had it rough and tumble for a time, den come de dogs for boff of us.

"I flew up a tree to git away from de dogs, but no sooner was I out of dare reach before Sipples come tearin' out of de house wif a gun. He blaze away at me, an' for half a second it 'peared like my whole head was shot off. Runnin' out onto a limb of de tree I jumped to de roof of de smoke-house an' from dar got on de top of a big rail fence, an' soon got out de way of de dogs.

"In de nex' field Mollie came to me. I up an' ax her 'bout her doins in de house, an' she 'splain to me dat by tastin' de flesh of de corpse she kin take de same 'pearance an' look no older dan de young woman was when she died. 'Already,' says she, 'I feel young an' strong. I wur pretty ole las' ebenin', but now I've got 'er young body agin; 'sides I've got all de years of dat chile, an' dey may be a good many, but dat I kaint tell.' Den she notice dat de whole top my right year bin shot off. 'De debbil!' say she, 'dat ar Jim Sipples is a man we goter look out for—dat wur a silber bullet jes as shore as I 'm a witch! If de bullet bin lead it wouldn't hurt you bit more dan so much smoke.'

"By dis time it wur gittin' long toards de break o' day, so we strike out fo' de cave whar my sack of things wur left when I wur turned inter a cat. When we got dar Mollie went to a bush an' got some leaves. Tellin' me it wur 'wahoo,' she made me eat some, an' dat minit I was back to my nat'ral shape.

"UP ON DARE HIND LEGS DANCIN' FIT TO KILL."

"The fust thing I did wur to take de jug out 'n de sack an' take a big swig. By dis time Mollie had tuck on de shape of a woman, an' was as nice lookin' a yaller gal as I ever sot eyes on. She wouldn't 'hit de jug,' but seein' a piece of blue ribbon dat I'd bought for one of de gals, she tuck a notion to it; so I tied it roun' her neck in a double bow-knot and stuck inter it a brass breast-pin dat had in it a green glass diamond. Den I give her some taffy 'bout her good looks dat she tuck mighty well; so I says: 'Now, gal, why in de name of de Lord'——

"No sooner do I mention de name of de Lord, dan de gal give an awful scream an' jump inter de cave. All wur dark in de cave, but I kin hear

in dare some ter'ble screamins. Nex' come a whisper from de cave in a voice dat I knowed wur de gal's sayin' to me: 'Run, Peter Crow! Run for you life, Peter Crow!'

"I slung de sack on my back an' charge froo de brush like a bull in a cane brake. I run till I kain't run no mo' an' fall down in a dead faint.

"How long I lay dat a-way I don't know, but when I come to it is daylight, and I am sittin' at de root of de big poplah. De jug is settin' 'longside me wif de con'cob stopper out, an' beside it is layin' de sack of notions. How I come to steer my way back to de berry tree whar I wur de ebenin' befo' when I fust heerd dat fiddle, de Lord only knows, but dar I wur at de foot of de big poplah.

"Well, sah, takin' a light swig at de jug, I shoulders de sack an' gittin' my bearins strikes for home, whar I has de luck to slip inter de stables 'fore dar is anybody a-stirrin'. Now, sah, arter hearin' dat 'spearience you gwine for to tell me dar aint no sich thing in de world as witches?"

"I think, Uncle Pete, that all the witches were in that jug."

"Dats all berry fine, but hear to some mo'. At breakfas' time I tuck de sack up to de quartahs to 'stribute the tings I had bought. When all was done, a gal puts out her lip an' says: 'Pete, whar's dat blue neck-ribbon ob mine?' 'Shore nuff,' ses I, an' I looks in de sack an' turns it inside out, den says: 'Its done got loss somewhar'—but I knowed well nuff whar.

"Arter breakfas' I goes out to de stables an' de fust thing I hears is a 'miow.' I turns an' dar stan's de big cat what I calls Mollie. She looks at me in a smilin' way and gives anodder pleasant 'miow,' an' may de debbil ketch me dis minit ef dar roun' her neck wasn't de double-bow-knot blue ribbon wif de brass pin stuck in de front ob it. Now, sah?"

"Well, Uncle Pete, I suppose the old cat had been prowling about hunting birds and squirrels, and finding you at the tree had stopped long enough for you to decorate her; then —being pretty full—you dreamed all the witch business, mixing Mollie up in it."

"Dats all berry fine, but hear to some mo'. When I sees de ribbon an' de pin, and knows what for critter de cat is, I kaint stan' de notion of havin' her 'bout de place, so I gives her a kick an' says: 'Clar out from dese stables, you child-killin', corpse-eatin' ole witch!'

"De cat look at me wid green eyes, make a sabage face, squalls at me like a painter, an' den turns an' goes away wif all de har on her tail an' back stickin' straight up. I don't see her no mo', an' for sebral days I am in hot water, kase I 'm shore she's gwine to git even some bad way.

"One day one de field hans' dat had bin down to de 'Corners' comes home in de ebenin' an' says dar's a big 'citement down dar 'bout a murder. Dey 's got a black boy name Bill Teeters 'rested for shootin' an' ole nigger woman. It seemed dat it wur a clar case agin de Teeters boy. People comin' an' goin' 'long de road had seen him raise his gun and fire; dey had heerd a woman scream, and hurryin' up had foun' an ole woman layin' in a fence corner shot froo de heart. Bill Teeters wur still stanin' in de middle of de road wid a smokin' gun in his han'. He deny shootin' de woman an' say he see cat on de fence an' shoot at dat. Den he hear a woman holler an' see her tumble down, an' dat's de fust he know dar wur a woman in a mile of him. De people dat see Bill shoot won't believe his story, so dey take him 'long down to de 'Corners.'

"Airly de nex' mornin' Massa Paxton send me down to de 'Corners' to git more news of dc affair. I find dare is still a big hurrah 'bout de murder. Dey say de ole woman dat was killed was a stranger in de settlement—nobody 'pears to know her. Some said she look like an ole woman dat once uster live alone in a little

cabin up at de head ob Lee's Creek, an' some reckoned dey'd seed her in odder places.

"I went inter de cooper shop whar de dead woman layed, to have a look at her. Dar I seed a black woman dat 'peared to be 'bout sixty year old. Seemed like I'd seen de face somewhar befo' and havin' some 'spicions, I raised de chin an' dar I seed on her neck de blue ribbon wid de brass pin an' glass diamon' in it. It make de cold shivers crawl up my back. De face was de one I'd seed come in place of de cat face when I wur squatted befo' de cave.

"Jim Sipples was dar, havin' been sent for. He said he loaned Bill Teeters de gun to go huntin' wif, an' ef he shot at a cat an' killed a woman she wur a witch, for de gun wur loaded wid a silber bullet, a sarkumstance he forgot about when he let Bill take de gun.

"When Jim Sipples tell dat my han' go up to my right year afore I know what I'm 'bout, but I ses nuffin,' kase I'd bin 'tarred wif de same stick' as de ole woman. Well, when dey hold de 'zamination dey let de boy Bill Teeters off on de groun' dat de shootin' was an accident, but I wur sure dey all were satisfied in dare hearts dat de ole woman wur a witch. I tell de squire to ax de boy if he seed anything on the neck of de cat he shot at. He say yes, he seed suffin' dat look like a blue ribbon, Den I say: 'Now, go look on de neck of dat ole woman.' Dey tuck a look an' all dar eyes bugged out at what dey seed. De squire say—'De pris'ner is dishcharged.' Now, sah—what now, sah?"

"Uncle Pete, I give it up. There certainly are witches in the world; and listening to your story, with your right ear before me, I'm ready to believe that you are one of them yourself—a big buck witch."

"Tank you, sah. Now lif' up you hook an' see what de witch down in de bottom de ribber bin doin' wid it. Maybe she's put a fish on it dis time."

"Yes, there does seem to be a fish on my hook. Hello! Why, as I'm a living sinner, I've got a big snapping turtle on my hook!"

"Yah, yah! Dat's de ole witch dat's been stealin' you's bait, sah. She's done come up jist for to show you dat for de las' half hour you's been 'sputin' agin reason, sah!"

"I suppose you wouldn't have been at all surprised, Uncle Pete, if she'd come up with your blue ribbon and brass pin on her neck?"

"Not de least grain, sah. De fac' is I feel it in my bones some times o' nights dat I got'er see dat critter agin in some shape. I 'magines some nights dat I hears 'bout my shanty a woice callin' dat's a mighty sight like Mollie's. When she comes an' squats on me, dat gwine ter be my las' night."

BALLOT REFORM.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

AGITATION of this question has reached almost overshadowing proportions. The evils of a great variety of election frauds have existed in many parts of this country for a long series of years, and as is natural, they have grown in proportion to their toleration. As a rule, they have more largely prevailed in the large cities, but frequently they have appeared in smaller towns and occasionally in the rural districts.

The first fraud that attracted national attention was committed in Louisiana in 1844. To be a voter in that State at that time, it was necessary that a man should be the owner of real estate. A political manager purchased a tract of land near the Gulf, called swamp land, which was totally uninhabitable. He laid out a town, divided the tract into small lots and conveyed them to hundreds of men in New Orleans, who, after they had voted in that city, were sent to the Parish of Plaquemine where they again voted, showing their deeds to prove they were real estate owners. In this way that State which was Whig, was carried for James K. Polk.

The Plaquemine fraud became historical.

The next fraud which attained national notoriety was committed in the city of New York in 1868. In some of the wards of that city the votes cast outnumbered the whole population. Through this fraud Hoffman became Governor of the State, and its electoral vote was cast for Seymour for President. These successful frauds gave impetus to similar practices in many parts of the nation. They became numerous all over the South, and alarmingly prevalent in several of the large cities. Not only were voters bribed, repeaters employed, ballots miscounted, ballot-boxes stuffed, and returns forged or falsified, but intimidation and violence became common, especially in the South. The fact that all these acts were committed is not the worst of it. The perpetrators were rewarded by the beneficiaries of these crimes, and not infrequently lionized. There were those who aspired to notoriety through these proceedings, and thought themselves heroes if they could be spoken of and pointed out as those who had carried elections. We have heard of men who held the votes of a city, and even of a State in their pockets. Such men prided themselves upon being bosses. It is a very apt and suggestive designation. A boss is not one who persuades, but one who coerces—one who drives a gang whose bidding is obeyed. The boss is never potential where elections are honest, but he achieves his greatest power where corruption and crime are least obstructed by popular antagonism.

Efforts in behalf of ballot reform at the present time are mainly directed to so surrounding the ballot-box that there can be no bribery, no stuffing of boxes or miscounting of ballots, no forgery or falsification of returns. The brains of the reformers are racked to devise ways for protecting the voters against the influence of the perpetrators of election crimes. Such efforts are well enough, indeed they are useful and produce good results, because they tend to make the commission of crime more difficult and detection more certain. It is interesting and instructive to study the evolution that has taken place in legislation for the government of elections. At first the laws were very simple, and few acts were denounced as crimes or misdemeanors against the ballot,

and the penalties imposed were of a comparatively mild character. Our grandfathers were unable to conceive that any free American citizen, endowed with the power of the ballot to preserve his liberty and promote the common welfare in which his own was involved, would think of destroying or impairing the potency of suffrage by any crime or irregularity. They supposed the right of suffrage would be regarded as the most precious of all rights and would be treated as a holy thing, and for a time they were not mistaken. The election defrauder in those days was quite unknown, and when a Judas did appear, he had no escape from public opprobrium except in going out and hanging himself. It was not necessary that the laws should be complicated, comprehensive and severe. As misconduct made its appearance, inhibitory and penal laws were enacted, statutes were enlarged to meet contingencies that were probable, and their probability grew with the loss of regard in the minds of individuals and the public for the sacredness of the right of suffrage. The legislative reform of the ballot has gone on until our election statutes have become the most conspicuous of any relating to public offenses. No statute has yet been so ingeniously constructed, or so severe in penalties, that it has not been successfully evaded or defied, and all have been quite as often boldly defied as cunningly evaded. The race between legislators and rascals, the one to circumvent election crimes and the other to devise schemes to avoid the law has been an interesting one. The genius of the legislator has not as yet surpassed the skill of the election rascal. Each statute that has been enacted has been deemed amply comprehensive to prevent every possible election crime, but all have proved inadequate.

The Australian law is now supposed to be a product of human wisdom that will secure honest elections beyond a peradventure. The ballot reformers are bending their efforts to secure its adoption in all the states. It is a law of many merits and may be justly regarded as the best that has ever been devised. It probably will prevent bribery, as the bribers will not dare trust the voters to carry out their bargains, and it prevents intimidation immediately at the polls. The timid is shielded from assault, because it is supposed that no one knows how he votes. There are safeguards against ballot-box stuffing. The law is not stronger than some other laws against false counting and falsifying returns; nor is it absolute proof against repeating, though it is more perfect in that respect than any of its predecessors. But as perfect as it is, it affords no protection against intimidation or violence away from the polls, and it must not be assumed that it will not be evaded or defied. Election crimes are more frequently committed, or connived at, by election officers. No law can make men honest, and it cannot be safely presumed that none but honest men will be chosen to conduct elections. The illiterate can be assisted in stamping their tickets, and as they cannot read, they must rely on their assistants. It may, and probably will be the case that those disposed to defraud in elections, will fasten upon these aids to the illiterate to have their foul work done. It need not be surprising if it should transpire that this law will be evaded or defied.

The question will be asked, can any law be made that will put a stop to election crimes? Every criminal statute that has ever been enacted has been violated; none has ever totally suppressed crime at which it was aimed. Then is there no complete remedy? There is none that the law alone can supply. The efficiency of a statute is not in its language or in its sanctions—all depends upon its administration. It is a great gain to have public sentiment so developed as to secure the enactment of comprehensive and stringent laws, but efforts should not stop there. They must extend to their faithful enforcement. The duties

of the good citizen never end. It is not enough that the political rascal is punished; he must be boycotted socially, and regarded and treated as a social outcast. The really good citizen will not be disgusted and not go to the polls, or otherwise refuse or neglect to perform his political duties, because crimes and frauds are committed by bad men. In such cases there is the greater necessity for vigilant and vigorous action. The mere theorist reformer will never revolutionize conditions; that can only be accomplished by putting theory into practical and successful operation. To tie the hands of rascals by legislation is good so far as it goes, but no law is automatically executory.

There are and always have been classes who advocate limitation of the right of suffrage as a panacea for election crimes. One class would have a property, and another an educational qualification. These limitations are inconsistent with the fundamental idea of popular government, and the tendency is to enlarge rather than to restrict—to enfranchisement rather than disfranchisement. Limitation of suffrage is the very essence of class government. It is the rule in monarchies and aristocracies and the results have never been beneficial to the masses. If popular government ever advances beyond the experimental period, it will be under the influence of the broadest suffrage. If it fails as the best means of promoting the general welfare, or proves less beneficial than some other form, the institution of a class government will not only be tolerated but cheerfully accepted. The property qualification existed in this country for a considerable period after the constitution was adopted, but it had to give way to the conviction of its impropriety under our system. Dr. Franklin put the cases of two men, one of whom could vote because he was the possessor of a jackass, while the other was deprived of the right of suffrage because he did not own such an animal. "The question," he said, "was whether the right of voting belonged to the man or the jackass." Men with or without property must obey the laws relating to business or regulation of the social relations; the only difference between them is that one pays taxes and the other does not—one is interested in having a good government as much as the other. The non-possessor of property should have the right of ballot to protect himself against the power of the property owner. To restrict the right of ballot on this basis is not ballot reform.

There is more reason, however, for imposing the educational qualification, as participation in public affairs is intellectual rather than physical. The theory seems reasonable, but the difficulty in prescribing the line of demarcation renders the application of the theory impracticable. Scholarship is no proof of good judgment or honest purpose. Election frauds and crimes are not committed by the unlettered, but by the intelligent rascals. The ignorant are not more easily bribed than the learned. They may be deceived. It would be quite as well to base suffrage limitation upon moral qualification if it could be done, but it cannot be, nor can any just rule be inscribed on the subject of intelligence. The way is to let suffrage be as little restricted as possible, and trust to time, tolerance and education, for they are forces that will ultimately remove the evils that result from errors of judgment or defects of understanding. The advice of honest, intelligent men will be taken by the ignorant sooner than that of the unprincipled and unintelligent. If the former class will be as active and earnest as the latter there will be immensely less evil resulting from the illiteracy that prevails in this country.

Ballot reform is agitated more especially to prevent frauds in manipulating ballot boxes and returns. There is comparatively little said of the wholesale deprivation of the right of

suffrage by force or intimidation. The man whose vote is not counted, is cheated out of the exercise of his rightful power in shaping the policies of government; if it is counted for the opposite side he is doubly wronged. The same is true in case of forgery or falsification of returns. All these are no worse, or not as bad even as the use of violence, or intimidation to deter men from voting. Force and intimidation have frequently been resorted to to prevent large classes from voting on the ground of prejudice against race, religion or nationality, and sometimes to promote partizan or personal success. The consequences of preventing the exercise of the right of ballot by any unlawful means may be of a most fearful character. If one class is thus deprived, it constitutes a precedent for depriving another. True ballot reform includes not alone the prevention of too much voting or counting, but also enforcement of the exercise of the right in behalf of all who are entitled.

THE GREYHOUND IN SPORT.

BY SAMUEL HUBBARD, JR.

"Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
O'er holt or hill there never flew—
From leash or slip there never sprang
More fleet of foot or sure of fang."

THE amusement of coursing originated with the Gauls, and is discussed by Arrian who flourished A. D. 150. Zenophon, who lived 350 years before Christ, has left many observations upon hare hunting, but the sport he describes was practised by the Greeks, who used slow hounds to drive the hares into snares or nets set by the sportsmen.

Arrian says that the most luxurious and opulent of the Gauls used to send out good hare-finders early in the morning to those places where it was likely to find hares sitting; the men returned with an account of the number of hares found, when their employers mounted their horses and took out their greyhounds for coursing. Not more than two greyhounds were to be run at once, and those were not to be laid in too close to the hare, for while the animal is swift, when first started, she is so terrified by the hallooing and by the closeness and speed of the dogs, that her heart is overcome with fear, and in the confusion very often the best sporting hares were killed without showing any diversion. She was therefore allowed to run some distance from her seat before the dogs were set after her. The true sportsman did not take out his dogs to destroy the hares, but for the sake of seeing the contest between them, and was glad if the hare escaped, which was never prevented by disturbing any brake in which she might have concealed herself after beating the greyhounds.

Those who had not the means to employ hare-finders, went out in company on foot and horseback. The company was drawn up in a straight rank, either horse or footmen, and proceeded at certain distances from each other in a direct line to a given point, when, wheeling round that they might not go over precisely the same track they beat the ground regularly back. On starting a hare the greyhounds were let loose after her. A person was appointed to take command of the sport. If there were many dogs out, he gave orders that such and such dogs should be slipped according as the hare took to the

right or left, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

It is a singular fact that after the lapse of so many centuries, the mode of beating for a hare in coursing, and the conducting of the hunt should be to-day exactly what it was then. As we shall see later, a description of a meet on the Merced plains in the present year is a counterpart of the hunts of the Gauls in 150 A. D.

In Persia, greyhounds are used for coursing hare and antelope, but as the speed of the antelope is greater than that of the greyhound, the Persians train hawks for the purpose of assisting the dogs in this kind of chase. The hawks, when young, are fed on the head of a stuffed antelope, and thus taught to fly at that part of the animal. When an antelope is discovered the hawk is cast off, and fastening its talons in the animal's head, the bird impedes its progress, thus enabling the greyhounds to overtake it. Greyhounds were also run after the ghoo-khur, or wild ass of Persia. This animal inhabits the mountains and is very shy, and shows great speed and endurance. The dogs were held in relays at different points so that when one pair gave out, a fresh pair was turned loose. Even with this advantage, so great was the endurance of the wild ass that the chase would sometimes last all day. In ancient times the deer and fox were coursed as well as the hare, but the two former are not practised at the present day.

The laws of coursing were established by the Duke of Norfolk in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and to all intents and purposes they are the same now as then. The Virgin Queen was a keen sportswoman, and it is related of her that when she was not herself disposed to hunt, she was so stationed as to see the coursing of deer with greyhounds. At Cowdrey, in Sussex, A. D. 1591, the Queen, one day after dinner, saw from a turret "sixteen bucks, all having fayre lawe pulled down with greyhounds in a laund or lawn." Sir Philip Sydney refers to the sport of coursing on the Wiltshire downs over 300 years ago.

So on the downs we see, near Wilton fair,
A hasten'd hare from greedy greyhounds go.

The origin of the greyhound is shrouded in mystery. He is undoubtedly a creature of evolution. He is probably a descendant of the great Irish wolf-hound who seems to have sprung from a cross between the shepherd dog and the mastiff. The famous dog of Llewellyn was of this breed, which is now extinct. These dogs were fierce, swift and strong, and were used in hunting wolves, wild boars and bear. As these animals gradually disappeared before the encroachments of civilization, the dogs were bred on finer lines, particular attention being given to speed. They were used in coursing deer, foxes, etc. We find their living descendants in the Scotch deerhound, the Great Dane and the Russian Borzoi. From these came the English greyhound, which of all the dogs we possess is the most helpless and the most artificial. An old English couplet describing the points of a greyhound is still in vogue:

Head like a snake,
Neck'd like a drake,
Back'd like a beam,
Sided like a bream,
Tailed like a rat,
And footed like a cat.

A good greyhound was considered very valuable, and in King John's time was received by him as payment in lieu of money. A fine paid A. D. 1203, mentions 500 marks, ten horses and ten leashes of greyhounds; another in 1210, one swift running horse and six greyhounds.

It was but natural that a sport so popular in England should find its way to America, and especially to California, where the conditions, if anything, are more favorable than they are in the mother country. In fact, many who have seen the sport in both places assert that the Merced

plains are the finest coursing grounds in the world.

It is probable that some greyhounds were brought here across the plains, but the best dogs came on English vessels direct from the old country, while one celebrated dog named "King John" came from Australia. His descendants are some of the best dogs of to-day.

The first coursing club on the Pacific Coast was organized in February, 1867, by Mr. Clem Dixon. It was called the "California Pioneer Coursing Club," and had the following charter members: J. Adams, Wm. Robinson, M. H. Kelly, C. L. Place, Geo. Bird, H. Buchman, C. Dixon, T. E. Marks, T. E. Ruffley, T. Bird, N. Curry, R. C. Saufley, and J. K. Orr. They met where the Nevada block now stands. Mr. Dixon sent to England for the rules of coursing and modified them slightly to suit our California conditions, but in all essential particulars they are the same as the English rules.

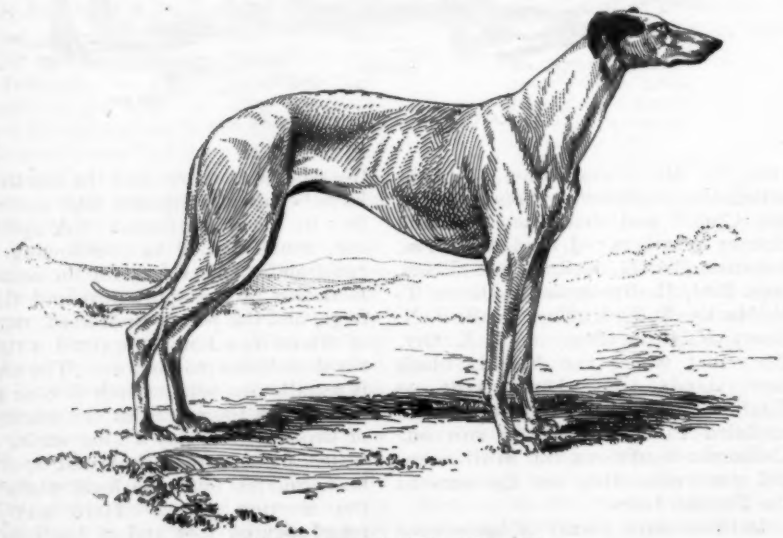
In those days plenty of hares were found in Oakland, San Leandro and San Lorenzo. Sometimes they went to Suisun, Pacheco or Stockton. Judging from the accounts of some of those meetings, there must have been rare sport. There was no entrance fee, as each member paid so much per month. The prize was usually a cup.

Owing to the scarcity of hares at the places above mentioned, it is now customary to hold the annual meetings at Merced. This has been done for the past four years, and the meetings have been well attended and successful in every particular. A special car, usually filled to overflowing, is run from San Francisco for the accommodation of the sportsmen and their dogs, and the people in Merced, many of whom own hounds, extend a right royal welcome to visitors. The meet is usually on some ranch five or six miles from town, and in the morning of this eventful day a long string of teams, filled with enthusiastic sportsmen, hurries over the level plain to the meeting place. Here may be found men on foot and on horseback,

JOE McAULIFFE—WINNER THIRD PRIZE, $100.

and in all kinds of wagons from a hay cart to a four-in-hand. The field officers who are busy organizing the hunt and getting things in readiness for the start, consist of a slip-steward who has general charge, a judge and three field stewards, all mounted. The slipper who handles the dogs, goes on foot, while the flag steward rides in a vehicle, slightly in advance of the beaters.

The dogs have already been drawn against each other and their names printed on a card—those on the left, red flag; those on the right, white flag. The slip-steward calls the two dogs at the head of the list to the slips, when the slipper takes them and walks ahead. The spectators follow in a long rank about forty yards behind the slipper, and act as beaters. The field stewards ride just ahead of the beaters and endeavor to maintain the line and keep the too eager spectators from crowding on the dogs. The judge rides just ahead, at one side of the slipper, and holds himself in readiness to follow the dogs as soon as they are loosened. All is expectation and eagerness, even the horses entering into the spirit of the hunt. A glance ahead shows a vast field of unfenced stubble as far as the eye can reach, with an occasional farmhouse or a man plowing with a mule team, to break the level monotony. The two keen, graceful hounds, with their sharp ears thrown forward, and their bright eyes glancing right and left, are the pictures of eagerness. Suddenly a shout goes up that a hare is on foot. The dogs make a rush and pull at the leash, but the slipper, who must be a man of cool judgment, concludes that "puss" is too far away, so he restrains the dogs. The hunt proceeds as before, when without any warning a hare jumps from her form, not ten feet ahead of the hounds. There is no checking the dogs this time and they drag the unwilling slipper into a run. Dogs yelp, spectators howl, horses plunge, and all is confusion. When the hare has her proper "law," the hounds are slipped and the course begins. The eager drivers whip up their teams to get into favorable positions, while the



MOLLY S.—WINNER FIRST PRIZE, $400.

THE MEET AT MERCED.

frantic field stewards yell themselves hoarse trying to maintain order. All this, which takes so long to relate is accomplished in a few seconds. Meanwhile the dogs seem to fly rather than run, and the hare appears to be a little brown speck—a mere fluff of thistle-down floating along in the breeze in front of her white-fanged pursuers.

Some one shouts: "Hurrah for Skyrocket!" "Look at him go!" "He scores first turn." And poor "puss" in order to escape that terrific rush, adroitly doubles and takes another course. Now we see the chase in profile against the dun brown of a plowed field. Skyrocket still leads. Suddenly a louder shout than ever goes up for the blue-grey dog who all this time has remained behind, but now seems to awaken. With a few wave-like bounds, he rushes by the favorite as though the latter was a post and crowds the hare to desperation. In vain the hunted animal twists and turns and doubles; her pursuer is always close behind. At length with a rush, the dog places his long, thin muzzle under the body of the hare, gives a slight toss of his head, and "puss" flies into the air. Two shining rows of ivory close with a snap on a bunch of brown fur; then a crunch, a shake and all is over!

The judge who has followed close behind the hounds, now returns and orders the red or white flag displayed as the result of the chase determines, at which the winners look happy and the losers, glum. The slip steward now orders the next pair of hounds to the slips and the hunt proceeds as before. When the card is run out, those dogs which have lost, drop out, while the winners compete against each other in the first ties. The losers again drop out as before until there are but three left. These then compete for first, second and third prizes, which were entered this year at $400, $200 and $100 respectively.

The American hare, misnamed jackrabbit, is found west of the Mississippi from Canada to Mexico. He easily adapts himself to his surroundings, for on the great plains in winter time he turns nearly white; in California he is dun brown or gray, and Mr. Bryant of the Academy of Sciences, found some on an island in the Gulf of California that were almost jet black. The only cover on this island was a black volcanic rock, so

GILE—WINNER SECOND PRIZE, $200.

Nature with her wonderful care for the preservation of her children, turned the hares black in order to make them less conspicuous to their enemies. There is no other way to account for this remarkable transformation, as the hares on the mainland are all gray, well adapted to the prevailing color of the soil.

The Merced hare is smaller and swifter than his English cousin. He will average about five and one-half to six pounds, while the English hare will average eight, and sometimes reaches eleven pounds. The English hare feeds on green and succulent food and is therefore soft and juicy, and a great delicacy for the table; the Merced hare, on the contrary, is dry and hard and grain-fed. Owing to the lack of moisture in his food, he travels long distances to water, and thereby keeps himself in good running trim. Another reason why the jack-rabbit is swifter than his English cousin, is because his powers of endurance are continually being put to the test by his natural enemy, the coyote, who is a fast runner himself. And when two coyotes combine, the second one taking up the chase where the first one leaves off, it requires a lively hare indeed to make his escape. The consequence is, the slow rabbit gets caught and the breed is maintained by a race of prize winners. In other words, it is a clear case of the survival of the fittest. Hares breed two or three times a year, and bear from two to three young ones at a time. The young hares are born with their eyes open and fully furred, while rabbits are born without fur and do not open their eyes for nine days. An experiment was made in England to see how fast hares would increase if undisturbed. A male and a female were placed in a walled garden and were not disturbed for a year. At the end of that time fifty-seven hares great and small were found in the enclosure.

This wonderful fecundity accounts in a great measure for the numbers of

LADY BARTON—PRIZE-WINNER, '89, '90 AND '92.

these animals found around Fresno, Tulare and Bakersfield. The bounty on coyote scalps allows the rabbits to increase undisturbed, and necessitates rabbit drives for the protection of the farmer.

With swift hares it naturally follows that it takes swift dogs to catch them, and California makes no idle boast when she claims to possess the swiftest greyhounds in the world. All the imported English dogs sent out here have been invariably beaten.

Two years ago six dogs were sent to the Merced meet from the East. Three of them were English bred, one being a half brother and one a half sister to Fullerton, the winner of the Waterloo cup in 1892. Only one of the foreigners won a course. The same year Mr. Cronin sent two dogs, "Chicopee Lass" and "Kathleen," to the Great Bend meet in Kansas. Chicopee Lass won the stake, beating the best dogs in the United States, while Kathleen won four courses and came in third. At the last meeting three dogs were sent from the East and they were all beaten, though J. Herbert Watson's "Drytime" came in for twenty dollars, having won three courses.

Singular accidents sometimes happen to the dogs, owing to their courage and the velocity of the course. It has several times happened that dogs have run into each other and both have been instantly killed. Several instances are on record while coursing on the downs in England, where both hare and hounds have run over the edge of a chalk pit, and all three been found dead at the bottom. An instance illustrating the grit of a greyhound occurred many years ago in England. The course led near a sharp fence of split pickets. The hare being hard pressed attempted to leap the fence, but the hound sprang after her and caught her before she fell on the other side. In the struggle the hound fell on the pickets in such a manner that two of them pierced his flanks and held him sus-

pended. When the huntsmen arrived on the scene they were astonished to find that the dog still held the hare in his mouth, refusing to let go of it until released from his painful position.

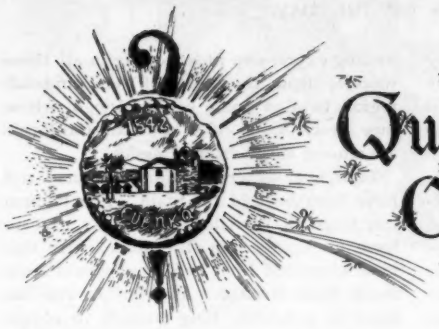
Some years ago at Merced, while a pair of dogs were in the slips, a rattle-snake sprang from the grass and bit one of them on the lip. Sheriff Meany drew his revolver and shot the snake from his horse. Almost immediately a hare was started and the dogs loosened. When the dog that had been bitten came back, his head was swelled to twice its natural size and he dropped dead in his tracks. On another occasion at Merced a bitch who was running a hare made a rush to catch it. She missed the hare, but ran headlong into a small bank and broke her neck. In February, 1800, a brace of greyhounds in Lincolnshire ran a hare from her seat to the death, a distance upwards of four miles—in twelve minutes. During the course there were a great number of turns, which very considerably increased the space gone over; and the hare ran herself dead before the greyhounds touched her. This extensive course in so short a time is a strong proof of the strength and swiftness of the hare.

In February, 1798, a brace of greyhounds coursed a hare near Carlisle in Cumberland, and killed her at Clemmell, seven miles distant. Both greyhounds were much exhausted, and would have died, except for the aid of some medical men who were on the spot. The hare weighed eight pounds and eleven ounces and had often been coursed before.

In October, 1792, a hare, after a chase of sixteen miles by the Seaford hounds, took to the sea near Cuckmere, in Sussex, and swam a quarter of a mile from shore before she was overtaken by the dogs. The writer, while sitting on the banks of the San Joaquin River, near Fresno, saw a hare enter the water of her own accord and swim across to the opposite shore.

Enclosed coursing is practiced in California more or less. There is a park at Ocean View, about six miles south of San Francisco, where hounds are run nearly every Sunday. There is another park at Newark, on the narrow gauge line to San Jose. The sport does not compare to that on the open plains, as the hares are often confused with their new surroundings and do not know which way to run.

In conclusion it may be said that there are very few field sports so full of intense excitement as coursing, while the conditions in California are peculiarly favorable to this pastime. What could be more delightful than for a party of ladies and gentlemen to go to the Joaquin plains in the spring time when the whole country is carpeted with grass and flowers, and, mounted on eager horses, follow the hounds. In Southern California this is the fashionable sport—the famous Valley Hunt Club of Pasadena keeping its pack of greyhounds for the purpose, and having a membership of over a hundred ladies and gentlemen, including some of the finest cross-country riders in the State.



Questions Of the Day

THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

THE press of the world has for several weeks been filled with matter relating to the little group of islands that constitute the halfway house between America and Asia, and between America and Australia.

The desire for annexation was apparently so universal that the CALIFORNIAN, the first magazine to treat the question, was the only publication that took a conservative view and pointed out, in a paper by Ex-Minister Merrill, the objections to annexation—facts that were telegraphed to every paper of importance in the East from the advance pages of the CALIFORNIAN.

Mr. Merrill pointed out numerous objections that were not known or suspected, and his statements so widely distributed over the country had much to do in preventing the movement for immediate action that seemed to have inspired the Government and the people. Movements for annexation are a part of the history of Hawaii, the story of which is told in the present number, and it is undoubtedly true that under proper conditions an alliance between these islands of the Pacific and the United States would be mutually advantageous. But the precipitate action cast suspicion upon our good judgment — the question being one that demands careful consideration. That the time has come for the United States to establish a new precedent, and revoke its long held policy of non-interference with outlying countries, there can be little doubt, if public sentiment passes for anything, and were the question of annexation put to popular vote, it would undoubtedly soon be settled. But there are other questions at point. Our national honor is at stake, and the United States can hardly afford to take possession of the islands without giving the natives, the original owners and their representatives, a fair and respectful hearing. That this will be done, there can be no doubt, whether it should prove to the best interests of all parties concerned to establish protectoral power or annexation.

The situation on the islands is this: The natives, who are in the majority, are virtually children, and hardly more responsible than the Southern negroes were at the time of their emancipation. If the natives have the right of elective franchise, the men who really own the land, and who have given Hawaii its actual commercial prosperity and standing, will be powerless; hence the latter suggest some form of government in which the United States shall be the controlling and office-appointing power, the right to vote being withheld from all. This would appear to be a just and honorable solution of the problem, if the United States decides to interfere—a question that in all probability will not be decided for some time.

CALIFORNIA WRITERS.

Among the many plans to give California adequate representation at the Columbian Exposition is that of Ella Sterling Cummins, of San Francisco, to make an exhibit of the works and productions of the writers and authors of California.

This attempt is rendered all the more interesting from the fact that it is reported that certain citizens of the State have announced that California has no literature worthy the name, and that such an exhibit can only bring down ridicule upon the State. That Mrs. Cummins, who is laboring under the auspices of the World's Fair

Association, has not been discouraged by this remarkable announcement, is shown by the Catalogue of California Writers, issued under the auspices of the San Francisco Woman's Literary Exhibit Board.

In this interesting and voluminous pamphlet, we find a list of 265 authors, representing 473 books, which it is presumed represents the literature of California, or at least is so claimed by the managers of the exhibit. In this list are found many names distinguished in the world of letters, and many more synonymous with genius and the literary gift. The moral effect of this exhibit can only be productive of good, and we doubt if there is a State in the Union that in the same number of decades, can make a better showing.

California, in the productions of Harte, Miller, Stoddard, Twain and others, has given the world a more distinctive and characteristic literature than any other State in the Union. The words of its writers well reflect the glories of the land of the setting sun.

There is no section of the American continent that possesses the individuality of California. Its hills and valleys, its grand mountain chains, its sharp contrasts, its winters fanned by the breath of tropical summer, its moods and phases have no counterpart in the world, and all this finds and has found rich expression in the writers of California who sing in prose and verse. If these writers have not been effected by their environment, if the conditions of life and Nature, which hold here have not influenced them, then they are not Californian writers.

No State is so indebted to its writers as California, and no State has been so rich in suggestion to its poets and writers of verse. The bond is of mutual obligation, and as a result we have a distinctive California literature. Its melody rings out from the verses of Miller to the prose of Harte and Twain, finding expression in some way in all these writers, from the poets of the Humboldt region to Van Dyke of San Diego, whose rare descriptions of Nature in California are among the Western classics.

True our writers and authors may not have been born in the State. Few laymen can boast the privilege, but to say that we have no Californian literature, with this most abundant feast before us, would seem more than strange. Any writer who has lived in a locality long enough to obtain enduring inspiration, and whose works reflect the impression, may be justly claimed by the State.

The Literary Exhibit at Chicago will be especially interesting and valuable, and will take its place among the great educational movements that have risen with the Columbian Exposition.

THE END OF POLYGAMY.

The fight against polygamy in the United States has been no less remarkable than that against slavery, and it is interesting to record that during the past month the President has issued a proclamation of amnesty to all Mormons who have been convicted of polygamy, and who agree to give up the custom and live hereafter according to the laws of the United States. In looking back at this question of Mormonism it presents a most interesting study—that of a small body of people successfully defying the nation at large on the ground that in this free land, toleration and complete religious freedom are among the rights. In this instance polygamy was claimed as a part of their religion, and the Mormons were taught that it was right for them to resist the laws of the United States. It took years to break down this sentiment, but the strong hand of the law succeeded, and this proclamation of amnesty may be considered the end of the offensive features of Mormonism.

"There is an education which in itself is advancement in life."—*Ruskin.*

FICTION or story writing is a great literary art. There is no other prose in which every faculty may be as fully employed, and in as many different ways as in this. The broader the general knowledge of the novelist, the greater success he will attain, providing he is gifted with that peculiar genius which enables him to study and fathom human nature truly, and portray his accumulated knowledge in an acceptable form. For this last purpose he must know the class of people for whom he is writing, and, while not descending from his own plane of thought, bend his mind, as it were, expressing himself in a way that will be most generally comprehended.

The true novelist should be one of the greatest educators. Having an extensive knowledge of human nature and events, he should give to those, who are not capable of studying these things out for themselves, the benefit of his labor and knowledge, which, clothed in the agreeable garb of fiction, is not recognized as an educator, and, therefore, more readily accomplishes its purpose. There is a large amount of fiction on the market which seems to possess no definite purpose save that of gratifying or creating a morbid taste for sensationalism. This sort of literature is more harmful than such books as Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata," or some of Balzac's or Zola's best works, which are forbidden the family circle as unclean and immoral, but many of which point to infinitely higher and stronger purposes of morality and spirituality than the highly spiced sensational novels that are flooding the market.

Unfortunately, many readers do not look beyond the mere words or actions described, to the ideas and motives underlying, and the lessons which they are intended to convey, a result, perhaps, of the constrained laws and conditions that society has taken upon itself. Ella Wheeler Wilcox speaks of the unfortunate result of the unbalanced condition of some of its laws in *An Erring Woman's Love.*[1] She says:

> More women fall from want of gold
> Than love leads wrong, if truth were told;
> More women sin for gay attire
> Than sin through passion's blinding fire.

When the heroine of her story conceives a strong, pure love for a man who seeks her for her truer self, she awakens to the sorrow she has brought upon herself through her own missteps, the greatest sorrow one is capable of suffering. It is thus strongly and pathetically described:

> The mighty moral labor pain
> Of new-born conscience racked her brain
> And tore her soul. She understood
> The meaning now of womanhood,
> And chastity, and o'er her came
> The full, dark sense of all her shame.

Being a woman, her agony is fruitless, for the world makes the careful discrimination of never forgiving her, and, unable to bear the realization of her ostracism from the general scheme of society, she kills herself. One of the ideas intended to be conveyed is that the enormity of sins under parallel circumstances cannot be increased nor mitigated in one case more than another, but should be equally reprehensible or pardonable in either sex.

A special author's edition of Richard Realf's poems will shortly be issued in book form. To Miss Ina Coolbrith belongs the credit of making the first move towards gathering the poet's scattered fragments of thought, and others have materially aided her in bringing the undertaking to a successful issue.

"The Story of the Files," by Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, of San Francisco, is now in press. It is an exhaustive review of California writers and literature, and is written with rare discrimination, promising to be one of the most important works ever issued on this coast.

A fanciful and sensational novel is *The Spanish Treasure,*[2] by Elizabeth C. Winter

[1] Lovell, Coryell & Co.
[2] Robert Bonner's Sons, New York.

(Isabella Castelar.) It contains a legend of an avaricious but handsome young Spaniard, who comes to America with Columbus and marries an Indian Princess. He discovers a mine of great wealth, in seeking which he is destroyed. He has previously killed the Indian girl who became his wife, leaving the child of the union an orphan. He also has a wife and child in Spain. Several centuries afterwards, two of his descendants meet, one a young girl of high principle and nobility, the other an unscrupulous man who makes it a business to contract and break engagements with young women for financial purposes. He also personates and assumes the title of a young English nobleman whom he has murdered, and to whom he bears a remarkable resemblance, for the sake of inheriting his estate. He afterwards goes West to seek the hidden treasure of his ancestor. When he has almost secured it he meets his death. The treasure, of course, then falls into the hands of the deserving young girl, who is on the point of marrying a nobleman, the true heir to the very estate the usurper was trying to acquire. The book is flavored throughout with strange coincidences, improbabilities and impossibilities.

Topson Faircliff and the Fools of a Day and *How She Found Her Soul*,[1] by Alto Ventura, are both rather clever stories. The former is somewhat of a satire on human nature and the present conditions of society. Such interesting characters as Mr. Much Experience, Mr. Wealthy, Mr. Ill Luck, Mr. Honorable, Mr. Lucky, Mr. Success, Mr. Unfortunate, Mr. Millions, Mr. Tact, Mr. Fortunate, Mr. Combat, Mr. Defiance, Mr. Mint, Dr. Peace, Mr. Diplomacy and Mr. Wilde are introduced, while an extremely pleasing and precocious little boy restrains those about him, his mother particularly, from making mistakes and getting into trouble, and Topson Faircliff, the philosopher and general benefactor, devotes himself to rectifying these mistakes when they are made. He says: "Trust no one that would induce you to any evil—no one can afford it; there are not enough friends to save you. * * * Simple pity may even do harm; to bring forth the highest acts of justice and industry in some capacity best suited to the individual, and to stimulate all noble feeling—that is to my mind the duty of each person who has any mind." Thus he sums up the great law of justice and discrimination.

"How She Found Her Soul" is not quite as strong as "Topson Faircliff," though it is permeated with the same good philosophy. The principal character, Isis Flamerton, is an interesting study. The story demonstrates the necessity of striving towards the development of all the higher qualifications of man before one can approach fullness and completeness of nature.

An interesting and instructive treatise on development and education is *Let Him First be a Man*,[2] by W. H. Venable, LL. D. The author dwells upon the importance of education and its benefits in every case, even in that of genius, saying, "Though Pascal learns geometry by intuition, and Burns sings spontaneously as a bird, and Mozart's baby fingers know, untaught, every secret of the clavier, it does not follow that education is wasted on Pascal, Burns and Mozart." He goes on to prove the importance of the equal development and training of the physical and mental faculties. He says a great part of practical education is that which enables a person to maintain bodily health, strength and comeliness, to command his own muscles and nerves, to employ his organs of sense with accuracy and effect, to adapt himself to outward physical conditions, to subdue unruly appetites, to compel the material world to yield the most benefit at least expense. These are the true principles of economy. The school teacher, he says, must be strong, self-possessed, just, sympathetic, firm, keenly sensible to all that is going about him, yet never perturbed. He must also be anticipative. In short, he must understand every variation of child nature before he can well handle or develop it. Too often peculiar natures, or those of marked individuality are ruined by careless or misguided training, for they are ordinarily regarded with disapproval and even fear by parents and school teachers, who hasten to crush the individuality, or train it in the only way to which they have been accustomed, and the result is, sometimes, a wayward, desperate, frayed genius, whose life is incomprehensible to himself and almost every one else. Mr. Venable believes in the utility of the ideal. He believes the imaginative faculties should be encouraged in a child, and that the development of its love for the noble and beautiful should be part of its education.

There are so many ways in which the acquisition of education may be made at-

[1] Dibble Publishing Co., Chicago.

[2] Lee & Shepard, Boston.

tractive. Mr. Dreyspring, Ph. D., has done much in rendering the study of languages simple and agreeable to young scholars. His *Cumulative Method French Reader, Illustrated*,[1] which has lately been issued, is a fair example of his work, in which he relates an interesting little story with vocabulary, grammatical reference and synoptical tables. Dreyspring's method is about as satisfactory, perhaps, as any that has been employed, for besides being instructive, it engages the attention and interest of the scholars.

Another very important factor in all educational systems is the careful selection of teachers. Outside of some specialists, more of them than we would care to confess may be classed among that cast-off element whose natural abilities are so mechanical and so lacking of creative force that they are unfitted for any other profession, when they should be chosen from among our most comprehensive and intellectual men and women.

One of California's poets, Charles Edwin Markham, is principal of a school in Oakland, California. Gifted with the "divine light," he chooses to disseminate it among the young minds he is educating. One of the important points of his system of education is to teach his pupils to think and reason, and not acquire their knowledge and skill mechanically. If teachers were always sufficiently compensated to attract more such men to the profession, our children would receive more thorough and lasting educations both mentally and morally.

Our poets are usually obliged to wrap the mantel of reserve about them, and retire to some solitary nook where they may, without interruption, trim and train their beacon lamps. An ideal home for a poet is that of Joaquin Miller. It is situated high on the hills back of Oakland, where from a great distance, may be seen the immense cross formed by rows of trees on the hillside. Roadways wind up through his grounds bordered on either side by luxurious growths of roses, while other flowers of every description throw forth their fragrance. Down rocky beds and under rustic bridges course streams of crystal water which is in some places caught in quiet pools. In these are varieties of fish and clusters of tall lilies. The grounds are tended by a careful gardener, and healthfulness seems to throb and course through the veins and fibres of every living thing.

[1]American Book Co. N. Y., Cincinnati and Chicago.

The poet's study is very unique. It is a small, primitive, frame room, lined with fur rugs, and papers and pictures pinned upon the walls, all of which have some personal relation to him, and from which, could the spectator but understand, might be read a rare and interesting history. From the center of the ceiling are looped three cords, and to the ends of each is attached a bear's paw. If the guests are sufficiently favored they will be ushered into this *sanctum sanctorum*, and the poet may ask if any one of them is sufficiently versed in the magic of incantations to accomplish a desire through their means. As, usually, no one is and all eyes are turned in startled inquiry upon him, he will probably look grave and say, "Well, as this is a very bright day, I think we need a little rain to lay the dust and refresh the flowers. Now each one of you take hold—" and he will hand the bear's paws to three of his guests —"and now all please face the east." He then draws down the shade and retires to the corner. In a low tone he commences a weird Indian chant, which gradually swells into a wild incantation. His listeners are impressed. They stare hard at the eastern corner of the room. He then stamps his feet and claps his hands violently. Suddenly there is a faint pattering on the roof. Stronger and stronger it grows until at last the rain seems to be pouring in a heavy shower.

"Well," says the poet, throwing aside the blinds and opening the door, "we have brought on quite a shower." His guests turn and behold the rain and the myriad colored bow arching through it, in amazement and perplexity. Presently it ceases to fall and they wend their way homeward in a puzzled state of mind.

The poet loves his home, his flowers, his friends, and in fact all mankind, and will not allow even his enemies to be spoken of disparagingly in his presence. He says:

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart: words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

* * * * * * *

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

* * * * * * *

[The following poem has appeared anonymously in current newspapers, and is presented herewith in the hope that the author of the lines, which are so full of homely pathos, may emerge from his obscurity and claim his own.—Editor THE CALIFORNIAN.]

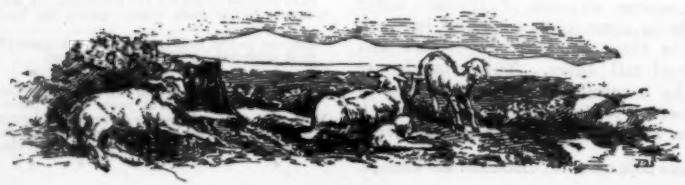
DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'.

De massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out on de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
Is my sheep, is dey all come in?

Oh, den says de hirelin shepa'd
Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,
But de res' dey's all brung in,
But de res' dey's all brung in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol'
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in,
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in!

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
'f'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf
Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.



DRAWN FOR THE CALIFORNIAN BY A. F. MATHEWS.

EARLY MORNING ON THE VIGA CANAL.